

## Going to Santiago

### The Mountain Goats

Big birds in the trees  
Cars locked and i've lost my keys  
Crashing sounds of the waterfall  
And a statue of jesus 200 feet tall

3000 miles from the north california  
And 3 little feet from falling off the earth  
And the shadow of a mountain  
Should cast a shadow on a  
And the snow underfoot is soft and yeilding

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La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la

Look at those birds  
I'd say something about them but i've lost the words  
They're laughing and they're watching me  
And the radiator's boiling for no reason  
Wild cattle crossing as it strikes their fancy  
And a handfule of money which does me no good  
And a pocketfull of medicine to amuse myself  
With a photograph of someone stapled to my shirt sleeve

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