

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

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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