

Going to Scotland

The Mountain Goats

There was a barn owl trapped in the rafters
The ground underneath us was wet and cold
We'd heard the owl thrashing about, trying desperately to
get out
We stood outside and watched the night unfold

We watched the sun go down on Scotland
And I watched the moon come up over you
When a pack of dogs went silently past us, we knew we'd
been given fair warning
But that was the only thing we knew

And you threw all your luggage out onto the water
And I tore the shirt away from my back
The cold came on with a new found intensity and you
pressed your warm body against me
And I loved you so much it was making me sick

We watched the sun go down on Scotland
We were glad that we'd left Oklahoma behind
I took your hips in my hands and I threw you down to the
new found, rich brown, deep, wet ground
Had a vision of you burning on my mind

We watched the sun go down on Scotland
And I watched the moon come up over you
When a pack of dogs went silently past us, we knew we'd
been given fair warning
But that was the only thing we knew