

## 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

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And I watched the moon come up over you  
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