

Hast Thou Considered the Tetrapod

The Mountain Goats

You are sleeping off your demons
When I come home
Spittle bubbling on your lips
Fine, white foam

I am young and I am good
It's a hot southern California day
If I wake you up
There will be hell to pay

And alone in my room
I am the last of a lost civilization
And I vanish into the dark
And rise above my station

Rise above my station

But I do wake you up, and when I do
You blaze down the hall and you scream
I'm in my room with the headphones on
Deep in the dream chamber

And then I'm awake and I'm guarding my face
Hoping you don't break my stereo
Because it's the one thing that I couldn't live without
So then I think about that, and then I sort of black
out

Held under these smothering waves
By your strong and thick-veined hand
But one of these days
I'm going to wriggle up on dry land