

## 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