

Heights

The Mountain Goats

When the seashells crumbled in your hand, you looked up
at me
And the sand shifting underneath your feet
Softened for you, and incredibly, the sun went through
from the sky
I was certain I was going to cry

Then you reached up and you reached out
We'd been staring at the water all day
And then you touched me, you were golden
You were giving the game away

When the sand crabs ran across your face, you didn't even
twitch
And a soft scent came across the water, impossibly rich
Impossibly cold
We were just nineteen years old

And then you reached up, you reached out
We'd been staring at the water all day
And then you touched me, you were golden
You were giving the game away