

## 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