

## Idylls of the King

### The Mountain Goats

This place with its old plantations  
These roads leading out to the sea  
This day full of promise and potential  
More clay pigeons for you and me

All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them all lined up

Huge crows loitering by the curb  
Our shared paths unraveling behind us like ribbons  
And I dreamed of vultures in the trees around our house  
And cicadas and locusts and the shrieking of  
innumerable gibbons

All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them all lined up

How long will we ride this way about?  
How long 'till someone caves under the pressure?  
My dreams are haunted by armies, armies of ghosts  
Faces too blurry to make out, numbers far too high to  
measure

Your face like a vision straight of Holly Hobby  
Late light drizzling through your hair  
Your eyes twin volcanoes  
Bad ideas dancing around in there

All, all of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them  
All of them, all of them all lined up