

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