

If You See Light

The Mountain Goats

When the villagers come to my door, I will hide underneath the
table in the dining room
Knees drawn to my chest
When the villagers come to my door, I will breathe shallow breaths
from high up in my stomach
I'll ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Waiting for the front door to splinter
Waiting all winter

When the villagers come to my door
I'll be all tucked away with my face to the floor and my eyes closed
And no one knows how to keep secrets 'round here, they tell everyone
everything soon as they know
And then where is there left for poor sinners to go?

Waiting for the front door to splinter
Waiting all winter