

## In Corolla

### The Mountain Goats

The day I turned my back on all you people  
I felt an itching in my thumbs  
Salt air like a broadcast from the distant dark beyond  
When my transformation comes

I went down to the warm, warm water  
Saw a pelican fly past  
Waved once at the highway and then left all that behind  
me  
I went wading through the grass

And no one was gonna come and get me  
There wasn't anybody gonna know  
Even though I leave a trail of burned things in my wake  
Every single place I go

And it was cool and it was quiet  
In the humid marsh down there  
I let my head sink down beneath the brackish water  
Felt it gumming up my hair

The sun was sinking into the Atlantic  
The last time that I turned my back on you  
I tried to summon up a little prayer as I went under  
It was the best that I could do

And I said let them all fare better than your serpent  
The reeds all pricking at my skin  
Here's hoping they have better luck than I had down  
here with you  
All that water rushing in