

## Matthew 25:21

### The Mountain Goats

They'd hooked you up to a fentanyl drip  
To mitigate the pain a little bit  
I flew in from Pennsylvania  
When I heard the hour was coming fast

And I docked in Santa Barbara  
Tried to brace myself  
But you can't brace yourself  
When the time comes you just have to roll with the  
blast

And I'm an eighteen wheeler headed down the interstate  
And my brakes are going to give and I won't know until  
it's too late  
Tires screaming when I lose control  
Try not to hurt too many people when I roll

Find the harbor freeway and head south  
Real tired, head kind of light  
I found Telegraph Road, I'd only seen the name on  
envelopes  
Found the parking lot and turned right

I felt all the details carving out space in my head  
Tropicana's on the walkway, neon red  
Between the pain and the pills trying to hold it at bay  
Stands a traveler going somewhere far away

And I am an airplane tumbling wing over wing  
Tried to listen to my instruments, they don't say  
anything  
People screaming when the engines quit  
I hope we're all in crash position when we hit

And then came to your bedside  
And as it turns out, I'm not ready  
And as though you were speaking through a thick haze  
You said hello to me

We all stood there around you  
Happy to hear you speak  
The last of something bright burning, still burning  
Beyond the cancer and the chemotherapy

And you were a presence full of light upon this earth  
And I am a witness to your life and to its worth  
It's three days later when I get the call  
And there's nobody around to break my fall