

## Maybe Sprout Wings

The Mountain Goats

A bad dream shook me in my sleep  
And I woke up sweating  
Ran through the dark to the shower  
Already forgetting

Try to think good thoughts  
Trying to find my way clear  
Let the room fill with steam  
Trace pictures on the mirror

Ghosts and clouds  
And nameless things  
Squint your eyes and hope real hard  
Maybe sprout wings

I clawed my way to the living room window  
Stood there in the cold  
The last bits of my dream like figures in the distance  
Hard to hold

I thought of old friends, the one's who'd gone missing  
Said all their names three times  
Phantoms in the early dark  
Canaries in the mines

Ghosts and clouds  
And nameless things  
Squint your eyes and hope real hard  
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