

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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