

## Million

### The Mountain Goats

When I came back from Finland  
The taxi took me down the street  
I saw the red flowers growing like they used to  
By the roadside, in the smothering summer heat

You were standing out in front of the house  
With your floral print dress on  
And you had questions only a masochist would ask  
Written all over your big, brown eyes

The moon is high over Iowa tonight  
And the moon is high over Iowa tonight  
And I brought your blanket, hand-woven, hand-dyed  
The moon is high over Iowa tonight