

## New Britain

### The Mountain Goats

You had it up to here with my west country talk  
You can hardly understand a word I say  
The shortest tree around here is a hundred feet tall  
It's gonna rain today

I try and tell you secrets until my face turns blue  
I am not getting through to you  
All the way across the ocean they're gathering their  
strength again  
Lining up along the country's length again

This morning I know who you are  
This morning I know who you are

On the river, the sun is bright gold  
And the things you try to say to me make my blood run  
cold  
But I hold you anyway  
And we stare into the sun all day

And you're about to leave again, I've learned to read  
your movements  
And I'm learning how to read your mind  
The sun climbs the sky for us, above the Mississippi  
And I can feel you in my arms but you're hardly even with  
me

This morning I know who you are  
This morning I know who you are