

New Monster Avenue

The Mountain Goats

Shadows on the broad lawn canopy of trees
Sometime after midnight the ground is gonna freeze
Birds in the frosty air
What are they doing there?

Greenhouse full of butchers brooms
Breezes at my back
Sometime before the sun comes up
The earth is gonna crack

I look down at my hands
Like they were mirrors

Fresh coffee at sunrise
Warm my lips against the cup
Been waiting such a long time now
My number's finally coming up

All the neighbors come on out to their front porches
Waving torches