

Nine Black Poppies

The Mountain Goats

When I got home I meant to give you some sweet
chrysanthemum
The wind chimes were ringing all wrong and you were
standing
In the doorway singing along
And I tried to remember how nice it had been
A long long time ago
But I couldn't remember.
I honestly could not remember

And a package came for you today, from the hunan province
The postmark burning jet black in the summer sun
Someone was changing. someone was changing from the
inside out
And I turned around to face you.

Sweet peas in the garden, all in full bloom
And I thought I heard the traces of an old song murmuring
in the room
Like a half-remembered conversation, I let it slip away
And then I could not remember
I honestly could not remember

And a package came for you today, from the hunan province
The postmark burning jet black in the summer sun
Someone was changing. someone was changing from the
inside out
And I turned around to face you