

No Children

The Mountain Goats

I hope that our few remaining friends
Give up on trying to save us.
I hope we come out with a fail-safe plot
To piss off the dumb few that forgave us.

I hope the fences we mended
Fall down beneath their own weight.
And I hope we hang on past the last exit,
I hope it's already too late.

And I hope the junkyard a few blocks from here
Someday burns down.
And I hope the rising black smoke carries me far away,
And I never come back to this town again.

In my life, I hope I lie,
And tell everyone you were a good wife.
And I hope you die,
I hope we both die.

I hope I cut myself shaving tomorrow;
I hope it bleeds all day long.
Our friends say it's darkest before the sun rises;
We're pretty sure they're all wrong.

I hope it stays dark forever,
I hope the worst isn't over.
And I hope you blink before I do,
And I hope I never get sober.

And I hope when you think of me years down the line,
You can't find one good thing to say.
And I'd hope that if I found the strength to walk out,
You'd stay the hell out of my way.

I am drowning.
There is no sign of land.
You are coming down with me,
Hand in unlovable hand.

And I hope you die,
I hope we both die.