

## 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.