

Noche del Guajolote

The Mountain Goats

The glowing world, the bench backed up against the house
The chicken coops, the darkness surrounding everything
It was late and the night was moving slowly
We laid down on the ground because the world was lonely

If you keep quiet it will stay like this forever
If you'll just keep quiet it will stay like this forever
I feel certain of it now

And all the birds were sleeping in their perches
The little wind swaying birches
And the north American wild turkey that your father
brought home
Woke up and came toward us

And the moonlight and the turkey waking up
And the night air and the moonlight on your skin
And the moonlight and the turkey waking up
And quiet yard and the turkey and the moon

Unimaginable
Unimaginable
Unimaginable
Unimaginable