

Onions

The Mountain Goats

The last white slabs of snow
Melted off seven weeks ago
And the geese are headed north again
Through the tightening sky

And I can feel my heart in my throat again
New onions growing in the ground

The cows come gingerly out of the barn
And when they see that the ground is warm
They pick up a little speed, it makes me feel so good
And I feel it rushing down my throat, fresh blood

I head out onto the earth
Its cold heart is melting
I don't know if I can stand it

Springtime's coming
That means you'll be coming back around
New onions growing underground
Underground