

## 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