

## Orange Ball of Love

### The Mountain Goats

When I catch sight of your face  
And the late light falling on it  
I feel scared and I scope the area out for a good place  
to hide  
When I feel the way your fingers  
Wiggle in my palm  
I feel warm and I feel good inside

And I know that you're wearing a wire  
But as the sun becomes a blazing orange ball of fire  
I lose interest in this and other such inconsequential  
questions

When you kick off your shoes  
And I see the wet grass give way underneath your feet  
And the sunset rears up once more to its burial ground  
Well, you look so sweet

And I know you'll be turning me in  
But I also know your real name's not amy lynn  
And as the orange globe rears up to swallow us, too,  
I see you look at me and figure out what I know about you  
Well, I'm not telling  
I'm not telling you anything