

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