

Pale Green Things

The Mountain Goats

Got up before dawn
Went down to the racetrack.
Riding with the windows down
Shortly after your first heart attack.
You parked behind the paddock,
Cracking asphalt underfoot,
Coming up through the cracks

Pale green things
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We watched the horses run their workouts.
You held your stopwatch in your left hand
And a racing form beneath your arm,
Casting your gaze way out to no man's land.
Sometimes I'll meet you out there
Lonely and frightened.
Flicking my tongue out at the wet leaves

Pale green things
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My sister called at three a.m.
Just last december.
She told me how you'd died at last, at last
And that morning at the race track was one thing I remembered.
I turned it over in my mind
Like a living chinese finger trap.
Seaweed and indian sawgrass

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