

Pure Sound

The Mountain Goats

hey.
the air was cooling down
the sky was blue
i was heading north on taylor street
when i ran into you
we stopped to talk.

right there on the sidewalk
the air was new and clean
i was inbetween times.

the mountains were clearly visible
and your timing was cruel.
you said almost everything right
and your eyes shone like little jewels.
we were talking
while the temperature dropped.
i was hoping against hope
that the wheel would stop.

you were nineteen,
i was in between times.
hey.