

Quito

The Mountain Goats

When I receive the blessing I've got coming
I'm going to raise an ice-cold glass of water
And toast the living and the dead who've gone before me
And my head will throb like an old wound reopening

When I get off the bus down there, my children
They all are going to greet me at the station
Like gypsies they will dance around me
And the choral droning sound their voices make will saturate the evening

When I get off the wheel I'm going to stop
And make amends to everyone I've wounded
And when I wave my magic wand
Those few who've slipped the surly bonds will rise like salmon
at the spawning