

Riches and Wonders

The Mountain Goats

We live high
Our love gorges on the alcohol we feed it
And it grows all fat and friendly
We have surplus if we need it

We hold on as hard as we can
Our knuckles are white

We write letters to each other
Invent secrets to confess to
I learn foreign and exotic terms of endearment
By which to address you

We feed fresh fruit to one another
We stay up all night

I am healthy, I am whole
But I have poor impulse control
And I want to go home
But I am home

We are strong, we are faithful
We are guardians of a rare thing
We pay close, careful attention
To the news the morning air brings

We show great loyalty
To the hard times we've been through

We are filled with riches and wonders
Our love keeps the things it finds
And we dance like drunken sailors
Lost at sea, out of our minds

You felt shelter somewhere in me
I find great comfort in you
And I keep you safe from harm
You hold me in your arms

And I want to go home
But I am home