

**September 15 1983**

**The Mountain Goats**

Long dinner with some friends way out, way out in Portmore  
Servants of the pharaoh slip in through an open door  
All business, bearing knives and zip guns  
So get on the floor now, every last one, every last one

The heat drifts  
Across the land  
If I forget you, Israel  
Let me forget my right hand

And on the floor, Michael James Williams feels his fingers start to freeze  
And the whole scene's like a movie, paramedics on their knees  
Try, try your whole life to be righteous and be good  
Wind up on your own floor, choking on blood

The heat drifts  
Across the land  
If I forget you, Israel  
Let me forget my right hand

And the house still smells like onions when the ambulance arrives  
Gabriel in postal blue loads up the car and drives  
To Spanish town, about three miles away  
Where will the wicked run to on that last day, on that last day  
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