

Song for Lonely Giants

The Mountain Goats

No one washed
Behind my ears
High in the trees
Alone for years

Practicing my solitary scales
'Till they rose like balloons
Watching them go
Where they will go

Face in the leaves
Song in my throat
Fall through the air
Hoping to float

Practicing my solitary scales 'till they grow heavy
Too heavy to carry
Watching them go
Where they will go