

Standard Bitter Love Song #8

The Mountain Goats

I went down to lloyd center looking for you.
But a mouth full of anger blocked my view.
He took your hand there in the skating the rink.
God will give him blood to drink.

Saw the two of you leaving.
I didn't want to follow behind.
But I could see the rest of your evening,
Burning in my mind.

The sky's black. the moon's pink.
God will give him blood to drink.

I looked over the railing. ice was white
On the northeast side where I saw you and your boyfriend
On a friday night.
I went mining for gold. I struck pure, fresh zinc.
God, god will give him blood to drink.

Hey, hey, hey