

## 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