

Tahitian Ambrosia Maker

The Mountain Goats

We were real hungry and half dead
When you broke out half a loaf of sourdough bread
And in the tropical air the scent rose like a spirit
Moments of grace like this being wholly unmerited

We were newly alive and I felt your hand on my arm
I was awake to the sensation and immune from all harm
You pressed your soft cheek up against my gut
Pure gold, nothing but gold

And I'm gonna bake you a nice coconut cream pie
'Cause I saw the sky coming down to meet you