

## 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