

The House That Dripped Blood

The Mountain Goats

Look beyond the broken bottles
Past the rotting wooden stairs
Root out the wine-dark honeyed center
Not everyone can live like millionaires

Look through the air-thin walls
Tear up the floorboards, strip the paint
Go over every inch of space
With the patience of a saint

Grab your hat
Get your coat
The cellar door
Is an open throat

Look past the kitchen cabinets
Go through the chest of drawers
Scrutinize the casements
Rip the varnish off the doors

Dig up the laughing photographs
They're here somewhere or other
Take what you can carry
But let me tell you, brother

Still waters go stagnant
Bodies bloat
And the cellar door
Is an open throat