

## The Mess Inside

## The Mountain Goats

We took a weekend, drove to Provo  
The snow was white and fluffy  
A weekend in Utah won't fix what's wrong with us  
The gray sky was vast and real cryptic above me

I wanted you  
To love me like you used to do

We took two weeks in the Bahamas  
Went out dancing every night  
Tried to find the creeping sense of dread with temporal  
things  
Most of the time I guess I felt alright

But I wanted you  
To love me like you used to do

But you cannot run  
And you cannot hide  
From the wreck we've made of our house  
From the mess inside

We went down to New Orleans  
One weekend in the spring  
Looked hard for what we'd lost  
It was painful to admit it but we couldn't find a thing

I wanted you  
To love me like you used to do

We went to New York City in September  
Took the train out of Manhattan to the Grand Army stop  
Found that bench we'd sat together on a thousand years  
ago  
When I felt such love for you I thought my heart was  
gonna pop

I wanted you  
To love me like you used to do

But I cannot run  
And I can't hide  
From the wreck we've made of our house  
From the mess inside