

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