

There Will Be No Divorce

The Mountain Goats

The rain fell all night
And it kept me awake
It was still falling by morning
It was hard to take

And you were sleeping on the floor
Breathing free and even
If I ever want to drive myself insane
All I have to do is watch you breathing

And at 5 AM
I turned the radio on
And an old man's voice
Sang a short, sweet song

And then the static roared again
Hungry for blood
I heard the rain falling from the rain spout
Down, down into the sweet wet mud

And you punched out all the windows
And the wind began to wail
And you gathered your hair behind your head
Like God was gonna catch you by the ponytail

And then the old voice crackled through the static
And I felt young and alive
And the hairs stood up on the back of my neck
We were rising from the grave

Yeah, yeah