

Transcendental Youth

The Mountain Goats

Cold through broken baseboards.
I despise this town.
Snow on the sunroof,
Two stories down.
Hold hands,
Wish the snow away.
Rise in the darkness,
Of the gathering day.

Sing.
Sing for ourselves alone.
Speak into,
The microphone.

Cedar smudge our headbands,
And take to the skies.
Soar ever-upwards,
On air gone black with flies.
Shroud ourselves in the cosmos.
Let the music play.
Bright star of the morning,
Shine on his rising way.

Sing.
In the night.
In the nameless dark.
Father long gone,
But we bear his mark.

Learn some secrets,
Never tell.
Stay sick,
Don't get well.

Clutch those broken headboards.
Ride the highest wave.
Dusky diamonds shining in the far depths of the cave.
Try to explain ourselves,
Babble on and on.
By the time you receive this, we'll be gone.

Sing.
Sing high.
While the fire climbs.
Sing one for the old times.