

Until I Am Whole

The Mountain Goats

Sunset on Snohomish.
Burn the tree line down.
Hold my hopes underwater,
Stand there and watch them drown.
Fishing out their bodies,
From the bathroom sink.
Leave them in a bucket,
Til they start to stink.

I think I'll stay here,
Til I feel whole again.
I don't know when.

Trout swim past the fishing lines.
Sky gets dark and close.
Cars start up and make,
Their nightly exodus.
On a picnic bench alone,
Watch the sky go dark.
Dig my nails into my hands,
Hope it leaves a mark.

I think I'll stay here,
Til I feel whole again.
I don't know when.