

Weekend in Western Illinois

The Mountain Goats

The land's opening up like a blanket
And the dandelions spread themselves thickly out
Along the fields, which are, evidently, endless

And we are hotly in love with one another
We've got an unquenchable thirst in our throats
We are, for some reason, all the time bleeding
We are friendless

And we love these dogs that roll on the lawns here in
Galesburg
Because they seem to know something nobody else knows
It is written in the smiles on their faces and it rings
in their high young voices
We are burning up all of our choices up here where the
tall grass grows

Up here in Galesburg

The sky's opening up like an old wound
And the rain on our bodies is warm tonight
And the ground underneath us shakes in the cracking
thunder

We can taste fresh blood in our mouths again
There is no chance of getting enough of it
And we tally up all our possessions, we're going under

Yeah, we love these dogs that loll in the rain here in
Galesburg
As the new season rocks them in its terrible arms
They howl as if the world were ending as we are
watching the sky unwinding
Some of our promises were binding up here where our
dreams take form

Up here in Galesburg
Up here in Galesburg