

Whole Wide World

The Mountain Goats

The last of the repercussions died off real slow
And the sky was still
And the cold sun sank down beneath the snow
I hung by my hand from the tree outside
And I looked at the whole wide world.

When the voices came quietly.
I shut them down.
When a tricky young southerly wind
Came at me with it's high whistling sound.
I turned around to face it
With real arrogance burning inside.
And I drank in the whole wide world