

Wild Sage

The Mountain Goats

I leave as soon as it gets light outside
Like a prisoner breaking out of jail
And I steel down to business fifteen-five-oh-one
Like I had a bounty hunter on my tail

And somebody stops to pick me up
But he drops me off just down the block
And along the highway where the empty spirits breathe
Wild sage growing in the weeds

Walked down the soft shoulder and I count my steps
Headed vaguely eastward sun in my eyes
And I lose my footing and I skin my hands breaking my fall
And I laugh to myself, and look up at the skies

And then I think I hear angels in my ears
Like marbles being thrown against a mirror
And along the highway where unlucky stray dogs bleed
Wild sage growing in the weeds

And some days I don't miss my family
And some days I do
Some days I think I'd feel better if I tried harder
Most days I know it's not true

I lay down right where I felt cold grass in my face
And I hear the traffic like the rhythm of the tides
And I stare at the scrape on the heel of my hand
'til it doesn't sting so much and until the bloods dried

And when somebody asks if I'm ok
I don't know what to say
And along the highway
From cast-off innumerable seeds
Wild sage growing in the weeds.