

Dinu Lipatti's Bones

The Mountain Goats

We stank of hair dye and ammonia
We sealed ourselves from view
You were looking at the void and seldom blinking
That best that I could do
Was to train my eyes on you
We scaled the hidden hills beneath the surface
Scraped our fingers, bloody on the stones
And built a little house that we could live in
Out of Dinu Lipatti's bones

We kept our friends at bay all summer long
Treated the days as if they'd kill us if they could
Wringing out the hours like blood-drenched bed sheets
To keep wintertime at bay
But December showed up anyway
There was no money, it was money that you wanted
I went downtown, sold off most of what I owned
And we raised a tower to broadcast all our dark dreams
From Dinu Lipatti's bones

Lyrics submitted by Nick Rolo.

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