Volcanoes

Matthew Good

In trouble with the dogs
Yapping like the trogs on that tape
Getting stepped on like a baby
Maybe slept too long
Is that so wrong?

So at sunrise we moved on
At lunch the storm had gone away
I didn't swim
But I watched the waves
While others stayed
Under for over an hour
While lovers hovered around the towel

We washed our mouths at the riverbed
When we noticed something glowing
It was growing
Things are going to change
Hot rainfalls made of magma
Melts Alaska
And in icy Argentine they say now I've seen it all

Who knew? Volcanoes!

In trouble with the gods
We didn't always misbehave
Where the sun shone, now it's gone
We've been waiting for so long
Now it's on.
Not that we would do ourselves in
Funny how things work out in the end

I never learned to swim

Now I'm wasted, I'm too old

Just hold on for as long as you can
I'm so afraid to die

We washed our mouths at the riverbed When we noticed something glowing It was growing

Things are going to change Hot rainfalls made of magma Melts Alaska And in icy Argentine they say now I've seen it all

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The frogs, the frogs got it first
And the birds all knew it too
The worst was the worse smell on earth
Silver and snow
Silver and snow

Don't breathe Don't breathe Don't breathe Don't breathe

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