The Possum

Sun Kil Moon

Yesterday, I was working in my yard when I saw a possum
Swinging in the foothills and he was all beat up and hobbling
I got a closer look and his foot was mangled
I was woken up earlier by what I thought was the cat tangled
But it was him who got it bad from the cat that night
Slowly down the hill when he slipped under the fence
I brought myself up to check him out; he found a nook under the air conditioner
I pointed him out to Caroline, she crouched down and he was shaking and full of fear
And when she stood up, I asked, "Baby, why you crying?"
She said, "Because he's cute and he's down there and he's dying"I went up to my room and I got a call from Justin
He was in San Francisco and Godflesh was playing
Caroline drove me halfway there where I met Tony
And we drove to the city and we parked out in front of the DNA
Justin and us, we had some laughs and we took photographs backstage
And our guts were protruding and all of them and we just kept laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing
Laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing
Laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing
Laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughing and laughingAnd when Godflesh took the stage, Tony and I, we stood there floored
Drum machines hammered and feedback blazed
For a moment, everybody grew silent
While Justin tuned his guitar; like a church, it got so quiet
Just for a minute, and then they all soared together
Like a car off a cliff, we crashed and burned over and over and again and again
They threw hard vicious guttural B-flats
[?] like a tough Roberto "Hands of Stone" DurÃ¡n in the seventh round
Davey Moore June 16, 1983
Godflesh [?] like an early Mark "Gator" Rogowski
Justin lunged at the mic like a hungry grey white
He was on fire, giving it everything he had and killing it that night!
Tearing out his prey and it came to a screeching halt
A relentless and beautiful voice, a 70 minute assault
And then he bowed down and he set his seven string electric guitar down
And screeched to holy hell and they disappeared and off went the crowdThen we had pizza and I came back to my apartment in the city
Until 4AM, I watched movies and my ears were ringing
And I called Caroline out at the house

We talked about the concert, about the possum down in the nookAnd the ocean air came through my window
And the sound of foghorns, and then when I woke
Godflesh was down in LA
Tony had an open house that day
And I looked out at Sausalito
And Caroline was on her way back from Lake Tahoe
I got a call from Paolo Sorrentino
I'd be off to Switzerland in a week or soCaroline came home that night and we had dinner and watched HBO
And I'm grateful for her love and for my friends
And to have seen the possum walk its last walk along the islandI want to grow old and to walk my last walk
Knowing that I, too, gave it everything I got
But again it's all roadblocks and all obstacles I fought
For to live another day is much better than to not
And I'd like to die with music in my ears
The piano of Maurice Ravel or Godflesh's guttural growls from hell
The sound that evokes good memories of being young and able to get around
And I'd like Caroline beside meThat old possum lost the fight
His sad, black eyes; what a thing to see on a glowing Easter Sunday
But that rodent was loved and he's still thought of
Church bells rang that day
I remember hearing them in the afternoon just as we left
He had to have heard them too

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/