

## Going to Bogotá

### The Mountain Goats

I know what I want  
And I know what we need  
When the first fruits of the harvest  
Begin to blacken and bleed

And the purple fruit gives way when you press it  
Even so slightly  
And through the thatches behind the green leaves  
We heard the fire-eyed macaw sing, evil as you please

And his little song is a very pretty song  
But it's something I won't stand for  
And as the sun rises over Colombia  
I know we're done for

When the holes started forming in the tent  
And you wondered out loud where the sunlight went  
I had a mind to tell you  
But I didn't want to hurt you

And if I knew how to form the words  
I would ask you what you'd come for  
But as the sun rises over Colombia  
I know we're done for

Yeah, as the sun rises over Colombia  
I know we're done for  
As the sun rises over Colombia  
I know we're done for