

Pure Heat

The Mountain Goats

The wind from the north, flattens the yellow corn.
You come into the house, with your dress torn.

I can see you now, as through a screen.
A smile on your face, your fingers dripping kerosene

Your hair hangs down, over me.
Your hair casts a shadow to cover me.

I can see you now, as through a screen.
A smile on your face, your fingers dripping kerosene

The wind from the north, cools me.
The wind from the north, doesn't fool me.

I can see you now, as through a screen.
A smile on your face, your fingers dripping kerosene