

## Genesis 3:23

### The Mountain Goats

House up in Clear Lake where I used to live  
Picked the lock on the front door and felt it give  
Touch nothing, move nothing, stand still, keep my ears  
open for cars  
See how the people here live now, hope that they're  
better at it than I was

I used to live here  
I used to live here  
I used to live here  
I used to live here

Pictures up on the mantle, nobody I know  
I stand by the tiny furnace where the long shadows grow  
Living room to bedroom to kitchen, familiar and warm  
Hours we spent starving within these walls, sounds of a  
distant storm

I used to live here  
I used to live here  
I used to live here  
I used to live here

Fight through the ghosts in the hallway  
Duck and weave  
Stand by the door with my eyes closed  
When it's time to leave

Steal home before sunset, cover up my tracks  
Drive home with old dreams at play in my mind and the  
wind at my back  
Break the lock on my own garden gate when I get home  
after dark  
Sit looking up at the stars outside like teeth in the  
mouth of a shark

I used to live here  
I used to live here  
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I used to live here