

1 John 416

The Mountain Goats

E A F#m B

In the holding tank I built for myself, it s feeding time
And I start to feel afraid cause I m the last one left in line
The endless string of summer storms that led me to today
Began one afternoon with you long ago and far away

And someone leads the beast in on its chain
But I know you re thinking of me cause it s just about to rain
So I wont be afraid of anything ever again

In the cell that holds my body back, the door swings wide
And I feel like someone s lost child as the guards lead me outside
And if the clouds are gathering, it s just to point the way
To an afternoon I spent with you when it rained all day

And someone leads the beast in on its chain
But I know you re thinking of me cause it s just about to rain
So I wont be afraid of anything ever again