

## It's All Here in Brownsville

### The Mountain Goats

Meanwhile, out where nothing starts  
Out where the rail yard ends  
The sun up above us is trying to kill himself  
We were watching the skies again

Why do we come down to Brownsville  
Year after year after year?  
This was the question we never even posed  
Ringing like a siren in our ears

Down on the Mexican border  
In the unfathomable heat  
With our shirts tied around our waists  
And the world at our feet

We looked at one another's bodies  
Figured we looked all right  
Ready to die if we had to  
Watching the skies all night

And I was sure my heart would break  
When the sun sank down into California  
I felt your breath on my neck, it was hot and good and  
pure  
And I wanted to warn you

It's all coming apart again  
It's all coming apart again  
It's all coming apart again  
It's all coming apart again