Shelved

The Mountain Goats

I wanna ride the hydraulics
Lit up like the north star
I wanna wallow in the spoils before the crowd
I wanna play my guitar
Not gonna sit up and beg
Not gonna do tricks
Not gonna stand here on a sound stage
Tethered to a crucifix

The ride's over
I know
But I'm not ready to go

I wanna flash my pastel colors by the rail
On a windy day at Pimlico
Don't want to write songs with this clown they set me up with i
n a Los Angeles rehearsal studio
Not gonna tour with Trent Reznor
Third of three bottom of the bill
You can't pay me to make that kind of music
Not gonna swallow that pill

The ride's over
I know
But I'm not ready to go

Maybe dad is right
I'm still young
And I can write C++ just as good as anyone
I know this guy at Lucasarts
He says they're looking for hands
In fifteen years I'll be throwing back beers
With my feet in the sand