

Southwestern Territory

The Mountain Goats

Small screen, July evening view
Up and down Grand Avenue
Where the legends get made
Out with the boys' brigade
Part of the motorcade
Flew home from Texas last night
Slept on the flight
Work like a dog all day
Born to chase cars away
Die on the road someday
I try to remember what life was like long ago
But it's gone, you know
Climb the turnbuckle high
Take two falls out of three
Blackout for local TV

Stand in that cold empty hall
Wait for your name to get called
Burn like hillsides on fire
In the squall of the ringside choir
High as a wire
Nearly drive Danny's nose back into his brain
All the cheap seats go insane
Keep my eyes open and try to think straight
No one drives on the 60 this late
Feel like the last person alive
Francisquito to Glenshaw Drive
I try to remember to write in the diary
That my son gave me
Climb the turnbuckle high
Take two falls out of three
Blackout for local TV