

Design Your Own Container Garden

The Mountain Goats

I took to the highway
Went out to pico-crensshaw
Old friends, old friends

I took to the highway
The highway took to me like a second
Skin

Rolled around in the evening
Circling like a buzzard
Trouble in mind
Excavating the space we left behind

Yes I took trinkets with me
Left them by the crater
Here ghosts, old ghosts

Smelled all the chlorine
I took the low road
Where the light was just right

Crawled around in the glowing
All embracing wreckage
Sunburned and snow-blind
Excavating the space we left behind