

# Game Shows Touch Our Lives

The Mountain Goats

Dug up a fifth of Hood River gin  
That stuff tastes like medicine  
But I'll take it  
It'll do

On the couch in the living room all day long  
Music on the television playing our song  
And I'm in the mood  
The mood for you

Turn the volume up real high  
All of that money, look at it fly  
And you smoking  
Like a chimney

Shadows crawled across the living room's length  
I held onto you with a desperate strength  
With everything  
With everything in me

And I handed you a drink of the lovely little thing  
On which our survival depends  
People say friends don't destroy one another  
What do they know about friends?

Thunderclouds forming, cream white moon  
Everything's going to be okay soon  
Maybe tomorrow  
Maybe the next day

Carried you up the stairs that night  
All of this could be yours if the price is right  
I heard cars headed down to oblivion  
Up on the expressway

Your drunken kisses, as light as the air  
Maybe everything that falls down eventually rises  
Our house sinking into disrepair  
Ah, but look at this showroom filled with fabulous prizes