New Chevrolet In Flames

The Mountain Goats

We were drinking colorado bulldogs
When inspiration struck
And we knew it was high time
For us to change our own luck
We cracked a couple coca colas open
Mixed them up with vodka and some coffee liqueur
Poured in some cold milk, raised our glasses high to old friend
s
My love for you is ninety-eight percent pure

But the two percent that remains
Has fried the circuits in my brain

I got out my smoking jacket
You put on some fishnets and your smart black beret
We cut quite a figure in the mirror
And then we were on our way
Oh would that you would kiss me
With the kisses of your mouth
'Cause your mouth is sweeter than wine
And has a more complicated history than the American South

As the evening
Took us in
You could've popped the tension
With a safety pin

We went down to Pete Brown Chevrolet
'Cause Pete Brown can satisfy all your new car needs
We were nicely oiled by then
Our internal transponders picking up satellite feeds
From well worn ancient places
Our eager young sales rep handed us the keys
We drove about three quarters of a mile
All that's left for us now are moments like these

We parked behind the high school away from the light
And the flames climbed high into the night

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