

Same as Cash

The Mountain Goats

You were still attached to your Civic sedan,
Although the brakes always needed repair
You were headed out to buy some supplies
You could smell the threat of rain in the air

I can only see the scene second-hand
I can only try to understand
How a small amount of pressure in the right place
Breaks the strongest link in the chain

In your car with your head in your hands
At the far end of the Walmart parking lot
Trying not to buckle under the strain

Every single night after prime time
Loud enough to hear in your sleep
The salesman from the lot half a mile from here
Yelling down the hood of his Jeep

I'll take anything that the others won't
I can see the value where others don't
Just a small amount of pressure in the right place
Two fingers to the temporal vein

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Trying not to buckle under the strain

Striking a bargain with the imp in your brain
Prepared to take another knock for the short gain
But you can ask any veteran running back
Eventually your joints complain

You were headed home at 80 miles an hour
With your fingers sweating under your gloves
Everyone deserves a little light in their hair
Everybody needs to love, and be loved

That's what all the people say, anyway
I can save my thoughts for another day
Maybe a small amount of pressure in the right place
Anything to help with the pain

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Trying not to buckle under the strain