

You or Your Memory

The Mountain Goats

I checked into a bargain priced room on La Cienega
Gazed out through the curtains at the parking lot
Walked down to the corner store just before nightfall in my bare feet
Black tarry asphalt, soft and hot

And when I came back, I spread out my supplies
On the counter by the sink, looked myself right in the eyes

St. Joseph's baby aspirin
Bartles & Jaymes
And you
Or your memory

I ducked behind the drapes when I saw the moon begin to rise
Gathered in my loose ends, switched off the light
And down there in the dark I could see the real truth about me
As clear as day, lord, if I make it through tonight

Then I will mend my ways
And walk the straight path to the end of my days

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