

Montana

Pere Ubu

In the state of Montana,
in the Year of the Ford,
Nineteen hundred & fifty-four,
people are leaving,
they're driving all night.
Women are crying,
they're frozen in lights.
And we roll on the river.

Our river is black.
Our river is deep.
Headlights & moonlight,
a space full of grief.
Secrets and heartaches must carry the load.
The heart of the thing is the thing we don't know.
And we roll out the barrels.

Lo & behold, the night is too long.
Anchored in heartache,
afraid of the dawn,
nobody changes.
The truth is all gone.
Bosses say, Everybody must go.
And we roll on the ribbons of our dreams.