

Alpha Desperation March

The Mountain Goats

I'm coming in.
Try to stop me.
Push furniture in front of the door.
It only gives me something to push against.
In the full heat of the summer's day,
You're telling me to go away.
But you owe me eight-thousand dollars and I can use it

I'm only getting stronger.
You may have noticed.
But a head full of memories propels me ever further
And in the living room I don't see where you are,
But the back door's locked, so you can't have gone far
And eight-thousand dollars is a whole lot of money
And I could use it.

Could be that it's my imagination, but I think I hear you now.
So come out come out, wherever you are.
Olly-olly-olly-olly-olly-olly oxen free see I'm
Perfectly aware of where our love stands,
But the plain fact is that you owe me eight grand
If it helps to jog your memory,
I lent it to you on tuesday, when we were drinking.
Ha! ha-ha-ha-uh-uh-ha! uh-ha!....