

Bad Waves

The Mountain Goats

Beachfront hotel, twenty dollars a night
Nineteen seventy-two, sun yellow and bright
Too exhausted to think or to talk
Young boys from bangledesh breakdancing on the sidewalk
And the waves will tear them all to pieces
The waves will tear them all to pieces.

Twinkling waterford crystal in the banquet hall
Childlike religious paintings lining the wall
I will try to gather my strength
And i will rest up all week
All i can say to them now
When i open my mouth to speak
Is that the waves will tear us all to pieces
The waves will tear us all to pieces