

Color in Your Cheeks

The Mountain Goats

She came in on the red eye to Dallas-Ft. Worth
All the way from sunny Taipei
Skin the color of a walnut shell
And a baseball cap holding down her black hair

And she came here after midnight
The hot weather made her feel right at home
Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks
Drink some of this, it'll put color in your cheeks

He drove in from Mexicali, no worse for wear
Money to burn, time to kill
But five minutes looking in his eyes and we all knew
He was broken pretty bad so we gave him what we had

We cleared a space for him to sleep in
And we let the silence that's our trademark make its
presence felt
Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks
Drink some of this, it'll put color in your cheeks

They came in by the dozens, walking or crawling
Some were bright-eyed, some were dead on their feet
And they came from Zimbabwe or from Soviet Georgia
East St. Louis or from Paris or they lived across the
street

But they came, and when they finally made it here
It was the least we could do to make our welcome clear
Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks
Drink some of this, it'll put color in your cheeks