

Dance Music

The Mountain Goats

Alright I'm in Johnson avenue
In San Louis Obispo
And I'm five years old or six maybe
And indications that there's
Something wrong with our new house
Trip down the wire twice daily

I'm in the living room
Watching the Watergate hearings
While my stepfather yells at my mother
Launches a glass across the room
Straight at her head
And I dash upstairs to take cover
Lean in close to my little record player on the floor
So this is what the volume knob's for
I listen to dance music
Dance music

Okay so I'm seventeen years old
You're the last best thing I got going
But then the special secret sickness
Starts to eat through you
What am I supposed to do?
No way of knowing
So I follow you down your twisting alleyways
Find a few cul-de-sacs of my own
There's only one place this road ever ends up
And I don't want to die alone
Let me down, let me down, let me down gently
When the police come to get me
I'm listenin' to dance music
Dance music