

## Design Your Own Container Garden

### The Mountain Goats

I took to the highway  
Went out to pico-crensshaw  
Old friends, old friends

I took to the highway  
The highway took to me like a second  
Skin

Rolled around in the evening  
Circling like a buzzard  
Trouble in mind  
Excavating the space we left behind

Yes I took trinkets with me  
Left them by the crater  
Here ghosts, old ghosts

Smelled all the chlorine  
I took the low road  
Where the light was just right

Crawled around in the glowing  
All embracing wreckage  
Sunburned and snow-blind  
Excavating the space we left behind