

## Evening in Stalingrad

### The Mountain Goats

When you were 19, I first laid eyes on you  
The small stream that ran through the center of town  
carried your name to me  
Your hair was dark and your eyes were a frosty blue  
Then they put me in jail until you were 23

When you were 24, we took to drinking and dancing  
We boxed with our shadows like a couple of kangaroos  
And then we went down to Chechnya for the weekend  
Your eyes were glacial and your promises all rang true

And things are happening here while we sleep  
I can feel it in my boiling brain  
And I am dreaming in blood-red color  
When I see the stolyпин car riding through the light rain

They'll have to carry me out on my back  
They'll have to tear me to pieces, all right  
We are warm in our hidden room down here  
We've got stars in our eyes tonight