

Fall of the Star High School Running Back

The Mountain Goats

Sophomore year

You rushed for an average of eight and third yards per
carry

All eyes were on you

Junior year

You blew your knee out at an out town game

Nowhere to go but down, down, down

Nothing but the ground left for you to fall to

By July

You'd made a whole bunch of brand new friends

People you used to look down on

And you'd figured out a way to make real money

Giving ends to your friends and it felt stupendous

Chrome spokes on your Japanese bike

But selling acid was a bad idea

And selling it to a cop was a worse one

And the new law said that seventeen year olds could do
federal time

You were the first one

So I sing this song for you

William Stanaforth Donahue

Your grandfather rode the boat over from Ireland

But you made a bad decision or two