

## Fault Lines

### The Mountain Goats

Down here where the heat's so fine  
I'll drink to your health and you drink to mine  
As we try to make the money we scored out in Vegas  
Hold out for a while

We drink vodka from Russia, we get out chocolates from  
Belgium  
We have our strawberries flown in from England  
But none of the money we spend seems to do us much good  
in the end  
I've got a cracked engine block, both of us do

Yeah, the house and the jewels, the Italian race car  
They don't make us feel better about who we are  
I've got termites in the framework  
So do you

Down here where the watermelon grows so sweet  
Where I worship the ground underneath of your feet  
We are experts in the art  
Of frivolous spending

And it's gone on like this, for 3 years, I guess  
And we're drunk all the time and our lives are a mess  
And the deathless love we swore to protect with our  
bodies  
Is stumbling across its bleak ending

But none of the rage in our eyes  
Seems to finish it off where it lies  
I got sugar in the fuel lines  
Both of us do

Yeah, the fights and the lies that we both love to tell  
Fail to send our love to its reward down in hell  
I got pudding for a backbone  
But so do you