

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