

First Few Desperate Hours

The Mountain Goats

Bad luck comes in from Tampa
Bad luck comes in from Tampa
On the back of a truck
Doing ninety up the interstate

We have bad dreams the night he rolls in
We have bad dreams the night he rolls in
And we try to keep our sprits high
But they flag and they wane
When the truck pulls up out front
In the light spring rain
And they sag like withering flowers
Let the good times roll on
Through these first few desperate hours

Yeah the driver drops his cargo at the curb
The driver drops his cargo at the curb
And the sun peeks in
Like a killer through the curtain

And when cloven hoof prints turn up in the garden
Yeah when cloven hoof prints turn up in the garden
We keep up the good fight
We keep our spirits light

But they drop like flies
And there's a stomach-churning shift
In the way the land lies
And they lean like towers
On a hillside struggling to stand
Through these first few desperate hours
Yeah