

Game Shows Touch Our Lives

The Mountain Goats

Dug up a fifth of Hood River gin
That stuff tastes like medicine
But I'll take it
It'll do

On the couch in the living room all day long
Music on the television playing our song
And I'm in the mood
The mood for you

Turn the volume up real high
All of that money, look at it fly
And you smoking
Like a chimney

Shadows crawled across the living room's length
I held onto you with a desperate strength
With everything
With everything in me

And I handed you a drink of the lovely little thing
On which our survival depends
People say friends don't destroy one another
What do they know about friends?

Thunderclouds forming, cream white moon
Everything's going to be okay soon
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe the next day

Carried you up the stairs that night
All of this could be yours if the price is right
I heard cars headed down to oblivion
Up on the expressway

Your drunken kisses, as light as the air
Maybe everything that falls down eventually rises
Our house sinking into disrepair
Ah, but look at this showroom filled with fabulous prizes