

Going to Cleveland

The Mountain Goats

We both know you're leaving
You just don't want to say it yet
'Cause you don't want to hurt my feelings
So you gnaw your little holes in the net

And you torture me with those big eyes
And you punish me with pity
But I'm going to Cleveland

You say you wanted to strike first
Because one of us was leaving, that's what you say
But I've always been real fond of you
So I never would have treated you this way

And you torture me with those big eyes
And you punish me with pity
But I'm going to Cleveland

I hear the Cuyahoga calling
Now I know what I was born for
And you say "Hey John, where are you going?"
But that's not my name anymore

And you torture me with those big eyes
And you punish me with pity
But I'm going to Cleveland