

## Going to Hungary

### The Mountain Goats

we touched down in budapest  
headed straight for the motel room and got undressed  
we had not slept for three or four days  
and we slipped underneath the covers  
it felt ok

about twelve hours later the sun came out to play  
i felt it on my eyelids  
i pushed your hair away

you put on your old gloves  
you put on your new shirt  
i put on my cowboy boots  
i slipped on my yellow shirt  
we headed out, sweat drying on our bodies  
and i got all sentimental  
we were heading straight to hell  
in a lincoln continental