

Going to Hungary

The Mountain Goats

we touched down in budapest
headed straight for the motel rooom 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