

Gojam Province 1968

The Mountain Goats

Running like a band of angry schoolboys
Up and down the well-lit streets today
Bashing in the heads of tax collectors
And anybody else who's in our way

Bathing in the sunlight that's our birthright
Waiting for someone to set the scene
Last time he came to town
A few stray coins came raining down
We scrambled in the dirt for them
Like ants around the queen
We take aim at the dawning day
And we shoot
Starving to death, starving to death
For the low-hanging fruit

Then all at once here comes the motorcade
Slow and steady down the beaten track
And as we're bashing out the windows of the limo
We notice there's nobody in the back

And the helicopter lands atop the palace
The royal guard assembles at the gate
The country's gonna burn
And we'll still have to wait our turn
Last among contenders of the super-featherweights
We take aim at the dawning day
And we shoot
Starving to death, starving to death
For the low-hanging fruit