

Harlem Roulette

The Mountain Goats

Unknown engines underneath the city
Steam pushing up in billows through the grates
Frankie Lymon's tracking "Seabreeze" in a studio in Harlem
Its 1968.

Just a pair of tunes to hammer out.
Everybody's off the clock by 10:00.

The loneliest people in the whole wide world are the ones you're
never going to see again.

Feels so free when I hit the avenue.
Nothing like a New York summer night.
Every dream's a good dream,
Even awful dreams are good dreams,
If you're doing it right.

Remember soaring higher than a cloud.
Get pretty sentimental now and then.

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never going to see again.

And four hours north of Portland, a radio flips on.
And some no one from the future remembers that you're gone.

Armies massing in the dusky distance.
Ghosed in the ribbon microphone.
Leave a little mark on something, maybe,
Take the secret circuit home.

Nothing in the shadows but the shadow hands.
Reaching out to sad, young, frightened men.

The loneliest people in the whole wide world are the ones you're
never going to see again.

Yeah, the loneliest people in the whole wide world are the ones
you're never going to see again.