

Home Again Garden Grove

The Mountain Goats

Wipe down the windshields and roll down the windows
Let's go where the jackals are breeding
Wrap this bandanna around your head
Don't let anyone see that you're bleeding

Fire up the scanner and keep your eyes on it
Don't speak unless someone speaks to you
Hands in your pockets and sun on your face
The warm love of God coursing through you

Home again
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I can remember when we were in high school
Our dreams were like fugitive warlords
Plotting triumphant returns to the city
Keeping Tec-9's tucked under the floorboards

Now we are practical men of the world
We tether our dreams to the turf
And cruise down these alleys for honey to feed them
Jellyfish riding the surf

Shoving our heads straight into the guts of the stove
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