

It's All Here in Brownsville

The Mountain Goats

Meanwhile, out where nothing starts
Out where the rail yard ends
The sun up above us is trying to kill himself
We were watching the skies again

Why do we come down to Brownsville
Year after year after year?
This was the question we never even posed
Ringing like a siren in our ears

Down on the Mexican border
In the unfathomable heat
With our shirts tied around our waists
And the world at our feet

We looked at one another's bodies
Figured we looked all right
Ready to die if we had to
Watching the skies all night

And I was sure my heart would break
When the sun sank down into California
I felt your breath on my neck, it was hot and good and
pure
And I wanted to warn you

It's all coming apart again
It's all coming apart again
It's all coming apart again
It's all coming apart again