

Lovecraft in Brooklyn

The Mountain Goats

It's going to be too hot to breathe today but everybody's out here on the streets
Somebody's opened up the fire hydrant, cold water rushing out in sheets
Some kid in a Marcus Allen jersey asks me for a cigarette
Companionship is where you find it, so I take what I can get

Hubcaps on the cars like fun house mirrors
Stick to the shadows when I can
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When the sun goes down, the armies of the voiceless, several hundred thousand strong
Come out without their bandages, their voices raised in song
When the streetlights sputter out, they make this awful sizzling sound
I cast my gaze toward the pavement, too many blood stains on the ground

Rhode Island drops into the ocean
No place to call home anymore
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Head outside most every day
To try to keep the wolves away
Imagine nice things I might say
If company should come

Woke up afraid of my own shadow, I mean, like genuinely afraid
Headed for the pawnshop to buy myself a switchblade
Someday something's coming from way out beyond the stars
To kill us while we stand here, it'll store our brains in mason jars

And then the girl behind the counter
She asks me how I feel today
I feel like Lovecraft in Brooklyn