

# Moon Over Goldsboro

## The Mountain Goats

I went down to the gas station  
For no particular reason  
Heard the screams from the high school  
It's football season

Empty lot the station faces  
Will probably be there forever  
I climbed over the four-foot fence  
I was trying to sever the tether

Moon in the sky  
Cold as a stone  
Spend each night in your arms  
Always wake up alone

I laid down in the weeds  
It was a real cold night  
I was happy 'till the overnight attendant  
Switched on the floodlight

Walking home, I was talking to you under my breath  
Saying things I would never say directly  
I heard a siren on the highway up ahead  
Kinda wished they'd come and get me

Frost on the sidewalk  
White as a bone  
Tried to get close to you again  
Always wake up alone

And as I was crossing our doorstep  
I hesitated just a moment there  
Remembered the day we moved into our small house  
'Till the vision got too vivid to bear

You were almost asleep  
Halfway undressed  
I lay right down next to you  
Held your head against my chest

And a guy with any kind of courage  
Would maybe stop to think the matter through  
Maybe hold you still and raise the question  
Instead of blindly holding onto you

But we crank up the heat  
And you giggle and moan  
Spend all night in the company of ghosts  
Always wake up alone