

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