

Night Light

The Mountain Goats

Pull my mask so tight,
Til it pinches my skin.
Nerves strung so high.
I am a mandolin.
Jenny calls from Montana.
She's only passing through.
Probably never see her again in this life, I guess.
Not sure what I'm gonna do.

Plug a night light in.
Leave the porch light on.
Because the small dark corners have designs on me.
Live like an outlaw.
Clutching gold coins in his claw.

Room full of ambitious young policemen.
Everybody trying to make his mark.
I was a red dot blinking on a screen up overhead,
And then the room went dark.
Dream of maybe waking up someday,
And wanting you less than I do.
This is a dream though,
It's never gonna come true.

Plug a night light in.
Leave the porch light on.
Because the small dark corners are establishing a colony.
Live like an outlaw.
Clutching gold coins in his claw.

Can't ever set aside the sweetness,
Of the days before the crews put up the border.
Fields full of wet rain.
Cling tight to their memory forever.
Think about Montana when I close my eyes,
Possibly Jenny's headed east.
Count a couple of stray hopes outloud,
May their numbers one day be increased.

Plug a night light in.
Leave the porch light on.
Because the small dark corners breathe like heavy animals.
Live like an outlaw.
Clutching gold coins in his claw.