

## Night of the Mules

### The Mountain Goats

The street lights gave off an yellow glow  
On the holly and the mistletoe  
You could feel the rain, coming down.  
And quiet starlight, hardened the ground.  
Till the street shone like a diamond

Look sister, here comes a new genuine disaster.  
Clip-clop up the street,  
See the rain, feel the sleet, yeah.

The cold air, unpredictable weather,  
Ten or twenty of us, huddled together,  
Hearing the braying, growing louder  
Snowflakes falling fine white powder.

Here come, the new kings  
The hooves clack and the metal sings  
Clip-clop up the street  
See the rain, feel the sleet, yeah