

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