

## See America Right

### The Mountain Goats

I was driving up from Tampa  
When the radiator burst  
I was three sheets to the wind  
A civilian saw me first  
And then there was the cop  
And then the children standing on the corner  
Your love is like a cyclone in a swamp  
And the weather's getting warmer

I was getting out of jail  
Heading to the Greyhound  
You said you'd hop on one yourself  
And meet me on the way down  
I was shaking way too hard to think  
Dead on my feet about to drop  
Went and got the case of vodka from a car  
And walked the two miles to the bus stop

Got on the bus half drunk again  
The driver glared at me  
Met up with you in Inglis  
Thumbed a ride to Cedar Key  
If we never make it back to California  
I want you to know I love you  
But my love is like a dark cloud full of rain  
That's always right there up above you  
Hey!