

Sendero Luminoso Verdadero

The Mountain Goats

(as they age, men encounter the 6th fear - loss of verility.

Just look him straight in the eye, invade his space by
Standing a little closer than normal...)

By 8.30 am the sun was so hot, that it made me remember.
I pulled on the jacket with the bars on the pockets
And I stood in front of the window
And the skin on my face has a memory all its own
And it drinks in the pure heat, real slow.
I remember lima. I remember the good life.
I remember lima. I remember the good life.

The window is ten feet high and three feet wide
Sun beams bounce off the dark water
And come through the clear glass, magnified.
Standing here in the house on pacific coast highway
Given to me by a friend whose name is no longer important
My conscience is clean.
And the feeling of power like thick red wine
And it's oh-nine-oh-five military time
I remember lima. I remember the good life.
I remember lima. I remember the good life.