

Song for Dana Plato

The Mountain Goats

The 3 month ride sticks in your mind
As though the insides of your head were a big screen.
And coming in on a evening wind.
It's the unmistakable scent of brilliantine.
What kind of memory serves, what kind of world is it,
That comes headlong at you, then swerves at the last
possible second?
It's this one. it's this one.

And it's easy to slow down.
And it's easy to slow down.
And it's easy to just lie out by the blue pools
In the squinting sun and slow down.
And it's easy to slow down.

And in situations like these, it's sometimes useful to
Think of life as one long continuous evening
That never turns into night.
Hey hey!