

## Southwestern Territory

### The Mountain Goats

Small screen, July evening view  
Up and down Grand Avenue  
Where the legends get made  
Out with the boys' brigade  
Part of the motorcade  
Flew home from Texas last night  
Slept on the flight  
Work like a dog all day  
Born to chase cars away  
Die on the road someday  
I try to remember what life was like long ago  
But it's gone, you know  
Climb the turnbuckle high  
Take two falls out of three  
Blackout for local TV

Stand in that cold empty hall  
Wait for your name to get called  
Burn like hillsides on fire  
In the squall of the ringside choir  
High as a wire  
Nearly drive Danny's nose back into his brain  
All the cheap seats go insane  
Keep my eyes open and try to think straight  
No one drives on the 60 this late  
Feel like the last person alive  
Francisquito to Glenshaw Drive  
I try to remember to write in the diary  
That my son gave me  
Climb the turnbuckle high  
Take two falls out of three  
Blackout for local TV