

Southwood Plantation Road

The Mountain Goats

I got you
You've got whatever's left in me to get
Our conversations are like minefields
No one's found a safe way through one yet

I spent a lot of money
I buy you white gold
We raise up a little roof
Against the cold

On Southwood Plantation Road
Where at night the stars blow like milk across the sky
Where the high wires drop
Where the fat crows fly

All night long
You giggle and scream
Your brown eyes
Deeper than a dream

I am not gonna lose you
We are gonna stay married
In this house like a Louisiana graveyard
Where nothing stays buried

On Southwood Plantation Road
Where the dead will walk again
Put on their Sunday best
And mingle with unsuspecting Christian men