

Stench of the Unburied

The Mountain Goats

Incoherent but functional
Speeding like a dead comet
Purple crushed-velvet waistcoat
Flecked with Maalox and bits of dried vomit
Say what you will for the effort
You can't fault the technique
Still conscious at sunrise
For the third time this week
But when the blue lights flash
I know we're going to crash

And outside it's 92 degrees
And KROQ is playing Siouxsie and the Banshees

Blaupunkt in the dashboard
Cracks in the cylinder block
Heading up the Golden State Freeway
Toward Eagle Rock
Ice chest full of Corona
And Pineapple Crush
It'll take 20 years
For the toxins to flush
And when the sirens wail
I know we're going to jail

And outside it's 92 degrees
And KROQ is playing Siouxsie and the Banshees

Follow the flame to freedom
The flickering lights of armageddon
Find the foot of the ladder way down in the pit
Keep climbing forever
Try to keep the torch lit

And outside it's 92 degrees
And KROQ, the Rock of the 80s, is playing Siouxsie and the Banshees