

Straight Six

The Mountain Goats

Dull powder blue paint job.
Earl Scheib special.
Dashboard full of talismans to try and push fate.
Rabbit skull hanging from the rearview.
Six kicking cylinders, lined up straight,
And I ride.
And I glide down the streets of this city all night, uptight.
Jenny's on the cellular, high as a kite.

There's a crack in the windshield eighteen inches long.
Evaporating snow forming crystals on the chrome.
Brand new battery I shoplifted from the pep boys.
Full cranking power to bring me on home,
And I ride.
And I glide down the streets of this city all night, uptight.
Jenny's on the cellular, high as a kite.
Sometimes the moon shines like a beacon to the weary and the sick in spirit.
Sometimes... sometimes it's dark.