

We Were Patriots

The Mountain Goats

Clear sky over Calcutta
A warm wind
Dvorak on the short wave
Clear signal coming in

La la la
La la la la la la la
La la la
La la la la la la la

Long vowels spill like liquid from your mouth
I hang on every word you say
An army of transistor radios on the bookshelf
Left on all day

Let them play
Yeah, let them all play on and on and on
Let them all play longer and louder
And long after you're gone

La la la
La la la la la la la
La la la
La la la la la la la

Clear sky sheltering our fragile little house
Listening to the radio all the time
Your hand on my forehead as though to check for a fever
Yeah, big plans in mind

La la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la
La la la la la la la