

Wizard Buys A Hat

The Mountain Goats

Shuffled up Sixth Street in the rain
Kept my head down as I looked past the people
And in the department store
I found what I was looking for
This is the church, this is the crucible
They come out to Broadway and they look for me
I'm on the red steps smoking a cigarette
Easy to recognize, black bandages on my eyes
This is the church, these are the congregants

Sun sets on the broad square and lights come up
Feel like this town's gonna put a quick end to me
But if I came here to drown, I'm gonna take a few people
down
This is the church, occupied by the enemy