

## Mountain Goats "Dance Music"

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Alright IÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ m on Johnson Avenue in San Luis  
Obispo  
And IÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ m five years old or six maybe  
And indications that thereÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ s something  
wrong with our new house trip down the wire twice daily  
IÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ m in the living room watching the  
Watergate hearings while my stepfather yells at my  
mother  
Launches a glass across the room, straight at her  
head, and I dash upstairs to take cover  
Lean in close to my little record player on the floor  
So this is what the volume knobÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ s for  
I listen to dance music  
Dance music  
Okay so look IÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ m seventeen years old  
And youÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ re the last best thing I got going  
But then the special secret sickness starts to eat  
through you  
What am I supposed to do? No way of knowing  
So I follow you down your twisting alleyways  
Find a few cul-de-sacs of my own  
ThereÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ s only one place this road ever ends  
up, and I donÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ t wanna die alone  
Let me down, let me down, let me down gently  
When the police come to get me IÃfÂçâ,¬Â™ m  
listening to dance music  
Dance music

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