

## Mountain Goats "Source Decay"

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Once a week I make the drive  
To the Austen post office box  
I take the detour  
Through our old neighborhood  
See all the Chevy Impalas in their frontyards  
Up on blocks  
And I park in an alley  
And I read through the postcards  
You continue to send  
Where as indirectly as you can  
You ask what I remember  
I like these torture devices  
From my old best friend  
Well I'll tell you what I know  
Like I swore I always would  
I don't think it's going to do you any good

I remember the train  
Heading south out of Bangkok  
Down toward the water

I always get a late starte  
When the sun's going down  
And the traffic's thinning out  
And the glare is hard to take  
I wish the West Texas highway  
Was a mobius strip  
I could ride it out forever  
When I feel my heart break  
I almost swear I hear it happen  
It's that clear and that hard  
I come in off the highway  
And I park in my front yard  
I fall out of the car  
Like a hostage from a plane  
Think of you a while  
Start wishing it would rain

And I remember the train  
Headed south out of Bangkok  
Down toward the water

I come into the house  
Put on a pot of coffee  
Walk the floors a little while  
I set your postcard on a table  
With all the others like it  
I start sorting through the pile  
I check the pictures and the postmarks  
And the captions and the stamps  
For signs of any pattern at all  
When I come up empty handed  
The feeling almost overwhelms me  
I let a few of my defenses fall  
And I smile a bitter smile  
It's not a pretty thing to see  
I think about a railroad platform  
Back in 1983

And I remember the train  
Headed south out of Bangkok down  
Down toward the water

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