

The Mountain Goats

"Jeff Davis County Blues"

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after three nights in jail, i head north from toyavale.
switch to 285 in pecos, head up to red bluff.
my walk's real steady and my eyes are real cold
but i feel like i'm all of sixteen years old --
lost in the travel lodge, with the television on with the
sound down,
i don't feel so tough.
old issues of sunset magazine to read,
sleep for twelve hours, and dream about home.

i have no place to go, so i drive up to new mexico.
fix my eyes in the rearview when i cross the state line.
and i panic, i guess. and although it's quite late,
i take the first exit to 128.
i am coming back to midlind.
i hope you won't mind.
polaroids of the two of us scattered on the passenger's
seat.
i drive slowly
and evenly
and i dream about home
/]

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