## The Mountain Goats "Source Decay"

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once a week i make the drive two hours east to check the austin post office box and i take the detour through our old neighborhood see all the chevy impalas in their front yards up on blocks and i park in an alley and i read through the post cards you continue to send where as indirectly as you can you ask what i remember i like these tortured deviced from my old best friend well i'll tell you what i know like i swore i always would i don't think it will do you any good

i remember the train headed south out of bangkok down toward the water.

i always get a late start
when the sun's going down
and the traffic's filling out
and the glare is hard to take
i wish the west texas highway was a mobius strip
i could ride it out for ever
when i feel my heart break
i almost swear i hear it happen
in fact clean and not hard
i come in off the highway and i park in my front yard
fall out of the car
like a hostage from a plane
think of you awhile
start wishing it would rain

and i remember the train heading south out of bangkok down, down towards, the water.

come in to the house put on a pot of coffee walk the floors a little while set your postcard on the table
with all the others like it
start sorting threw the pile
check the pictures
and the postmarks
and the captions
and the stamps
for a sign 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 is not a pretty sight to see
i think about a railroad platform back in 1983

and i remember the train heading south out of Bangkok down, down towards, the water / ]

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