

## The Mountain Goats

### "The Fall Of The Star High School Running Back"

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Sophomore year, you rushed for an average of eight  
and a third yards per carry  
All eyes were on you  
Junior year, you blew your knee out at an out of town  
game  
Nowhere to go to but down down down  
Nothing but the ground left for you to fall to  
By july, you'd made a whole bunch of brand new  
friends,  
People you used to look down on  
And you'd figured out a way to make real money  
Giving ends to your friends, and it felt stupendous  
Chrome spokes on your Japanese bike,  
But selling acid was a bad idea  
And selling it to a cop was a worse one  
And the new law said that seventeen year olds could  
do federal time  
You were the first one, so I sing this song for you,  
William Stanaforth Donahue,  
Your grandfather rode the boat over from Ireland,  
But you made a bad decision or two  
Yeah

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