

## Mountain Goats, The "Color In Your Cheeks"

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She came in on the red eye to Dallas, Fort Worth  
All the way from sunny Taipei  
Skin the color of a walnut shell  
and a baseball cap holding down her black hair  
And she came here after midnight  
The hot weather made her feel right at home  
Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks  
Drink some of this, it'll put color in your cheeks

He drove in from Mexicali, no worse for wear  
Money to burn, time to kill  
But five minutes looking in his eyes  
And we all knew he was broken pretty bad  
So we gave him what we had  
We cleared a space for him to sleep in  
And we let the silence that's our trademark make it's  
presense felt

Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks  
Drink some of this, it'll put color in your cheeks

They came in by the dozens, walking or crawling  
Some were bright eyed, some were dead on their feet  
And they came from Zimbabwe or from Soviet Georgia,  
East St. Louis, or from Paris, or they lived across the  
street  
But they came, and when they finally made it here,  
it was the least that we could do to make our welcome  
clear

Come on in, we haven't slept for weeks  
Drink some of this, this'll put color in your cheeks

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