

Mountain Goats, The "Evening in Stalingrad"

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when you were nineteen i first laid eyes on you
the small stream that ran through the center of town
carried your name to me
your hair was dark and your eyes were a frosty blue
and then they put me in jail 'til you were twenty-three

when you were twenty-four we took to drinking and
dancing
we boxed with our shadows like a couple of kangaroos
and then we went down to chechnya for the weekend
your eyes were glacial and your promises all rang true

and things are happening here while we sleep
i can feel it in my boiling brain
and i am dreaming in blood-red color
when i see the stolyпин car riding through the light rain
they'll have to carry me out on my back
they'll have to tear me to pieces all right
we are warm in our hidden room down here
we've got stars in our eyes tonight

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