Mountain Goats, The "Home Again Garden Grove"

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Wipe down the windshields and roll down the windows Let's go where the jackals are breeding Wrap this bandanna around your head Don't let anyone see that you're bleeding

Fire up the scanner and keep your eyes on it Don't speak unless someone speaks to you Hands in your pockets and sun on your face The warm love of God coursing through you

Home again Home again Garden Grove Garden Grove

I can remember when we were in high school Our dreams were like fugitive warlords Plotting triumphant returns to the city Keeping Tec-9's tucked under the floorboards

Now we are practical men of the world We tether our dreams to the turf And cruise down these alleys for honey to feed them Jellyfish riding the surf Shoving our heads straight into the guts of the stove

Home again Garden Grove Garden Grove

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