

Mountain Goats, The

"It's All Here in Brownsville"

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meanwhile out where nothing starts
out where the railyard ends
the sun above is trying to kill himself
we were watching the skies again

why do we come down to brownsville
year after year after year
the was the question we never ever posed
ringing like a siren in our ears

down on the mexican border
in the unfathomable heat
with our shirts tied around our waists
and the world at our feet

we looked at one another's bodies
figured we looked alright
ready to die if we had to
watching the skies all night

and i was sure my heart would break
when the sun sank down into california
i felt your breath on my neck, it was hot and wet and
pure
and i wanted to warn you

and it's all coming apart again
it's all coming apart again
it's all coming apart again
it's all coming apart again

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