

Mountain Goats, The

"Jeff Davis County Blues"

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after three nights in jail, I head north from Toyaville
switch to 285 in Pecos, head up to Red Bluff

my walk's real steady and my eyes are real cold
when I feel like I'm only sixteen years old
lost in a travel lodge
with the television on with the sound down
I don't feel so tough
old issues of sunset magazine to read
sleep for twelve hours
dream about home

I have no place to go
so I drive up to New Mexico
fix my eyes in the rearview when I cross the stateline
and I panic I guess
and although it's quite late
I take the first exit to 128
I am coming back to Midland and I hope you won't mind

polaroids of the two of us
scattered on the passenger seat
I drive slowly and eat early
and I dream about home

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