

Mountain Goats, The "Moon over Goldsboro"

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went down the the gas station for no particular reason,
heard the screams from the high school --
it's football season.
empty lot the station faces, will probably be there
forever.
I climbed over the four foot fence,
I was trying to sever the tether.
moon in the sky, cold as a stone
spend each night in your arms, always wake up alone.

I lay down in the weeds, it was a real cold night.
I was happy until the overnight attendant switched on
the floodlight.
walking home I was talking to you under my breath,
saying things I would never say directly.
I heard a siren on the road highway ahead.
kinda wish they'd come and get me
frost on the sidewalk, white as a bone
tried to get close to you again, always wake up alone.

and as i was crossing our doorstep,
i hesitated just a moment there.
remebered the day we moved into our small house
'til the vision got to vivid to bear.

you were almost asleep, halfway undressed
i lay right down next to you
held your head against my chest.
and a guy with any kind of courage
would maybe stop to think the matter through
maybe hold you still and raise the question,
instead of blindly holding on to you.
but we crank up the heat
and you giggle and moan,
spend all night in the company of ghosts, always wake
up alone

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