

Mountain Goats, The

"See America Right"

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I was driving up from Tampa
When the radiator burst
I was three sheets to the wind
A civilian saw me first
And then there was the cop
And then the children standing on the corner
Your love is like a cyclone in a swamp
And the weather's getting warmer

I was getting out of jail
Heading to the Greyhound
You said you'd hop on one yourself
And meet me on the way down
I was shaking way too hard to think
Dead on my feet about to drop
Went and got the case of vodka from a car
And walked the two miles to the bus stop

Got on the bus half drunk again
The driver glared at me
Met up with you in Inglis
Thumbed a ride to Cedar Key
If we never make it back to California
I want you to know I love you
But my love is like a dark cloud full of rain
That's always right there up above you
Hey!

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