

## **Mountain Goats, The**

### **"Source Decay"**

Visit "[Source Decay](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

once a week i make the drive  
to the Austen post office box  
I take the detour  
through our old neighborhood  
see all the Chevy Impalas in their frontyards  
up on blocks  
and I park in an alley  
and I read through the postcards  
you continue to send  
where as indirectly as you can  
you ask what I remember  
I like these torture devices  
from my old best friend  
well I'll tell you what I know  
like I swore I always would  
I don't think it's going to do you any good

I remember the train  
heading south out of Bangkok  
down toward the water

I always get a late starte  
when the sun's going down  
and the traffic's thinning out  
and the glare is hard to take  
I wish the West Texas highway  
was a mobius strip  
I could ride it out forever  
when I feel my heart break  
I almost swear I hear it happen  
it's that clear and that hard  
I come in off the highway  
and I park in my front yard  
I fall out of the car  
like a hostage from a plane  
think of you a while  
start wishing it would rain

and I remember the train  
headed south out of Bangkok  
down toward the water

I come into the house  
put on a pot of coffee  
walk the floors a little while  
I set your postcard on a table  
with all the others like it  
I start sorting through the pile  
I check the pictures and the postmarks  
and the captions and the stamps  
for signs of any pattern at all  
when I come up empty handed  
the feeling almost overwhelms me  
I let a few of my defenses fall  
and I smile a bitter smile  
it's not a pretty thing to see  
I think about a railroad platform  
back in 1983

and I remember the train  
headed south out of Bangkok down  
down toward the water

Visit [Mountain Goats, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.