

Mountain Goats, The

"Southwood Plantation Road"

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I've got you
You've got whatever's left of me to get
Our conversations are like minefields
No one's found a safe way through one yet
I spend a lot of money
I buy you white gold
We raise up a little roof
Against the cold
On Southwood Plantation Road
Where at night the stars blow like milk across the sky
Where the high wires drop
Where the fat crows fly

All night long you giggle and scream
Your brown eyes deeper than a dream
I am not going to lose you
We are going to stay married
In this house like a Louisiana graveyard
Where nothing stays buried
On Southwood Plantation Road
Where the dead will walk again
Put on their Sunday best
And go with unsuspecting Christian men
La la la la la

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