

Mountain Goats, The

"The Fall of the Star High School Running Back"

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Sophomore year, you rushed for an average of eight
and a third yards per carry
All eyes were on you
Junior year, you blew your knee out at an out of town
game
Nowhere to go to but down down down
Nothing but the ground left for you to fall to

By july, you'd made a whole bunch of brand new
friends,
People you used to look down on
And you'd figured out a way to make real money
Giving ends to your friends, and it felt stupendous
Chrome spokes on your Japanese bike,
But selling acid was a bad idea
And selling it to a cop was a worse one
And the new law said that seventeen year olds could
do federal time
You were the first one, so I sing this song for you,
William Stanaforth Donahue,
Your grandfather rode the boat over from Ireland,
But you made a bad decision or two
Yeah

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