

Mountain Goats, The

"The Young Thousands"

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Boats ease into the harbor bearing real suspicious
cargo
And the sunlight on the water
Sets a switch off in your brain
The things that you've got coming will consume you
There's someone waiting out there in an alley with a
chain

The ghosts that haunt your building are prepared to
take on substance
And the dull pain that you live with isn't getting any
duller
There's a closet full of almost-pristine videotape
Documenting sordid little scenes in living color

Here they come
The young thousands
Here they come
The young thousands

You drive east from the ocean with both hands tied on
the wheel
And you go past Garden Grove
As the pleasure index rises
The things that you've got coming will do things that
you're afraid to
There is someone waiting out there with a mouthful of
surprises

The ghosts that haunt your building have been learning
how to breathe
They scan the hallways nightly vainly searching for a
sign
There must be diamonds somewhere in a place that
stinks this bad
There are brighter things than diamonds coming down
the line

Here they come
The young thousands
Here they come

The young thousands

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