

Home Again Garden Grove

The Mountain Goats

Wipe down the windshields,
and roll down the windows,
let's go where the jackals are breeding.
Wrap this bandanna around your head,
don't let anyone see that you're bleeding.

Fire up the scanner,
and keep your eyes on it,
don't speak unless someone speaks to you.
Hands in your pockets and sun on your face,
the warm love of god coursing through you.

Home again; Garden Grove
Garden Grove.

I can remember when we were in high school,
our dreams were like fugitive warlords;
plotting triumphant returns to the city,
keeping Tec-9's tucked under the floorboards.

Now we are practical men of the world,
we tether our dreams to the turf;
and cruise down these alleys for honey to feed them,
the jellyfish riding the surf.

Shoving our heads, straight into the guts of the stove.
Home again; Garden Grove
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Lyrics submitted by Kawner.

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