

Old College Try

The Mountain Goats

From the housetops to the gutters
From the ocean to the shore
The warning signs have all been bright and garish
Far too great in number to ignore

From the cities to the swamplands
From the highways to the hills
Our love has never had a leg to stand on
From the aspirins to the cross-tops to the Elavils

But I will walk down to the end with you
If you will come all the way down with me

From the entrance to the exit
Is longer than it looks from where we stand
I wanna say I'm sorry for stuff I haven't done yet
Things will shortly get completely out of hand

I can feel it in the rotten air tonight
In the tips of my fingers, in the skin on my face
In the weak last gasp of the evening's dying light
In the way those eyes I've always loved illuminate this place

Like a trashcan fire in a prison cell
Like the searchlights in the parking lots of Hell
I will walk down to the end with you
If you will come all the way down with me

Lyrics submitted by Catherine B.

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