

Harlem Roulette

The Mountain Goats

Unknown engines underneath the city.
Steam pushing up in billows through the grates.
Frankie Leyland is tracking sea breeze in a studio in Harlem.
It's 1968.
Just a pair of tunes to hammer out.
Everybody's off the clock by ten.

The loneliest people in the whole wide world
are the one you're never going to see again.

Feels so free when I hit the avenue.
Nothing like a New York summer night.
Every dream is a good dream.
Even awful dreams are good dreams.
If you're doing it right.
Remember soaring higher than the clouds.
Get pretty sentimental now and then.

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And four hours north of Portland, the radio flips on.
And some no one from the future remembers that you're gone.
Armies massing in the dusky distance, ghosted in the ribbon microphone.
Leave a little mark on something negative, take the secret circuit home.
Nothing's in the shadows but the shadow hands,
Reaching out to sad young frightened men.

The loneliest people in the whole wide world
are the one you're never going to see again.

Yeah,

The loneliest people in the whole wide world
are the one you're never going to see again.
