

Mountain Goats "Jenny"

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You roared into the driveway of our
Southwestern ranch style house
On a new Kawasaki,
All yellow and black,
Fresh out of the showroom
Our house faced west
So the big orange sun
Positioned at your back
Lit up your magnificent silhouette
How much better, how much better, could my life get?
900 cubic centimeters of raw whining power, no
outstanding warrants for my arrest
Whoa, the pirate's life for me

I hopped on back of the bike,
Wrapped my arms around you
I sank my face
Into your hair
And then I inhaled
As deeply as I possibly could
You were sweet and delicious
As the warm desert air
And you pointed your headlamp toward the horizon
We were the one thing in the galaxy God didn't have
his eyes on
900 cc's of raw whining power, no outstanding
warrants for my arrest
Hi diddly dee!
Goddamn!
The pirate's life for me

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