

Mountain Goats "Lion's Teeth"

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The king of the jungle
was asleep in his car
When your chances fall in your lap like that
you got to recognize them for what they really are
Nobody in this house
wants to own up to the truth
I crawl in shotgun and reach into his mouth
and grab hold to one long sharp tooth
and hold on
for dear life
I hold on
Well of course he wakes up
his paw hits the horn
I am gonna regret the day I was born
and then Mom rushes out to the driveway
my sister too
Everyone is screaming
I am dreaming of you
I hold on
for dear life
I hold on
and my arms get sore
and my palms start to sweat
and the tears roll down my face
till my cheeks are hot and red and soaking wet
In come the cops
They blow torch the doors
I start wailing
The lion roars
There's no good way to end this
anyone can see
there's this great big you
and little old me
and we hold on
for dear life
we hold on
we hold on

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