

Mountain Goats "This Year"

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I broke free on a saturday morning
I put the pedal to the floor
headed north on mills avenue
and listened to the engine roar

my broken house behind me
and good things ahead
a girl named cathey
wants a little of my time
six cylinders underneath the hood
crashing and kicking
aha!
listen to the engine whine

i am going to make it through this year
if it kills me
i am going to make it though this year
if it kills me

i played video games in a drunken haze
i was seventeen years young
hurt my knuckles punching the machines
the taste of scotch rich on my tounge

and then cathey showed up
and we hung out
trading swigs from a bottle
all bitter and clean
locking eyes
holding hands
twin high matinance machines
i am going to make it through this year
if it kills me
i am going to make it though this year
if it kills me

i drove home in the califonia dusk
i could feel the alcahol inside of me
hum pictured the look on my stepfather's face
ready for the bad things to come

i down shifted

as i pulled into the driveway
the motor screaming out
stuck in second gear
the scene ends badly
as you might imagine
in a cavalcade of anger and fear

there will be feasting
and dancing
in jurusalem next year

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