

The Mountain Goats

"Jenny"

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you roared into the driveway of our
southwestern ranchstyle house
on a new [motorcycle]
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?
nine hundred cubic centimeters of raw whining power
no outstanding warrants for my arrests
whoa, the pirate's life for me
I hopped on the 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

nine hundred cc's of raw whining power

no outstanding warrants for my arrest

goddamn, the pirate's life for me
/]

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