

The 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 gotta 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 of 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 going to regret
The day that I was born.
And then mom
Rushes out to the driveway
My sister too
Everyone 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 now 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.

