

## Mountain Goats, The

### "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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