

Mountain Goats, The

"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 cathy wants a little of my time.
six cylinders underneath the hood crashing and
kicking,
ahhh listen to the engine whine.

I am going to make it through this year if it kills me.
I am going to make it through 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 tongue.

and then cathy showed up and we hung out.
trading swigs from the bottle all bitter and clean
locking eyes, holding hands,
twin high maintenance machines.

I am going to make it through this year if it kills me.
I am going to make it through this year if it kills me.

I drove home in the california dusk.
I could feel the alcohol inside of me.
home.
picture the look on my stepfather's face,
ready for the bad things to come.

I downshifted 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 jerusalem next
year.

I am going to make it through this year if it kills me.
I am going to make it through this year if it kills me.

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