

This Year

The Mountain Goats

I broke free on a Saturday morning
I put the pedal to the floor
Headed north on Mills Avenue
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
aha, listen to the engine whine

i'm going to make it through this year
if it kills me
i'm 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 tongue

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

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i drove home in the California dusk
i could feel the alcohol 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 Jerusalem next year

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