Billy Goat

moe.

He says, "Okay, big mouth, you make me," BAM knocked him out flatter than piss on a plate.Some say it's a river but he called it a moat.
Had his own little island, that old billy goat.
Smoked a meerschaum pipe and wore a dirty old robe.
Wouldn't move for nothing, that stubborn old soul.Just stood on his rock in the winter, in cold
watched the river rising out of control.
Ain't nobody did nothing so I scud up a boat.
I ran down to the beach and then I heard him clear his throat.
Ain't nobody lives forever, no one at all.
So hoist your anchor, fair the weather and answer the callI paddled upstream thinking 'bout what he'd said.
Was he some kind of genius or just touched in the head?He never lived in fear, followed or lead.
As the river got higher he never flinched or fled.
Buckets of tears 'cause the island was gone.
I was the last one there and I heard his song.
There was something from nothing and nothing could hold
his final refrain from being untold.Nothing could hold his final refrain from being untoldNothing could hold his final refrain from being untold
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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