Jenny

The Mountain Goats

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-whoa. whoa whoa.
the pirate's life for me.

i hopped on back of the bike, wrapped my arms around you.
and i sank my face into your hair.
and then i inhaled as deeply as i possibly could.

you were as 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 diddle dee dee.
god damn!
the pirate's life for me!

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