The Goat

Bloodhorse

ADAM: I am a simple goat.
I live on the back of a pick-up truck.
The Old Man tied me here with a 3 ft. rope.
Am I happy?
He don't give a fuck.
OLD MAN: Hey goat!
I'm gonna beat your head in with the hickory stick!
ADAM: Sometimes he uses his fists-a.
He's filled with anger and filled with rage,
and tells me I smell like piss-a.
His drink, Jimmy Beam.
His chaser, a beer.
After that, various alchohols.
That's when the beatings get so severe,
I sleep,
I pray he falls.
But don't feel sorry for me.
Things weren't always this bad.
Why when I was a young talking goat,
the Old Man was just like my dad.
I come from the hills of Europe.
That's where I met the Old Man.
He was lost in the woods,
I gave him directions,
He gave me a tuna can.
Then he stopped in his tracks and he said,
OLD MAN: Hey goat!
ADAM: Would you like to live with me?
I got a house with a pick-up truck
in a place across D.C.-a.
I said, "sure why not? I got no family. You seem like a nice guy."
So we went off to America,
the home of apple pie.
On the boat the Old Man told me,
I would be a present for his wife.
"A talking goat," he exclaimed,
"She's never seen this in her life!"
I felt so special.
Well, I just couldn't believe it,

after all these years,
I finally had a friend.
He trimmed my beard,
he scraped my hooves,
I prayed it would never end.
But when we got to his house,
there was no wife.
Only a short, short letter.
It said : I'm leaving you for your brother
because he fucks me better.
His eyes filled with tears of sadness.
His heart was filled with grief.
To suit himself he drank a pint of Old Grandad,
and beat me like a side of beef.
I screamed, "send me back to the hills of Europe!"
He just shook his head and said,
OLD MAN: Nope!
ADAM: No one will ever leave me again,
to make sure,
put on the 3 ft. fucking rope-a.
Present-day I've been on the truck for 51 years.
My only friend is the A.M. radio.
Sometimes the neighborhood children stop by,
but it's always rocks and beer bottles that they throw.
At first they're excited to see a talking goat,
they gather 'round to hear what I have to say.
But I guess sometimes my stories go on too long,
so they leave and giggle,
I need a bidet.
But you know there was a night
that I did get off the truck,
when the Old Man was passed out drunk.
Three neighborhood kids took me to a rock and roll concert.
The kind of music?
Old school funk.

It was the first time I'd been off the truck,
the music made me lose control.
The lead singer asked if we were having fun,
I said, "fucking crank that rock and roll-a!"
The women at the show were beautiful,
as they danced sexily on the soft grass.
One of them even petted my fur.
Fuck me in the goat ass!
Then some long-haired guys grabbed me by the horns

and threw me in the mosh pit-a.
They passed me around and treated me nice
til I nervously sprayed them with shit-a.
Then the music stopped.
And everything was quiet.
And all the rock and rollers started a
fucking goat riot.
ROCK AND ROLLERS: Kill the goat!
Kill the goat!
Kill the goat!
Kill the goat!
ADAM: They chased me under the bleachers.
They chased me onto the street-a.
They chased me into an alley and said I was dead fucking goat meat-a.
But then I saw a sight,
that I'd never thought I'd see.
The Old Man swinging his hickory stick,
but he wasn't swinging at me.
OLD MAN: Fuck you pot smoking turkeys!
Don't you press your luck!
ADAM: The long-hairs ran away screaming
as I scrambled onto the truck-a.
When we got home the Old Man said, "goat you broke the sacred law."
ADAM: No!
Please!
Sorry!
Shit!
"I'll let it go this time,
but if you leave again,
I'll break your fucking jaw."
Super!
Great!
Okay!
Thank you Old Man for saving my life.
Thank you again and again.
You could have let them barbeque me,
but you acted like a friend.
"I'm not your friend.
I don't even like you.
I'm just not drunk," he said.
To prove his point,
he drank a bottle of grain alchohol,
and beat the fucking shit out of my head.
Ow! Ow! Ow! You're hurting me Old Man.
That night I suffered a concussion,

Deep inside my goat brain.
I still cannot feel my tailbone.
And I'll probably will never walk straight again.
I guess you'd call me,
escape goat.
A punching bag for the Old Man to mock.
Just because his wife left him,
for his brother's abnormaly large cock.
He could've been my buddy.
But instead he's a crazy old fuck.
And once again I go to sleep,
in my eternal home.....
the back of the pick-up truck.
Good night Old Man!
OLD MAN: Yeah, good night goat!

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