

# The Goat Song

Adam Sandler

I am a simple goat, I live on the back of a pick-up truck  
The old man tied me here with a 3-foot rope  
Am I happy he don't give a fuck  
Hey goat, I'm gonna beat your head in with a hickory stick  
Sometimes he uses his fists  
He's filled with anger, and filled with rage  
And tells me I smell like piss  
His drink, Jimmy Bean, his chaser, a bear  
After that, various alcohols  
That's when the beatings get so severe  
Asleep 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, "Hey goat  
Would you like to live with me?  
I've got a house with a pick-up truck  
In a place across the sea"  
I said, "Sure, why not, I've got no family  
You seem like a nice guy"  
So we went off to America  
The home of the apple pie  
On the boat, the old man told me  
I would be a present for his wife  
A talking goat, he exclaimed  
She'd 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 soothe himself he drank a pint of Old Granddad  
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, "Nope"  
No one will ever leave me again  
To make sure, put on this 3-foot fucking rope  
Present day, I've been on the truck for 51 years  
My only friend is the am radio  
Sometimes the neighborhood children stop by  
But it's always rocks and beer bottles they throw  
At first they're excited to see a talking goat  
They gather around 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 'n' roll concert  
The kind of music, old-school funk  
It was the first time I got off the truck the music made me lose control  
The lead singer asked if we were having fun  
I said, "Fucking crank that rock 'n' roll"  
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  
They passed me around and treated me nice  
Till I nervously sprayed them with shit  
Then the music stopped and everything was quite  
And all the rock 'n' rollers started a fucking goat-riot  
Kill the goat, kill the goat  
Kill the goat, kill the goat  
They chased me under the bleachers  
They chased me onto the street  
They chased me into an alley  
And said, "I was a dead fucking goat meat"  
But then I saw a sight that I never thought I'd see  
The old man swinging his hickory stick  
But he wasn't swinging at me  
"Fuck you, pot-smoking turkeys don't you press your luck"  
The long hairs ran away screaming as I scrambled onto the truck  
When we got home, the old man said, "Goat, you broke the sacred law"  
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 barbecue 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 alcohol  
And beat the fucking shit out of my head  
Ow, ow, you're hurting me old man  
That night I served a concussion  
Deep inside my goat brain  
I still cannot feel my tail bone  
And I'll probably never walk straight again, yeah  
I guess you'd call me a scapegoat  
A punching bag for the old man to mock  
Just because his wife left him  
For his brother's abnormally large cock  
He could have 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  
Goodnight, old man  
Yeah, goodnight goat

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