

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 theses 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 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 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 tailbone
And I'll probably never walk straight again

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!