

# 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!