

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 can my life get?
900 cubic centimeters of raw, whining power, no
outstanding warrants for my arrest
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, the pirate's life for me

I hopped on the 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, goddamn, the pirate's life for me