

## Ox Baker Triumphant

### The Mountain Goats

I will rise from the swamp where they dumped my private  
plane

I'll be clutching the life preserver in my teeth

And I will find the highway

And I will flag down a truck

Worry lines on my forehead, blank stare underneath

And when I come back to town

I'm gonna cast my burden down

A little worse for wear

Practically walking on air

I will thank my ride and crawl my way back inside

To the guts of the building where my enemies

Hide in the dark like roaches

And I will signal the camera crew and everyone will do

What he's been trained how to do

Sweat dripping from my face as my moment approaches

Click your heels, count to three

I bet you never expected me

A little worse for wear

Practically walking on air