

## 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