

The Ballad of Bull Ramos

The Mountain Goats

Drive a great big truck
When I'm old, when I'm old
Haul the wrecks down to the wreck yard
Help the boys unload
Keep my hair nice and long
Because I can, because I can
Any of my old friends who have no place to turn to
They know to call me any time they come through

Never die, never die
Stand with a bullwhip in my hand
And rise, rise
In the desert sand

Work days, work nights
Finally get laid up
By a piece of broken glass
On the floor of the shop
And the doctor recognizes me
As the operating theater goes dim
Aren't you that old wrestler with the bullwhip?
Yes sir, that's me, I'm him

Get around fine on one leg
Lose a kidney, then go blind
Sit on my porch in Houston
Let the good times dance across my mind

Never die, never die
Stand with a bullwhip in my hand
And rise, rise
Surrounded by friends