

Waving at You

The Mountain Goats

Listen, you can tell your lawyer
That he can go to hell
'Cause I can take whatever you're offering up
Reasonably well

And if four long years come to nothing
It's all right
But it's your birthday
It's your birthday tonight

And I went to buy you something
But I caught myself in time
And nothing makes any sense anymore
But everything rhymes

Die hard, die kicking
Old habit of mine
Die hard, die kicking
Old habit of mine

Die hard
Die hard
Die kicking