

This Year

The Mountain Goats

I broke free on a Saturday morning
I put the pedal to the floor
Headed north on Mills Avenue
And listened to the engine roar

My broken house behind me and good things ahead
A girl named Cathy wants a little of my time
Six cylinders underneath the hood crashing and kicking
Ahh, listen to the engine whine

I am going to make it through this year
If it kills me
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If it kills me

I played video games in a drunken haze
I was 17 years young
Hurt my knuckles punching the machines
The taste of scotch rich on my tongue

And then Cathy showed up and we hung out
Trading swigs from a bottle, all bitter and clean
Locking eyes, holding hands
Twin high maintenance machines

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I drove home in the California dusk
I could feel the alcohol inside of me hum
Pictured the look on my stepfather's face
Ready for the bad things to come

I down-shifted as I pulled into the driveway
The motor screaming out, stuck in second gear
The scene ends badly, as you might imagine
In a cavalcade of anger and fear
There will be feasting and dancing in Jerusalem next year

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