

## 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