

## 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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