

## Lion's Teeth

## The Mountain Goats

The king of the jungle  
Was asleep in his car.  
When your chances fall in your lap like that,  
You gotta recognize them for what they really are.

Nobody in this house wants to own up to the truth.  
I crawl in shotgun and reach into his mouth  
And grab hold of one long, sharp tooth  
And hold on.  
For dear life, I hold on.

Well of course he wakes up.  
His paw hits the horn.  
I am going to regret  
The day that I was born.

And then mom  
Rushes out to the driveway  
My sister too  
Everyone screaming,  
I am dreaming of you.  
I hold on.  
For dear life, I hold on.

And my arms get sore.  
And my palms start to sweat.  
And the tears roll down my face,  
Till my cheeks are hot and red and soaking wet.

In come the cops  
They blow torch the doors.  
I start wailing.  
The lion roars.  
There's now good way to end this.  
Anyone can see  
There's this great big you,  
And little old me.  
And we hold on.  
For dear life, we hold on.  
We hold on.