

Dead Kennedys, Goons Of Hazzard

Happy hour belongs to America's best-loved thugs
Here comes the 4-wheel prosthetic penises
Got yer gun racks, tractor tires and lynch mob drivers
We couldn't find a chick to sit in the middle
So we drink ourselves sick
Lean out the windows and pinch ass instead

We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We run down bikes and hitch hikers
And we know we'll get off scot-free

We're the vigilante heroes of your tough-guy flicks
Bashing punks & bums and fags
With our baseball bats
No deer to blow away in the woods today
So we go to Oroville and shoot a black kid down
Or waste demonstrators in Greensboro instead

We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We leave you in a pool of blood
Cos we know we'll get off scot-free

Let's get him

C'mere
C'mere
Say something to me?

We've got him cornered
We've got him cornered
Is anybody looking?
Does anybody even care?
No!

Local papers paint us up to be big heroes
City fathers & Chamber of Commerce want us deputized
The stoner gestapo keepin' your town clean
Get a shave, kid
We'll pay you as a strike-breaker
Maybe you'll make Tac Squad for the L.A.P.D.

We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We leave you in a pool of blood
And we always get off scot-free