

Nine Pound Hammer, Outta The Way, Pigfuckers

Well, I gotta go, down the road
Outta my way, Pigfuckers, it's getting old
I'm leavin town, anywhere bound
Call my name, I won't be found.

With your Wal-Mart gossip, and country-fried philosophy, toothless witticisms abut farm machinery
Just a greasy ham stuffed with high-school football scores, I'm hittin' the road, mister, I cant take it

Jacked-up high-school jarheads tradin' licks at the Dairy Queen.

Line-dancing silicon bimbos trying to be seen.

A thousand well-placed hand grenades in the local mall, my little way of sayin' "Goodbye to a

Well, anyone can see, it's been home to better than me, so I guess I'd better watch what I say. But