

Sloppy Seconds, Lynchtown U.S.A.

Oil up your shotgun for the time of your life
And tell the wife that you won't be home tonight

Lock up your daughters in the hickory shack
And jump in the back of my pick-up truck, all right

We're gonna go downtown where the action is
We're gonna plug a couple nigger-lovin' communists
We're never ever ever gonna hear from them again

And it's open season, so open fire!
We got shit for brains and guns for hire!

It's a dirty job, but that's the price you have to pay
Here in Lynchtown
Lynchtown, USA!

Call up my uncle, he's the chief of police,
The justice of peace, and the circuit judge besides

We'll round up a couple of the good ol' boys
We gotta make some noise, but let's leave our hoods behind

We gotta show these long-hairs where it's at
With burning crosses and baseball bats
And they'll never ever be seen or heard again

And in Lynchtown, nobody ever sings
They don't know where they were or know what they did
So it's the easiest thing

And it's open season, so open fire!
We got shit for brains and guns for fire!

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