

Taylor Steve, I Blew Up The Clinic Real Good

I have the road in my blood
I drive a custom van
I play the tunes
I'm the neighborhood ice cream man
So don't you mess this boy around
The other day when the clinic had it's local debut
Some chicks were trying to picket
The doctor threatened to sue
I don't care if it's a baby or a tissue blob
but if we run out of youngsters
I'll be out of a job
And so I
I did my duty
cleaning up the neighborhood
I blew up the clinic real good
Try and catch me coppers
Your stinkin' badges better think again
Before you mess this boy around
I've hung in Saigon just to see the special effects
I've hung from gravity boots for my napoleon complex
It's time to close
Ohhh.... There she blows.
History In the making
You picked a fight.
I pick dynamite
I blew up the clinic real good.
Preacher on a corner
Calling it a crime
The ends don't justify the means anytime
I stood up on my van
I yelled "Excuse me, sir
Ain't nothin' wrong with this country
a few plastic explosives won't cure"