

David Wilcox "Blow 'Em Away"

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from East Asheville Hardware
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by Chuck Brodsky

Every morning, I commute.
Mild-mannered man. In a business suit.
When I wanna come home at the end of my day
There's all these other cars stacked up in my way.
I pull up behind one
Pull out my pistol
Blow 'em away

When I'm driving my car I wanna go fast
But there's this slow car, won't let me pass
I flash my lights. I honk my horn.
Well.... I have to consider him warned.
I pull up behind him
Pull out my pistol
Blow 'em away

Jesse James behind the wheel
It's high noon in my automobile
You call me crazy,
You call me sick
Yeah, I got to get to where I'm going to quick

Son of a bitch, he cut me off.
Three whole lanes he pulled across
Made me mad. Made me swerve.
Son of a bitch got what he deserved.
I pulled up behind him
Pulled out my pistol
Blew 'em away.
Oh, look
Motorcycle, is riding between
He's splittin' lanes, if you know what I mean
This cuttin' in line that's an act of war
I saw him comin'. I opened my door.
Knocked him over
Pulled out my pistol
Blew 'em away

Jesse James behind the wheel
It's high noon in my automobile
You call me crazy,
You call me sick
Yeah, I got to get to where I'm going to quick

Little ol' lady, bless her heart.
She's walkin' her poodle 'cross the boulevard.
It was wearin' a red knit sweater, little knitted hat
Probably named "Fifi" or somethin' stupid like that!
I say, "Here Fifi"
Pulled out my pistol
Blew it away.

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ÃfÃ,Ã,Ã© Chuck Brodsky

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