

## **Nine Pound Hammer "Hayseed Timebomb"**

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He's got a one bedroom trailer, an' a brand-new satellite dish, a warm beer an' a remote control in his two clenched fists, An' he sits in his chair, thinking of all the things he's missed. Livin' on crank, pork rinds, and cold beer. It's Saturday night, time to go hunt some queers. With his mamma's .38, he can blow away all his fears.

He's a hayseed time bomb, livin' in a turkey shoot. He's thumbin' into town, to try an' sell his boots. He spent all his money on a one-eyed prostitute. He's headin' into town, riding on a derailed train. The devil's playin' skeeball deep inside his brain! People in this town will never forget his name.

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