

## **Nine Pound Hammer**

# **"Outta The Way, Pigfuckers"**

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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 can't take it  
anymore.

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 all y'all!"

Well, anyone can see, it's been home to better than  
me, so I guess I'd better watch what I say. But what am I  
supposed to do, the one thing I know is true: the only  
time I like it is when I'm far away

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