

Nine Pound Hammer

"Shotgun in a chevy"

Visit "[Shotgun in a chevy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Got a '68 Chevy that his cousin bought in '71.
Traded 98 dollars and his daddy's lucky shotgun.
Christened the back bumper with a half-empty bottle
of beer. In the back of his mind, he could hear all the
people cheer.
He used to sleep in school,
hopin' no one would call his name,
as the teacher tried to turn 'em out all the same.
Get up every mornin', do the work you're expected to,
and at night, sit and count the crumbs thrown to you.
He inherited a job at the local distillery.
Where he had all day to sit and think of what would
never be.
Somewhere along the line, he'd been deceived.
Get stoned, read the Bible,
an' pretend he still believed.
Rollin' down the road with his foot to the floor.
Passin' the same farms and fields as every time
before.
Nothin' haunts a man like knowin' that he's free to
choose. So he lets up off the gas when he thinks of
all he's got to lose. Well,
you work all day, live just like a slave.
Hustlin' for a seat on the slow shuttle to the grave.
There's a bottom to every bottle and the only thing
that ever lasts----- is riding shotgun in a Chevy
and countin' all the cars you pass.

Visit [Nine Pound Hammer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.