

## **Nine Pound Hammer "Shotgun In The Chevy"**

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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.

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