

Nine Pound Hammer

"Stranded Outside Tater Knob"

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Raised on a diet of No-Doz, donuts, an' diesel emissions, Listenin' to wrinkled old men dronin' on about the weather and road conditions. Stayin; five miles ahead of whatever's behind, wonderin' where I went wrong. And the strange city signs start to sound like rhymes in a never-ending song.

Just a one-horse town---no motel or bar. Just a wax museum, of dead HEE-HAW stars. You don't look in a mirror, when you're cold and mean. Stranded outside Tater Knob, with just a JUGGS magazine.

Well I was sittin' at a table in a topless bar at the end of Music Row. Watchin' fat girls strip to Molly Hatchett songs, hopin' their stretch marks won't show. I spent my last dime on a watered-down drink, and I'm headed out for the door. Before I could kick myself for comin' here, I was already back for more.

My ex-wife ran a whorehouse on the highway out of town, they used to give special truckers' rates before the Baptists burned it down. She had a tattoo on her inner thigh, said "if you can read this, yer too close". We used to drive five miles for the nearest cold beer and bitch about the lives we chose.

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