

## **Kennedys Dead**

### **"Goons Of Hazzard"**

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words: Biafra, music: Biafra & Ray

Happy hour belongs to America's best-loved thugs

Here comes the 4-wheel prosthetic penises

Got yer gun racks, tractor tires and lynch mob drivers

We couldn't find a chick to sit in the middle

So we drink ourselves sick

Lean out the windows and pinch ass instead

We are the Goons of Hazzard

Glorified on your TV

We run down bikes and hitch hikers

And we know we'll get off scot-free

We're the vigilante heroes of your tough-guy flicks

Bashing punks & bums and fags

With our baseball bats

No deer to blow away

So we go to Oroville and shoot a black kid down

Or waste demonstrators in Greensboro instead

We are the Goons of Hazzard

Glorified on your TV

We leave you in a pool of blood

Cos we know we'll get off scot-free

Let's get him

C'mere

C'mere

Say something to me?

We've got him cornered

We've got him cornered

Is anybody looking?

Does anybody even care?

No!

Local papers paint us up to be big heroes

City fathers & Chambers of Commerce want us  
deputized

The stoner gestapo keepin' your town clean

Get a shave, kid

We'll pay you as the strike-breaker

Maybe you'll make Tac Squad for the L.A.P.D.

We are the Goons of Hazzard

Glorified on your TV

We leave you in a pool of blood

And we always get off scot-free

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