

Goons of Hazzard

Dead Kennedys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 insteadWe are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We run down bikes and hitch hikers
'Cause we know we'll get off scot freeWe're the vigilante heroes of your tough guy flicks
Bashing punks and bums and fags with our baseball bats
No deer to blow away in the woods today
So we go to Orville and shoot a black kid down
Or waste demonstrators in Greensboro insteadWe 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 freeGet him, get him
C'mere, c'mere
Say something to me?Got him cornered
We've got him cornered
Is anybody looking?
Does anybody even care?
NoThe local papers paint us up to be big heroes
City fathers and Chamber of Commerce want us deputized
The stoner gestapo keepin' your town clean, get a shave, kid
We'll pay you as a 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
'Cause we always get off scot freeFree, scot free, scot free
We always get off
We always get off
We always get off free

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