

# Blow 'Em Away

David Wilcox

Every morning, I commute.  
Mild-mannered man. In a business suit.  
When I wanna come home at the end of my day  
There's all these other cars stacked up in my way.  
I pull up behind one  
Pull out my pistol  
And blow 'em away  
When I'm driving my car I wanna go fast  
But there's this slow car, won't let me pass  
I flash my lights. I honk my horn.  
Well.... I have to consider him warned.  
I pull up behind him  
Pull out my pistol  
And blow 'em away  
Jesse James behind the wheel  
It's high noon in my automobile  
You call me crazy,  
You call me sick  
Yeah, I got to get to where I'm going to quick  
Son of a bitch, he cut me off.  
Three whole lanes he pulled across  
Made me mad. Made me swerve.  
Son of a bitch got what he deserved.  
I pulled up behind him  
Pulled out my pistol  
And blew 'em away.  
Oh, look  
Motorcycle, is riding between  
He's splittin' lanes, if you know what I mean  
This cuttin' in line that's an act of war  
I saw him comin'. I opened my door.  
Knocked him over  
Pulled out my pistol  
And blew 'em away  
Jesse James behind the wheel  
It's high noon in my automobile  
You call me crazy,  
You call me sick  
Yeah, I got to get to where I'm going to quick  
Little ol' lady, bless her heart.  
She's walkin' her poodle 'cross the boulevard.  
It was wearin' a red knit sweater, little knitted hat  
Probably named "Fifi" or somethin' stupid like that!  
I said, "Here Fifi"  
Pulled out my pistol

And blew it away.....Chuck Brodsky

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