

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 awayWhen 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 awayJesse 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 quickSon 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 awayJesse 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 quickLittle 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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