## Dead Kennedys, Goons Of Hazzard

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 & Dums and fags With our baseball bats No deer to blow away in the woods today 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 & Department 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 And we always get off scot-free