

## Blow 'Em Away

Chuck Brodsky

Every morning I commute, mild mannered man in a business suit  
I want to get home at the end of my day but there's all these other cars in my way  
I pull up behind one...I pull out my pistol...I blow 'em away  
I'm driving my car I want to go fast. There's a slow car...won't let me pass  
I flash my lights, I honk my horn. I have to consider him warned  
I pull up behind him...I pull out my pistol...I blow 'em away

I'm Jesse James behind the wheel. It's high noon in my automobile  
You can call me crazy. You can call me sick, Just let me get where I'm going to quick

That son-of-a-bitch...he cut me off. Three whole lanes he cut across  
Made me mad...he made me swerve. Son-of-a-bitch got what he deserved  
I pulled up behind him...I pulled out my pistol...I blew him away  
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 coming...I opened my door  
I knocked him over...I pulled out my pistol...And I blew him away

### <Bridge>

Little red sports car...flying past. Made me jealous...he went so fast  
I gave him the finger...I thumbed my nose...It took me fifty miles for me to get close  
To pull up behind him...pull out my pistol...And blow 'em away  
Little old lady...bless her heart. Walking her poodle across the boulevard  
It was wearing a red knitted sweater and a red knitted hat. Its name was Fifi or something stupid like that  
I said, "Here Fifi" <smooch smooch>.....