



## Good 'OL Boys

Good 'ol boys,  
With redneck toys,  
Make me want to puke.  
With faces red,  
On hairless heads,  
All think their the duke.  
Boots spit neat,  
That hurt their feet,  
Will never walk a mile.  
Tobacco lips,  
That slightly drip,  
When they talk or smile.  
Ten quart hats,  
On ears half flat,  
Wax filled from lack of use.  
Shady eyes,  
Tongue full of lies,  
Which they could stand to lose.  
Steer horns mount dash,  
For hanging trash,  
From which they spin their stories.  
Of fights in bars,  
Where were got scars,  
To stupid halfwit glories.  
I hate their looks,  
Money and rooks,  
But most of all their noise.  
If there exists a hippy hell,  
Then I can tell,  
It's filled with good 'ol boys