

Two Little Pigs

Cows

One night down on highway eight He's driving full of hate He's got a gun, he wants to mate

Her thumb was up He hits the gravel, pulls over and picks her up The ride is on They're both along for the ride

She's had some, she wants more She's free but she's nobody's whore She's got a knife, it's been used before

She was one the case You should've seen the look on his face The ride is on They're both along for the ride

He drives her down to Crooked Lake He moves in, it's getting late "Slow down kid this ain't a race"

Then they collide Two sacks of shit slapping in a mudslide The ride is on They're both along for the ride

A few minutes later and they're through She's nervous, he's nervous too It's time to do what they came to do

He goes for his gun But she's too fast, it's over before it's begun The ride is on They were both along