

Radio Country

Those Poor Bastards

Radio Country, that sodomizin' beast
Radio Country's been killin' me

They take hurtin' music, they turn it to trash
They f**k you right up in the ass, (boy)
They f**k you right up in the ass
And I hate the sound, that slicksoley sound, put it six feet underground, pu
t that shit deep underground (I'm warnin' ya)

10 years from now, the old singer's will be dead in their graves
Who's gonna carry on that old time sound
Not those f**kers you hear on

Radio Country, that sodomizin' beast
Radio Country's been killin' me

They don't play Hank Williams or Old Johnny Cash, they f**ked him right up i
n the ass (yes they did)
They f**ked him right up in the ass (I'll tell ya)

That bullshit they play, it all sounds the same, 'cause the singers sing wha
tever they're told
cocksuckers got no minds of their own

10 years from now, the old singer's will be dead in their graves
Who's gonna carry on that old time sound
Not those f**kers you hear on that radio

Things are bound to get better
Someday you'll be happy
You're gonna find true love, and start up a family

Bullshit, f**king bullshit
and nothing aint never gonna get no better
no how

You gotta look on the bright side
take a walk in the sunshine
the Lord is on your side
and people are good

Bullshit, f**king bullshit
and nothing aint never gonna get no better
no how

If it's gonna rain, why don't it f**kin' rain?
If you gonna leave me darlin' go and leave
I'm tired of livin' for nothing
I'm tired of longin' for somethin'
Dead dogs in trash cans
Man it's all I can find

Bullshit, f**king bullshit
and nothing aint never gonna get no better
no how

If it's gonna rain, why don't it f**kin' rain?

If you gonna leave me darlin' go and leave

Yeah, take a look on the bright side
take a look on the bright side
take a look on the bright side
take a look on the bright side