

Blue Lights, Black Bibles

by Lindsey Eck

Think I'm gonna buy me a trailer
Think I'm gonna build me a deck
My old man says I'm a failure
My ex-wife says I'm a wreck
I don't want to work and I don't want to marry
Just give me a dog and an acre of prairie
I don't even care if the neighbors are scary
'Cause there's no man meaner than I am

Think I'm gonna join a militia
Earn me a couple of stripes
Get myself in fighting condition
With some freedom-loving patriot types
My cousin's a constable, so it's only fair if
I become best friends with the deputy sheriff
I won't have to pay that speeding-trap tariff
And there's no truck faster than my truck

Blue lights, black bibles
Twenty pounds of meat on the grill
Green camo, gray rifles
Wish I had something to kill

Think I'm gonna call up that minister
Tell him he can give me a dunk
I haven't done anything sinister
But they tell me I'm a hell of a drunk
So give me a lecture and forgive all my sins
I'll feed the collection and sing a few hymns
Then I'm headin' downtown so I can do it again
'Cause there's no man wilder than I am

Blue lights, black bibles
A liter of Oaxacan mezcal
Green camo, gray rifles
Make me feel a hundred feet tall
Make me feel a thousand feet tall
Make me feel a million feet tall