Pickup Truck

By John T. Wurzer – 180 bpm

G-G7-C-A-D7-G G-G7-C-A-D7-G Em-Am-Em-Am-C-D7-C-D7

He’s a rage-aholic aging FOX News junkie

With a body that won’t run out of bones to pick

He’s got a mustache and a beard he grows,

To make him feared wherever he goes

And captivate the women or make them sick

I wish that I could meet him Sunday morning

At his gun club on a happy Easter day

I walk right up to him without warning

Look him in the eye and calmly say

Chorus:

Is your pickup truck big enough

Will you get going when the going gets rough

Can you reach your gun rack from the driver’s seat

At home do you fly an American flag

And one that says fuck liberals and fags

Are these the things that make your life complete

He packed his bags and drove off on a road trip

In January twenty-twenty-one

He said to his wife “I really feel, I’ve got to fight like hell to stop this steal”

Then drove off wearing camo and his gun

In Washington, DC he marched on Congress

Spent the afternoon patrolling the Capitol dome

Posing for selfies and news outlets

I want to ask him now that he’s rotting in jail at home

Chorus

Still he wonders where is life went down the wrong road

And how he ended up all by himself

He’s got no job, he’s got no family

Sometimes at night he screams this can’t be

He’s gaining weight and losing mental health

He says that he was fooled by propaganda

And he didn’t know that treason was the aim

Didn’t know that he was on candid camera

Says that he is not the one to blame…but just the same!

Chorus

At home do you fly an American flag

And one that says fuck liberals and fags

Are these the things that make your life complete