

I got a rifle on my back
Swinging past the birch trees
Well, I set of a bomb way back there
I don't care about nobody but me

I, no, I ain't slack

Ran back home and drunk all the wine
Well, I stole a bottle for myself
With insects crawling in my hair
The trees are black and I don't care

'Cause I, no, I ain't slack

Rescued a cat from a tree
Well, it's fur was all caked in dirt
So, I killed it dead for liking me
Yet I stole a car and drove to town

And I, no, I ain't slack