

# Hate Lives in a Small Town

Voltaire

If you're heading down the highway  
Down around route 10  
Get off on the last exit and take it around the bend  
You'll find a small town  
But don't go hanging around  
Cause Hate lives in a small town  
At least that's what I have found

The moms are in the kitchens  
And they're bakin' pies  
They smell so good they're made to cover up the smell of lies  
They're in a small town  
And pies don't cure all all ills  
Cause Hate lives in a small town  
That's why those moms take pills

Well I went to the big city  
Everyone was wearing black!  
If they saw that in my hometown  
They wouldn't stand for that!  
I saw kids all covered tattoos, with mohawks, and Purple hair  
But what really struck me... was no one seemed to care

The knights they beat the badgers when they played down in the square  
But they saved the biggest beating for a kid with longish hair  
They're in a small town, that kid was me one year  
And Hate lives in a small town, more-so if you seem queer

The pastor's in the pulpit preaching righteous lies  
And the congregation, they don't know he slept with all their wives  
They're in a small town. and it's so clear to see  
That hate lives in a small town, as does adultery

Well I went to the big city with my clothes in a pack  
When I got off at the station there was no turning back  
I met freaks and creeps and weirdos, loose women and some geeks  
But they were the nicest gosh darn people I'd ever hope to meet

When you're heading to a small town they're nice as they can be  
But at night they'll put on sheets and hang your sad ass from a tree  
They're in a small town, don't dare be different  
Cause Hate lives in a small town, unless your just like them

So if your living in a small town  
And you feel you're in a vice  
Buy yourself a ticket kid, hell just take my advice and leave that sm  
all town  
Be quick as you can be  
Get the hell out of that small town  
So you'll be free like me!