

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!