

Brad

His name was Brad; he drove a Camaro
And like to wear a sombrero
He and his bud Tom would cruise the town
Looking for what's going down
They drank bad whiskey and Falstaff beer
As they drove from there to here
They thought they were cool as they looked for chicks
But they were just a couple of dicks

Her name was Sally; she moved from the city
To a place a little less shitty
She walked down the street going somewhere
Brad and Tom didn't care
They lied to her face, got her in the car
And decided to take her pretty far
They didn't listen when she said no
And refused to just let her go

Brad! I'm mad! It's sad! You're bad!
You fuck! You suck! Hope you die in the muck!
And Tom! You're the worst! May you be always cursed!
May you both suffer long! Down in Hell you belong!
I hope you wind up there soon! (Not soon enough)

Now we've reached the end of the tale
The boys never went to jail
Their word against hers, no other proof,
Just kids having a goof
Sally quit school, and she moved away
What happened to her? Who can say?
Brad and Tom grew up and got married
No stain they ever carried