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# Practical Shooter Comes to Downers Grove

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# Practical Shooter Comes to Downers Grove

*George Starbuck*

They've took my Mach-10 Special.  
They've took Dad's Remingtons.  
When they get Bubba's, only  
The in-laws will have guns.

Saturday night's a longshot  
Contraption as it is.  
A man without a Magnum's  
A piece of agribiz.

He might as well push daisies  
And model for a wreath  
And pick a granite afghan  
To cuddle up beneath.

You've seen the streets of Berwyn  
In the county name of Cook.  
We're talkin' cold survival.  
We're talkin' donnybrook.

What if a drunk accosts you  
And mouths an ethnic slur?  
What if your wife takes refuge  
And you catch up with her?

It's people that kill people,  
An' people's bustin' west  
Out of the inner suburbs  
Like they was air-expressed.

It isn't just lost hardware  
And that they got no right.  
It's the humiliation.  
You take last Tuesday night:

There in my bed, defenseless,  
Woke up at three a.m.  
And up the stair come footsteps.  
It had to have been them.

I was a sitting target  
Disarmed by liberals.  
Ransacked my bedside table  
And all I found was pills.

You see the situation?  
You see the price of it?  
A thousand drowsing suburbs  
Just waitin' to be hit.

What if it had been baddies  
And not Great Aunt Irene?  
What if the one split-second  
When they're behind the screen

And I'm where I can zero  
Their shadow-image in  
And they can't see who's pumpin'  
Their bellies full of tin

Goes by, in dumb frustration,  
While I'm still gropin' for  
The family peacekeeper  
That I ain't got no more?

I tell you there'd be henchmen  
Emboldened by my death  
Rampagin' into Downers  
Before you get your breath.

(It takes a heap o' henchmen  
To give them hophead hoods  
The yellowdog bravado  
To raid the neighborhoods.

It takes a heap o' henchmen  
In winrows up the stairs  
Now-and-then, to remind 'em  
The country just ain't theirs.)

You think about your houses.  
You think about your wives.  
You think about the access  
To ten-inch carving knives

And Lizzie Borden hat pins  
And side arms of their own  
Among the rougher classes.  
Next time you hear the phone

Click off, because you answered  
In your best Eastwood voice,  
You think about it, Mister.  
You only got one choice.

Stonewall 'em, like the heroes  
And braves of long ago.  
A man don't need a castle  
To have an Alamo.