

Cows With Guns

Dana Lyons

[Am] [Am /] [G /] [Am] [Am /] [G /] [Am]

[Am]Fat and docile, big and dumb
They look so stupid, they aren't much fun [G]Cows aren't [Am]fun

[Am]They eat to grow, grow to die
Die to be et at the hamburger fry [G]Cows well [Am]done

[Am]Nobody thunk it, nobody knew
No one imagined the great cow guru [G]Cows are [Am]one

[Am]He hid in the forest, read books with great zeal
He loved Che Guevera, a revolutionary veal [G]Cow Tse [Am]Tongue

[Am]He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred
He felt like an outcast, alone in the herd [G]Cow dol-[Am]drums

[Am]He moed we must fight, escape or we'll die
Cows gathered around, cause the steaks were so high
[G]Bad cow [Am]pun

[Am]But then he was captured, stuffed into a crate
Loaded onto a truck, where he rode to his fate
[G]Cows are [Am]bummed

[Am]He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy
No one suspected he was packing an Uzi [G]Cows with [Am]guns

[Am]They came with a needle to stick in his thigh
He kicked for the groin, he pissed in their eye [G]Cow well [Am]hung

[Am]Knocked over a tractor and ran for the door
Six gallons of gas flowed out on the floor [G]Run cows [Am]run!

[Am]He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay
We are free roving bovines, we run free today
We will [F]fight for bovine [C]freedom
And [E]hold our large heads [Am]high
We will [F]run free with the [C]Buffalo, or [E]die
Cows with [Am]guns [G] [Am]

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[Am]They crashed the gate in a great stampede
Tipped over a milk truck, torched all the feed [G]Cows have [Am]fun

[Am]Sixty police cars were piled in a heap
Covered in cow pies, covered up deep [G]Much cow [Am]dung

[Am]Black smoke rising, darkening the day
Twelve burning McDonalds, have it your way
We will [F]fight for bovine [C]freedom
And [E]hold our large heads [Am]high
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[Am]The President said
"enough is enough These uppity cattle, its time to get tough"
[G]Cow dung [Am]flung

[Am]The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief
Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef [G]Cows on [Am]buns

[Am]The cows were surrounded, they waited and prayed
They mooed their last moos, they chewed their last hay
[G]Cows out[Am]gunned

[N.C.]The order was given to turn cows to whoppers
Enforced by the might of ten thousand coppers
But on the horizon surrounding the shoppers
Came the deafening roar of chickens in choppers

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