

Cows With Guns

Intro:

Am G Am

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

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

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

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

Am
He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred
He felt like an outcast, alone in the herd
G Am
Cow doldrums

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

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

Am
He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy

No one suspected he was packing an Uzi
G Am
Cows with guns

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

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

Am
He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay
We are free roving bovines, we run free today

CHORUS:

F C
We will fight for bovine freedom
E Am
And hold our large heads high
F C E
We will run free with the Buffalo, or die
Am G Am
Cows with guns

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

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

Am
Black smoke rising, darkening the day
Twelve burning McDonalds, have it your way

CHORUS

Am

The President said, "enough is enough
These uppity cattle, its time to get tough"

G

Am

Cow dung flung

Am

The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief
Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef

G

Am

Cows on buns

Am

The cows were surrounded, they waited and prayed
They mooed their last moos,
they chewed their last hay

G

Am

Cows out gunned

Am

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

CHORUS

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