

Ride The Lawn
 by Dana Lyons
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Intro Am / F G Am /

Am F G Am
 My Grandpa was a cowboy and his Pa before him
 Am F C
 He road the range, killed the buffalo and fought the Indian
 Am
 But the great herds on the prairy and the wild frontier is gone
 F Am
 So to carry on my heritage, I go out and ride the lawn

CHORUS:

F Am
 Ride the lawn, ride the lawn
 F C E
 Here on my quarter acre lot I sing my freedom song
 F Am
 Ride the lawn, ride the lawn
 F C E Am
 We'll hunt the dandelion down and wack him till he's gone

My neighbor is a slacker and he rarely rides the lawn
 He says that he likes wildflowers with dew on them at dawn
 But the enemy travels quickly when the winds are strong
 Next week while he's on vacation, his dandies will be gone

CHORUS

The problem with suburbia is you cannot shoot your gun
 So how does one kill herds of moles who eat grass just for fun
 Well I've loaded up my arsenal with shells and amo cans
 And under cover of the fireworks, July 4th I'll make my stand

CHORUS

My son came home from college and he criticized my lawn
He said fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides are wrong!
Well I'll listen to your politics and your weirdo leftist songs
But when you're under my roof, don't you dare speak ill of lawns!

www.danalyons.com

www.cowswithguns.com