

Cows with Guns

Intro:

Play 2 times

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, they grow to die

They 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 dol-drums

Am

He moored we must fight, escape or we'll die
Cows gathered around, cause the stakes 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

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 Mcdonald's, have it your way

F C
We will fight for bovine freedom

E E
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
The President said "Enough is Enough!
These uppity cattle, it's 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

N.C.

The order was given, 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!

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

