

# Cows With Guns by Dana Lyons

Intro 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  
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  
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  
He mooed 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  
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  
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

**\*SPOKEN\***

**We are free roving bovines, we run free today**

**CHORUS**

**F C**  
*We will fight for bovine freedom*  
**E7 Am**  
*And hold our large heads high*  
**F C E7**  
*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]Cows have [Am]fun  
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

**\*SPOKEN\***

**Twelve burning McDonalds, have it your way**

### CHORUS

*F C*  
We will fight for bovine freedom  
*E7 Am*  
And hold our large heads high  
*F C E7*  
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, its time to get tough" [G]Cow dung [Am]flung  
The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief  
Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef [G]Cows on [Am]buns

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

[G]Cows out[Am]gunned

**\*SPOKEN\***

**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

*F C*  
We will fight for bovine freedom  
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Cows with guns