

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
E7 Am
And hold our large heads high
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Cows with guns