

## I Shot The Weka – Ruth from Wakamarina

**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, he'd just walked in from under the fence  
**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, but I swear it was in self defence

**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
The no weka sign he chose to ignore  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
Strutted through my kitchen door  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
Skidded round and round the wooden floor  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
Left dollops, two three four  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
That really was the very last straw

So  
**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, he'd had warnings every day  
**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, there was no way that he could stay

**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
He got a taste for alcoholic wheat  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
Walnut shells a special treat  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
He thought that he had it sweet  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
Walking around with clattering feet  
**F**                      **Em**                      **Am**  
He never seemed to miss a beat

So  
**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, he just walked in from under the fence  
**Am**                      **Dm**                      **Am**  
I shot the weka, it really made a lot of sense

I SHOT THE WEKA!!