

I Shot The Weka – Ruth from Wakamarina (to the tune of I Shot The Sheriff)

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!!