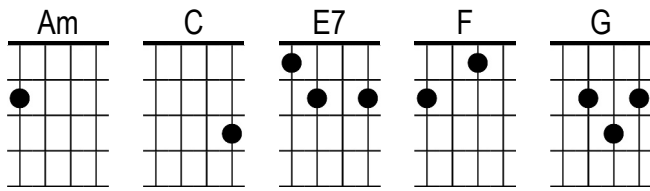


Cows With Guns

Dana Lyons



Intro

Am | **Am**↓ **G**↓ **G**↓ **Am** | x2

Am Fat and docile, | big and dumb
They | look so stupid, | they aren't much fun |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ aren't **Am** fun |

They **Am** eat to grow, | grow to die
| Die to be et at the | hamburger fry |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ well **Am** done |

Am Nobody thunk it, | nobody knew
| No one imagined the | great cow, gu | ru
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ are **Am** one |

He **Am** hid in the forest, read | books with great zeal
He | loved Che Guevera, a | revolutionary veal |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cow **G**↓ Tse **Am** Tongue |

He **Am** spoke about justice, but | nobody stirred
He | felt like an outcast, a | lone, in the | herd
Am↓ **G**↓ Cow **G**↓ dol **Am** drums |

He **Am** mooded we must fight, | escape or we'll die
Cows | gathered around, cause the | steaks were so high |
Am↓ **G**↓ Bad **G**↓ cow **Am** pun |

But **Am** then he was captured, | stuffed into a crate
Loaded | onto a truck, where he | rode to his fate |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ are **Am** bummed |

He was a **Am** scrawny calf, who | looked rather woozy
| No-one suspected he was | packin' an Uzi |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ with **Am** guns |

They **Am** came with a needle, to | stick in his thigh
He | kicked for the groin, he | pissed in their eye |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cow **G**↓ well **Am** hung |

Knocked **Am** over a tractor, and | ran for the door
Six | gallons of gas, flowed | out on the floor |
Am↓ **G**↓ Run **G**↓ cows **Am** run↓ |

He **Am** picked up a bullhorn and jumped **Am**↓ up on the hay
nc "We are free roving bovines, | we run free today"

Chorus

We will **F** fight for, | bovine **C** freedom |
And **E7** hold our | large heads **Am** high |
We will **F** run free, | with the **C** buffalo, | or **E7** die | | **E7**↓
Cows with **Am** guns **Am**↓ **G**↓ **G**↓ **Am** |

They **Am** crashed the gate, in the | great stampede
Tipped | over a milk truck, | torched all the feed |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ have **Am** fun |

Am Sixty police cars were | piled in a heap
| Covered in cow pies, | covered up deep |
Am↓ **G**↓ Much **G**↓ cow **Am** dung |

Am Black smoke rising, | darkening the day
Twelve **Am**↓ burnin' McDonalds, **nc** have it your way

Repeat Chorus

The **Am** President said, | "Enough is enough
These | uppity cattle, it's | time to get tough" |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cow **G**↓ dung **Am** flung |

The **Am** newspapers gloated, folks | sighed with relief
To | morrow at noon, they would | all be, ground | beef
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ on **Am** buns |

The **Am** cows were surrounded, they | waited and prayed
They | mooed their last moos, they | chewed their last hay |
Am↓ **G**↓ Cows **G**↓ out **Am** gunned **Am**↓

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

Repeat Chorus

Am↓ Cows with guns **G**↓ **Am**↓ **G**↓ **Am-tremolo** **Am**↓