

Arrogant Worms "Cows With Guns"

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Fat and docile, big and dumb.
They look so stupid, they aren't much fun.
Cows aren't fun.

They eat to grow, grow to die,
Die to be ate at the hamburger fry.
Cows well done.

Nobody thunk it, nobody knew.
No one imagined the great cow guru.
Cows are one.

He hid in the forest, read books with great zeal.
He loved Che Guevera, a revolutionary veal.
Cow Tse Tongue.

He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred.
He felt like an outcast, alone in the herd.
Cow doldrums.

He mooed we must fight, escape or we'll die.
Cows gathered around, cause the steaks were so high.
Bad cow pun.

But then he was captured, stuffed into a crate.
Loaded onto a truck, where he rode to his fate.
Cows are bunged.

He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy.
No one suspected he was packing an Uzi.
Cows with guns.

They came with a needle to stick in his thigh.
He kicked for the groin, he pissed in their eye.
Cow well hung.

Knocked over a tractor and ran for the door.
Six gallons of gas flowed out on the floor.
Run cows run!

He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay.
We are free roving bovines, we run free today.

We will fight for bovine freedom,
And hold our large heads high.
We will run free with the Buffalo, or die.
Cows with guns.

They crashed the gate in a great stampede.
Tipped over a milk truck, torched all the feed.
Cows have fun.

Sixty police cars were piled in a heap.
Covered in cow pies, covered up deep.
Much cow dung.

Black smoke rising and darkening the day.
Twelve burning McDonalds, have it your way.

We will fight for bovine freedom,
And hold our large heads high.
We will run free with the Buffalo, or die.
Cows with guns.

The President said "Enough is enough.
These uppity cattle, its time to get tough"
Cow dung flung.

The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief.
Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef.
Cows on buns.

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

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.

We will fight for bovine freedom,
And hold our large heads high.
We will run free with the Buffalo, or die.
Cows with guns.

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