

## **Dana Lyons**

### **"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, they grow to die  
They die to be eat 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 stakes 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 bummed

He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy  
No one suspected he was packing 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 dump

Black smoke rising, 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, 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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