

Dodheimsgard "Frontier Justice"

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saddle up for frontier justice hang'em high on the
dusty plain make no mistake
friend the outlaws will come back again
yeeeeeeeeeeeeehaaaaaaaaaaaaaaw!!!!!!!!!! they
killed the natives and they
killed each other they shot them in the back too many
to keep track the used a
six-gun that's how the west was won so i went way out
west to feel the legend so
i pulled into a truckadero i saw garth brooks with some
lonesome steer but they
wouldn't let me lynch that yuppie cowboy that really left
a tear in my beer i
said where's ringo and jesse james where's wyatt earp
and john wayne where's
clint eastwood and lorne green i'd like to meet them all
way down in abilene
they would make a stand, like the rifleman he would
shoot them down with a
shotgun in his hand if they gone wacko like the ones in
waco so pass me a bilbe
and cross of rio grando so they threw me out of the
truckadero while garth
brooks rode that lonesome steer they said they loved
yuppie cowboy that really
left a tear in my beer home, home on the range where
the deer and the antelope
play where seldom is heard a discouraging word and
the skies are not clously all
day these plastic cowboys wouldn't stand a chance
against the vigilantes from
old montana they'd be swinging from an old pine tree
they'd mess their pants and
their boots would fill with pee they don't know the
james gang or doc holiday if
they met sitting bull they would run away and if they
met geronimo that would be
the end and little annie oakley would shoot'em in the
head these phoneys never
crossed the red river they never got clse to ann
margaret's liver or the
chisholm trial on a cattle drive a thousand head of

steer, oh my gawd

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