

Kill Your Idols "Cousin Fred"

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Got my gun, Got my beer lets go out and kill some
deer. Me, You and Cousin Fred One of us will come
back dead give me a beer hurry up let's get in the
pickup truck we ain't got no time to lose gimme a gun
pass the booze how can you call this a sport to kill
something with no remorse lets go out I need to kill
that's the way I get cheap thrills sitting and waiting to
attack its east when they don't fight back give me a
gun here they come lets go out and have some fun
their he is looking at me I'm so drunk I can barely see I
don't care ill let it fly and hit the deer between the eyes
now I got him I shot him dead whoops I show my cousin
Fred he was hiding behind a tree now he's dead in
front of me

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