

Roger Miller **"GUV€Â™ MENT"**

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Well, you dad-gum government
You sorry so 'n' so's
You got your damn hands in every pocket
Of my clothes

Well you dad-gum, dad-gum, dad-gum government
Oh don't you know
Oh don't you love 'em sometimes

Well you dad-gum government
You better pay attention
You're sittin' up there like a fool's convention
Well you dad-gum, dad-gum, dad-gum government
Oh don't you know
Oh don't you love 'em sometimes

Well you soul selling no-good
Son-of-a-shoe-fittin' firestarters
I ought to tear your no good
Perambulatory bone frame
And nail it to your government walls
All of you, you Bastards

You da-gum government
You sorry rackafratchits
You got yourself an itch a
And you want me to scratch it
Well you dad-gum, dad-gum, dad-gum government
Of don't you know
Oh don't you love 'em sometime

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Son-of-a-shoe-fittin' firestarters
I ought to tear your no good
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