

## **Roger Miller** **"GUVâ€™ 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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