

## Transplants "American Guns"

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30 ought, buck shot  
12 gage, is sure shot  
American guns, American guns

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Well, drop more than two million tons  
Ho Chi Minh's trail was sprayed with bombs  
Jungles of Laos, knew all along  
That the American war had finally come

America, land of the free  
They're all minions of democracy  
Debauchery, luxury  
Bacchanalia's alright to me

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Nah, I won't listen because I've only been lied to  
I got a few common enemies and still I despise you  
It's a, cold mission, they pull up beside you  
In your own territory, it's leaves something inside you

A wise man once told me, "People are strange"  
I'm a stranger in a strange land, strange as the days  
Yeah, I'm nice with the grouping, I'll stay at the range  
38 to the 40 cal, A to the K

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