

# Greta

## Roy Davis

There's a pack of rabid dogs  
Pawing at my front door  
There's a pack of rabid dogs  
Pawing at my front door  
There's a swarm of yellowjackets  
Pounding against my window pane  
There's a swarm of yellowjackets  
Pounding against my window pane  
Well, how's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
How's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
All the pictures on the wall  
Have fallen to the ground  
The trees bowing to the grass  
In a silent hurricane  
When the landlord calls  
Mother Nature's gone to war  
She's in a fighting mood  
Greta's got a gun  
This ain't no flowerchild  
How's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
How's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
All the pictures on the wall  
Have fallen to the ground  
The trees bowing to the grass  
In a silent hurricane  
When the landlord calls  
Mother Nature's gone to war  
She's in a fighting mood  
Greta's got a gun  
This ain't no flowerchild  
How's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
How's it gonna be  
How's it gonna be yeah  
There's a pack of rabid dogs  
Pawing at my front door  
There's a pack of rabid dogs  
Pawing at my front door  
There's a swarm of yellowjackets  
Pounding against my window pane  
There's a big ol' brama bull  
Busting up my shotgun shack

Lyrics provided by

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