Old West (demo)

Five Iron Frenzy

Some cowboys were a ridin', ridin' on the range;
The grass was over grazed there, and spotted like some mange;
The buffalo were dead there, the trees they all were through,
and if they saw some Injuns, why they would kill them too.
West or bust, in God we trust, "Let's rape, let's kill, let's steal"
We can almost justify, anything we feel;
I'm climbing up that ladder, more brownie points for me
I'll work my way to Jesus you wait and see.
Said one cowboy to another,
"I think it would be nice, if we could take these injuns and convert them all to Christ; See, they are all disgusting, and bringing me great pain,
and if they don't believe me, we'll put a bullet in their brains!"
I am always shoutin', when I go outside,
how people should repent now, or they're going to die.
My motives are all selfish, I'm a cannon brimmed with powder.
If people don't believe me, I just beat them and yell louder.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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