Greta

Renaud

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

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