

Cousin Fred

Kill Your Idols

Got my gun, Got my beer lets go out and kill some deer. Me, You and Cousin Fred One of us will come back dead give me a beer hurry up let's get in the pickup truck we ain't got no time to lose gimmie a gun pass the booze how can you call this a sport to kill something with no remorse lets go out I need to kill that's the way I get cheap thrills sitting and waiting to attack its east when they don't fight back give me a gun here they come lets go out and have some fun their he is looking at me I'm so drunk I can barely see I don't care ill let it fly and hit the deer between the eyes now I got him I shot him dead whoops I show my cousin Fred he was hiding behind a tree now he's dead in front of me

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