

Guns, Guns, Guns

The Young Werewolves

American hunter, bring 'em up the north side
Guns, guns, guns
Run, take the money, here's a bullet for your boyfriend
Guns, guns, guns
Eagle all gone, and no more caribou
Guns, guns, guns
You be the red king, I'll be the yellow pawn

God speed Mother Nature
Never really wanted to say good-bye

Shoot a few, knock 'em down, cost you half a buck now
Guns, guns, guns
Babe give you kisses if you hit a rubber duck now
Guns, guns, guns
You be the red king, I'll be the yellow pawn
Guns, guns, guns
Eagle all gone, and no more caribou

God speed Mother Nature
Never really wanted to say good-bye

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