

Buy A Gun For Your Son
Tom Paxton

G

Hallelujah, Dads and Mommies,

G

Cowboys, Rebels, Yanks and Commies

D. **G**

Buy yourselves som real red blooded fun.

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If you want to make the grade,

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You ve got to have a hand grenade,

D. **C**

And a fully automatic G.I. Gun.

[Cho:]

C. **G**

Buy a gun for your son right away, Sir

C

Shake his hand like a man and let him play, Sir. **G**

C

Let his little mind expand, Place a weapon in his hand,

D.

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For the skills he learns today will someday pay, Sir.

Pound that kid into submission

Till he s mastered Nuclear Fission

Buy him plastic warheads by the score,

Once he s got the taste of blood,

He s gonna sneak up on his buddies

Starting his own thermo-nuclear war.

[Cho.]

Buy him khakis and fatigues,

And sign him up in little leagues,

Give him calisthenics as a rule.

Once you ve banished fear and dread,

Then pat his seven year-old head,

And send him off to military school.

[Cho]

Once he s grown to be a man,

He might get tired of blasting Granny,

Then you ll see a crisis coming on.

Don t get worried, don t get nervous.

Send that kid into the service,

Let him rise into the Pentagon.

[Cho]

At the Pentagon he ll rise.
The President he will advise,
His reputation growing all the while.
With his picture on the wall,
He ll get that long-awaited call,
And press the firing buttons with a smile.