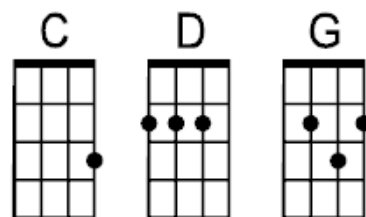


Buy a Gun for Your Son

Tom Paxton

G G
Hallelujah, Dads and Mommies, Cowboys, Rebels, Yanks and Commies
D G
Buy yourselves some real red blooded fun.
G G
If you want to make the grade, you've got to have a hand grenade,
D G
And a fully automatic G.I. Gun.

C G
Buy a gun for your son right away, Sir
C G
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 G
For the skills he learns today will someday pay, Sir.



G Pound that kid into submission till he's mastered Nuclear Fission
D-G Buy him plastic warheads by the score
G Once he's got the taste of blood he's gonna sneak up on his buddies
D-G Starting his own thermo-nuclear war.

G Buy him khakis and fatigues, and sign him up in little leagues,
D-G Give him calisthenics as a rule.
G Once you've banished fear and dread then pat his seven year-old head
D-G And send him off to military school.

G Once he's grown to be a man, he might get tired of blasting Granny,
D-G Then you'll see a crisis coming on.
G Don't get worried, don't get nervous, send that kid into the service,
D-G Let him rise in the Pentagon.

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