

Buy A Gun For Your Son - Tom Paxton

Verse 1	<p>[G]Hallelujah, Dads and Mommies, [G]Cowboys, Rebels, Yanks and Commies [D]Buy yourselves some real red blooded [G]fun. [G]If you want to make the grade, [G]You've got to have a hand grenade, [D]And a fully automatic G.I. [G]Gun.</p>
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Chorus	<p>[C]Buy a gun for your son right away, [G]Sir Shake his [C]hand like a man and let him [G]play, Sir. Let his little mind expand, Place a [C]weapon in his hand, For the [D]skills he learns today will someday [G]pay, Sir.</p>
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Verse 2	<p>[G]Pound that kid into submission [G]'Till he's mastered Nuclear Fission [D]Buy him plastic warheads by the [G]score, [G]Once he's got the taste of blood, [G]He's gonna sneak up on his buddies [D]Starting his own thermo-nuclear [G]war.</p>
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Chorus

Verse 3	<p>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.</p>
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Chorus

Verse 4	<p>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.</p>
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Chorus

Verse 5	<p>At the Pentagon he'll rise. The President he will advise, His reputation growing all the while.</p>
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	With his picture on the wall, He'll get that long-awaited call, And press the firing buttons with a smile.
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