

American Guns

Transplants

30 ought, buck shot,
12 gauge, is sure shot,
American guns, American guns
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American guns, American guns

Well, drop more, two million tons,
Ho Chi Minh's trail was sprayed with bombs,
Jungles of Laos, knew all along,
That the American war would finally come,
America, land of the free,
Provayer and leaders of democracy,
Debauchery, luxury,
Bacchanalia's alright to be.

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Nah, I wont listen because I've only been lied to,
I got a few common enemies and still I despise you,
It's a cold mission, they pull up beside you,
In your own territory, and leave something inside you,
A wise man once told me: "People are strange",
I'm a stranger in a strange land, strange as the days
Yeah I'm nice with the grouping, I stay at the range,
38 to the 40 cal, A to the K

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