

Buy A Gun For Your Son 1  
Tom Paxton

D  
Hallelujah, Dads and Mommies,  
Cowboys, Rebels, Yanks and Commies  
A7  
Buy yourselves some real red blooded fun.

D  
If you want to make the grade,  
You've got to have a hand grenade,  
A7 D  
And a fully automatic G.I. Gun.

Chorus

D G D  
Buy a gun for your son right away, Sir  
G D  
Shake his hand like a man and let him play, Sir.  
G  
Let his little mind expand, Place a weapon in his hand,  
A7 D  
For the skills he learns today will someday pay, Sir.

D  
Pound that kid into submission  
'Till he's mastered Nuclear Fission  
A7  
Buy him plastic warheads by the score,  
D  
Once he's got the taste of blood,  
He's gonna sneak up on his buddies  
A7 D  
Starting his own thermo-nuclear war.

(Repeat Chorus)

D  
Buy him khakis and fatigues,  
And sign him up in little leagues,  
A7  
Give him callisthenics as a rule.  
D  
Once you've banished fear and dread,  
Then pat his seven year-old head,  
A7 D  
And send him off to military school.

(Repeat Chorus)

D  
Once he's grown to be a man,  
He might get tired of blasting Granny,  
A7  
Then you'll see a crisis coming on.  
D  
Don't get worried, don't get nervous.  
Send that kid into the service,  
A7 D  
Let him rise into the Pentagon.  
D  
At the Pentagon he'll rise.  
The President he will advise,  
A7  
His reputation growing all the while.  
D  
With his picture on the wall,

He'll get that long-awaited call,  
A7  
And press the firing buttons with a smile. D

Final Chorus