

Buy a Gun For Your Son
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

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

[Cho:]

Buy a gun for your son right away, Sir
Shake his hand like a man and let him play, Sir.
Let his little mind expand, Place a weapon in his hand,
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.

[Cho]