

Buy a Gun for Your Son

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