

Saddle up for frontier justice hang'em high on the dusty plain  
make no mistake friend the outlaws will come back again yeeeeee  
eeeeeeeeehaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaw!!!!!!!!!! they killed the natives an  
d they killed each other they shot them in the back too many to  
keep track the used a six-gun that's how the west was won so I  
went way out west to feel the legend so I pulled into a trucka  
dero I saw garth brooks with some lonesome steer but they would  
n't let me lynch that yuppie cowboy that really left a tear in  
my beer I said where's ringo and jesse james where's wyatt earp  
and john wayne where's clint eastwood and lorne green I'd like  
to meet them all way down in abilene they would make a stand,  
like the rifleman he would shoot them down with a shotgun in hi  
s hand if they gone wacko like the ones in waco so pass me a bi  
lbe and cross of rio grando so they threw me out of the truckad  
ero while garth brooks rode that lonesome steer they said they  
loved yuppie cowboy that really left a tear in my beer home, ho  
me on the range where the deer and the antelope play where seld  
om is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not clously a  
ll day these plastic cowboys wouldn't stand a chance against th  
e vigilantes from old montana they'd be swinging from an old pi  
ne tree they'd mess their pants and their boots would fill with  
pee they don't know the james gang or doc holiday if they met  
sitting bull they would run away and if they met geronimo that  
would be the end and little annie oakley would shoot'em in the  
head these phoneys never crossed the red river they never got c  
lse to ann margaret's liver or the chisholm trial on a cattle d  
rive a thounsand head of steer, oh my gawd