

Cowboy Killers

The Wonder Years

Well I had to have been programmed
For anything but this
And to be honest you weren't a mark I'd aim to miss
With your ten gallon hat and the spurs on your shoes
It's everything in me that wants to kill you

So lay me down, I'll smoke you out
You won't make a sound, I'll find you without

It was a mad man
Who put this in my head
A virus that makes me want all cowboys dead
With this gun on my arm and this look in my eye
Bitch you better know that it's time to die

Lay me down, I'll smoke you out
You won't make a sound, I'll find you without

Lay me down, I'll smoke you out

I'll put holes in your chest, with my laser cannons
I'm gonna rip off your head, I want all cowboys dead
I'll put holes in your chest, with my laser cannons
I'm gonna rip off your head, I want all cowboys dead