

Five Iron Frenzy, Old West

Some cowboys were a ridin
Ridin on the range
The grass was overgrazed there
And spotted like some mange
The buffalo they all were dead there
The trees were through
And if they saw some Injuns
Why they would kill them too

West or bust in God we trust
Let's rape, let's kill, let's steal
We can almost justify anything we feel
I'm climbin up that ladder now
More brownie points for me
I'll work my way to Jesus, just you wait and see

Said one cowboy to another
I think it would be nice
If we could take the Injuns
and convert them all to Christ
See they are all disgusting
And bringing me great pain
And if they don't believe me
We'll put a bullet in their brains

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I am always shouting
When I go outside
That people should repent now
Or they are going to die
My motives are all selfish
I'm a cannon brimmed with powder
If people don't believe me
I'll just beat them, and yell louder

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