

Terry Allen, Ourland

Chorus:

Ourland is my land
Her history is calling me
From the shoes of another land
To ourland across the sea
Well I fancy a bomb inside my head
Ticking for the men
And I'll put it in a little cafe
And blow 'em to hell again
An I fancy a pistol in my coat
Loaded for the kill
And we'll gun the ones who run outside
I swear by god we will

Chorus

An I fancy a knife inside my pants
Bone handled razor sharp
An we'll run ones that survive the blast
And cut them in the dark
An I fancy my hands behind the wheel
An their wounded aaying down
And we'll punch the gas and run it fast
An grind them in the ground

Chorus

An I fancy their widows under me
Squealin with delight
So we'll have our fun then when wee done
We'll garrote them in the night
An we fancy their children a crying then
But we will pat their heads
And sing them to sleep with a fireman song
Then burn them in their beds
Chorus repeats