

Don't Forget The Guns

Cheryl Wheeler

Now let's get the kids and pack up the car
Take that vacation we've been waiting for
Drive across this country leave our worries far behind
Singin' four-part harmony to "sweet adeline"

`Cause I got these books and maps from triple "A"
We'll visit friends and sites along the way
So bring the bikes and toys and diapers
Pay the neighbor's son
And call to stop the mail and, honey,
Don't forget the guns

(Chorus)

Now don't forget the guns you know exactly what I mean
Bring the pistols, bring the uzi and the old AR-15
We don't look for trouble but by golly if we're in it
It's nice to know we're free to blow nine hundred
rounds a minute

We'll head for Chicago, stop for the night
Hope for good weather hope the kids don't fight
They've never seen mt. Rushmore and they ought to
understand
The kind of men who forged our freedom all across this
land

We'll hike up a trail and ride down a street
Stand by Old Faithful and watch her blow off steam
When we pack picnic lunches that's not all we'll bring
along
`Cause we'll be packing 45's case anything goes wrong

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh riding along we'll follow the sights
Over the mountains under the pines
Up to boot hill where they got what they gave
In the land of the free you've got to be brave

(Repeat Chorus)