

There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door

There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane
There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane

Well, how's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah

All the pictures on the wall
Have fallen to the ground
The trees bowing to the grass
In a silent hurricane
When the landlord calls

Mother Nature's come to arms
She's in a fighting mood
Greta's got a gun
This ain't no flowerchild

How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah

All the pictures on the wall
Have fallen to the ground
The trees bowing to the grass
In a silent hurricane
When the landlord calls

Mother Nature's come to arms
She's in a fighting mood
Greta's got a gun
This ain't no flowerchild

How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah

There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door

There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane
There's a big ol' brama bull
Busting up my shotgun shack