

Mother Mother, Hayloft

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
ga - ga - ga - ga - ga

It started with the hayloft a-creakin',
well it just started in the hay - LOFT
With his longjohns on, Pop went a-creeping,
out to the barn, up to the hay.

Young lovers and they are not sleeping,
young lovers in the hay - LOFT.

With his gun turned on, Pop went a-creeping,
out to the barn, up to the hay - LOFT.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
ga - ga - ga - ga - ga

Ahh.. yaa.. yaa.. ya.

Ga - ga - ga - ga - ga - ga

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
ga - ga - ga - ga - ga

It started with the hayloft a-creakin',
well it just started in the hay..

With his longjohns on, Pop went a-creeping,
out to the barn, up to the hay - LOFT.

Young lovers with their legs tied up in knots,
Young lovers with their legs tied up in knots,
With his long, tall gun, Pop went a-creeping,
To blow their hay-loft dead heads straight off.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
you better run.

My daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
my daddy's got a gun,
ga - ga - ga - ga - ga - ga

Haa yaa yaa ya..

ga - ga - ga - ga - ga - ga
ga - ga - ga - ga