

Buckle Up

Calman Hart

The foxes are running the hen house
The crows are in charge of the corn
The bulls are running loose down in the town square
There's a hunting party blowing its horn
Yeah, the ride is about to get rough
So buckle up

There's an angry little man wearing a blindfold
He's waving his pistol all around
He's got a twitchy middle finger on the trigger
And he'll shoot at anything that makes a sound
So get under a table, or get down in the rough
But buckle up

Buckle up your children
Buckle up yourself
Batten down the hatches
And hold on to the rail

Cuz there's bandits making whoopee at the courthouse
They put a poster of Jesus on the door
They wipe their greasy fingers on the Bible
As they bless the rich and crucify the poor
The bottom of their barrel ain't never low enough
So buckle up