

KLINGON COUNTRY LOVE

Lyrics and music by Mark Osier

Am Em
My appearance and my temper show that I'm Klingon by birth
Am G F E
But early in my life my parents went to live on Earth
Am G F E
The call of battle fills my soul and makes me growl with joy
F C G C
But deep down in my hearts I'm just a good ol' country boy

CHORUS

F C
My fifteen gallon cowboy hate just really can't be beat
D G G7
And neither can them steel-toed cowboy boots upon my feet
F C G/D Am
I fly my pickup roundabout through outer space above
F C G D
So darlin' let me show you all my Klingon country love

C F C
Now honey, you look finer than a brand new warp nacelle
C D G
And if you'd spend some time with me I'd think it's really swell
C F C
I'll take you to a restaurant where everyone wears black
F C G C
'Cause that's the place that has the very biggest plates of "gack"

CHORUS

we'll go out a-line dancing and we'll guzzle beer all night
And if someone just looks at you, well, then I'll start a fight
That red-neck there will put that knife away if he is smart
'Cause if he don't I'll stab him in his achy-breaky heart

CHORUS

I'll hog-tie you and hold you in the air with just one hand
And everyone will know you're mine because you'll have my brand
we'll bite and kick and scratch and stab each other with our spurs
Your t-shirt will say "I am his" and mine says "I am hers"

CHORUS

That Vulcan pon-farr stuff comes only once in seven years
(and so do the Vulcans)
The Romulans can make good ale but can't make decent beer
Them Betezoids are mostly queer and some can read your mind
So if you look at them and me, darlin' I think you'll find