

# When the Poo Hits the Fan

Copyright (c) Kim Berry – November 2012

## Verse 1

[A] Stock piling ammo  
My [G] friends call me Rambo  
[D] Got no respect for the [A] law  
Dressed in fatigues  
I shoot what I please  
Not going to die for your cause

When the world's going under  
I'll bug out to my bunker  
I'm at the end of my rope  
Bio-attack  
The Taliban is back  
Where's my medicinal dope?

## Pre Chorus

[F#m] I fear for my nation  
not [E] into starvation  
listen [D] to the right-wing station  
to av-[E]-oid the devastation

## Chorus

[A] I'll be rocking with my band  
when the [E] poo hits the [D] fan  
Living off the land  
when the poo hits the fan  
Working on my tan  
when the poo hits the fan  
Things will be grand  
(hell yeah)  
when the poo hits the fan

## Verse 2

Doomsday in my head  
Our country's going red  
Obama's studying Marx  
Move to Montana  
Enjoy the panorama  
As candles light up the dark

Feeling paranoid  
Took one to many roids  
Hoarding silver and gold  
Year's supply of food  
Some whisky for my mood  
Wood stove to shake off the cold