

## **Cledus T. Judd** **"Goodbye Squirrel"**

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Parody of "Goodbye Earl" by Dixie Chicks (Dennis Linde) EMI Blackwood Music, Inc. on behalf of itself and Rising Gorge music (BMI)  
New lyrics by Cledus T. Judd/Chris Clark, Cledus Crap Anthems (SESAC)/Of Music Inc. (SESAC)

(Be vewy vewy qwiet, we are huntin' somethin')

Me and Harold Muffert were outdoors men  
Set in our backwoods ways  
Both members of the huntin' club  
Both active in the NRA  
(National Redneck Association)

We scouted a location where we had no doubt  
We'd kill the biggest buck in the world  
(About a 34-pointer)  
Harold waited in his tree stand  
But all he seen was a squirrel

Dang near two weeks since the season started  
And neither one of us was amused  
(HA HA HA)  
We had on real tree camo, high-powered ammo  
But no big game to shoot

Then we finally saw a deer as big as a horse  
Harold had him in his crosshairs  
(Shoot him!)  
But that squirrel jumped off of a branch above us  
And landed in Harold's hair  
(Dang, get it out! Dang!)

Harold fell off the stand, on his head he landed  
Like a wimp he laid there cryin  
Till I climbed on down,  
Picked him up off the ground  
And it didn't take us long to decide,  
That squirrel had to die

Goodbye squirrel  
With black-eyed peas,

You're gonna taste good to me  
Squirrel  
It's you or me,  
Come on out of that tree  
Squirrel  
Hey guess what,  
You've eaten your last nut  
Squirrel

Me and Harold went down to the surplus store  
Bought a keg of dynamite  
Two baseball bats and a case of M-80s  
We were in for one heck of a fight  
(We'll show you!)

When you're huntin' with dumb and dumber  
Something's surely bound to go wrong  
(Now be careful)  
And when Harold lit that real short fuse  
I knew it wouldn't be long

When the dynamite blew,  
Harold's foot did too  
And fingers began to fly  
(Fly)  
We were barely alive  
When the game warden arrived  
And much to our surprise,  
That squirrel didn't die  
(Gosh!)

Goodbye squirrel  
Just one more shot,  
You'll be in my crock pot  
Squirrel  
You'll make a lunch,  
You overgrown chipmunk  
Squirrel  
I'll skin ya hide,  
And make a hat when it's dry  
Squirrel

(Deadgum Earl, Ronnie Milsap could shoot better than  
you  
Gimme that, I said gimme that gun  
Look out!  
Look out, duck!  
I think I killed somethin')

