

Dr. Feelgood

"Hunting Shooting Fishing"

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(will birch/gordon russel)

I ride a mare with a neck of steel
I pack a spare with a loaded wheel
Shoes and tie made of rhino hide
I keep an eye on the countryside

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing
Ahead of the pack
I keep an eye over my shoulder
But I never look back

I carry cash buried in my boot
I spit on thrash that I pass en route
I pay each fine with a mental note
I sign no line and decline to vote

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing
Ahead of the pack
I keep an eye over my shoulder
But I never look back
I never look back

- guitar solo -

I keep no files and no fixed abode
I eat up miles on a twisted road
I fight the sky with a lightning rod
I'm riding high by the grace of god
I know the names of the men and dives
I've heard the claims of their tortured wives
I've searched for clues caught 'em in the act
They've blown a fuse when I've made contact

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing
Ahead of the pack
I keep an eye over my shoulder
But I never look back
I never look back
I never look back
I never look back

- guitar outro -

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