

From Good Homes "Way Down Inside"

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when I was a boy, at the
cold blue lake
my daddy pulled out
a fish
I watched it flop and
shake
started slowin down, til
it barely moved
I stood ten feet back
and stared
til it was
through
I felt it way down
inside
I felt it way down
inside
shook a pheasant from
a tree
when I saw that bird
come out
I knew the time had
come for me
she started movin for the
clear blue sky
I aimed quick, let the
bullet fly
I saw it goin right at
her, pass her by
as I watched bird
fly away
I dropped my gun and

cried
I felt it way down
inside
I felt it way down
inside
we got a deer laid him
in his tracks
about fifteen mile form
the hunting shack
when we walked up, he

was still alive
I had to cut his throat with
my grandfather's knife
I slit his belly, his
gentle form
had to reach my hand
inside
it was soft and
warm
I pulled out his heart,
took a bite
as it went down my
throat
I felt that animal
fight
I felt it way down
inside
I felt it way down
inside

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