

## Kevin Fowler "Bear, Bait, and Ammo"

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Beer, Bait And Ammo By Kevin Fowler

Well now early one day I was on my way  
To my favorite fishin' hole  
I was thinking I could sure use another bottle of booze  
My baits a' runnin a little low  
Man a box of 12 gauge would be all the rage  
I'm all liquored up and I'm feelin' good  
Well just down the road there was a place called  
Bubba's  
Man, he's got the goods

And the sign said beer, bait, and ammo, yeah  
They got everything in between  
Yeah they got anything any old beer drinkin'  
Hell-raisin, bonified redneck needs  
They got your fishin' hooks they got your dirty books  
They got your rebel flag on the wall  
Sign said beer, bait, and ammo, yeah  
You ask me they got it all

Well now when I walked in I can't even begin  
To describe just what I smelled  
Lord was it the catfish bait or something Bubba had ate  
Was it those pickled eggs on the shelf  
Yeah, with a toothless grin he said boy step right on in  
Make yourself right at home, I said no, no, no thank you  
man  
With a 12 pack of cans and I'll be good to go  
And the sign said

Chorus

Chorus

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