

Pat Green "West Texas Holiday"

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September come to Texas just one time every year
So we get our guns and our pickup trucks
And a bunch of that Lone Star beer

Well, we head out for the open plains
Where the birds they all flow like wine
We hunt them up then we shoot them down
Man, it makes me feel so fine

The manly sport is what I'm talking about
So you can grab you a pouch of chew
If we get bored 'cause the birds won't fly
We'll shoot the rabbits with my .22

I don't wanna go to Paris
I get enough French
Will my fries just send me on down to Abilene
For the hunting man's paradise

Honey, you can stay at home all day
Laugh and dance, go out shopping and play
'Cause I'll be out with the boys
On a West Texas Holiday

Hunting is a lot like religion or so it is I'm told
They're both just a simple little way of life
And they're both good for your soul

From Robert Earl Keen to Robert E. Lee
Perfect strangers or best of friends
We all have a common little bond between us
We were born to be huntin' men

If it flies it dies or so they say
And so often times it's true
Yeah, but you take yours and I'll take mine
And we'll have us a Bar-B-Que

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I get enough French
Will my fries just send me on down to Abilene
For the hunting man's paradise

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