

## Lehrer Tom

### "The Hunting Song"

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Almost every day during the hunting season you see at least one item in the newspapers about somebody who has shot somebody else, under the impression that he was a deer with a red hat perhaps, maybe a large flesh-colored squirrel. At any rate, it seems to me that this marks an encouraging new trend in the field of blood sports, and deserves a new type of hunting song which I present herewith.

I always will remember,  
'Twas a year ago November,  
I went out to hunt some deer  
On a mornin' bright and clear.  
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

I was in no mood to trifle,  
I took down my trusty rifle  
And went out to stalk my prey.  
What a haul I made that day.  
I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

The law was very firm, it  
Took away my permit,  
The worst punishment I ever endured.  
It turned out there was a reason,  
Cows were out of season,  
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.

People ask me how I do it,  
And I say, "There's nothin' to it,  
You just stand there lookin' cute,  
And when something moves, you shoot!"  
And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a pure-bred Guernsey cow.

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