

# I Won't Go Huntin' With You Jake

Buck Owens

Oh, it's springtime in the mountains  
And I'm full of mountain dew  
Can't even read my catalog  
Like I used to do  
I'm a-settin' in that little shed  
That's right back of the house  
Here comes old Jake with all the hounds  
But he's gonna hear me shout

Oh, I won't go huntin' with you, Jake  
But I'll go chasin' women  
So put them hounds back in the pens  
And quit your silly grinin'  
Well, the moon is bright, and I'm half tight  
My life is just beginnin'  
I won't go huntin' with you, Jake  
But I'll go chasin' women

Let's go down to the meetin' house  
And wait till they start home  
Them gals that live on Possum Creek  
We'll always leave alone  
We'll run them down the corn rows  
Them sassy little misses  
We'll scare them pretty gals to death  
We'll stop and throw 'em kisses

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And quit your silly grinin'  
Well, the moon is bright, and I'm half tight  
My life is just beginnin'  
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But I'll go chasin' women

Now, go wash your face and comb your hair  
'Cause it's durn near time to start  
But let me tell you 'fore you go  
There's one that's got my heart  
Don't chase that gal with the yaller hair  
And wears a dress of green  
For that little gal belongs to me  
I know she's past sixteen

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Now I was headed for the general store  
When a silly thing I seen  
They make 'em in the city

It's called a magazine  
I turned to page thirty-two  
And look at what I found  
Them gals wear clothes that we ain't seen  
Beneath them gingham gowns

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