

Goodbye Squirrel

Cledus T. Judd

Be very very quiet, we are huntin' somethin'

Me and Harold Muffert were outdoors men
Set in our backwoods ways
Both members of the huntin' club
Both active in the NRA
(National Redneck Association)

We scouted a location where we had no doubt
We'd kill the biggest buck in the world
(About a 34 pointer)
Harold waited in his tree stand
But all he seen was a squirrel

Dang near two weeks since the season started
And neither one of us was amused
We had on real tree cameo, high-powered ammo
But no big game to shoot

Then we finally saw a deer as big as a horse
Harold had him in his cross hairs
(Shoot him!)
But that squirrel jumped off of a branch above us
And landed in Harold's hair
(What is that thing, get it out!)

Harold fell off the stand
On his head he landed
Like a wimp he laid there cryin'
Till I climbed on down
Picked him up off the ground
And it didn't take us long to decide
That squirrel had to die

Goodbye squirrel, with black-eyed peas
You're gonna taste good to me squirrel
It's you or me
Come on out of that tree squirrel
Hey, guess what
You've eaten your last nut squirrel

Me and Harold went down to the surplus store
Bought a keg of dynamite
Two baseball bats and a case of M-80's
We were in for one heck of a fight
(We'll show you)

When you're huntin' with dumb and dumber
Something's surely bound to go wrong
(Now be careful)
And when Harold lit that real short fuse
I knew it wouldn't be long

When the dynamite blew
Harold's foot did too
And fingers began to fly
(Fly, fly)

We were barely alive
When the Game Warden arrived
And much to our surprise
That squirrel didn't die
(Gosh)

Goodbye squirrel
Just one more shot
You'll be in my crock pot, squirrel
You'll make a lunch
You overgrown chipmunk, squirrel
I'll skin you hide
And make a hat when it's dry, squirrel

Dadblame Earl, my gosh
Ronnie Milsap could shoot better than you
You gimme, I said, "Gimme, gimme that gun"
Look out, look out, [Incomprehensible]
I think I killed somethin'