

## Hunting Shooting Fishing

Dr. Feelgood

I ride a mare with a neck of steel  
I pack a spare with a loaded wheel  
Shoes and tie made of rhino hide  
I keep an eye on the countryside

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing  
Ahead of the pack  
I keep an eye over my shoulder  
But i never look back

I carry cash buried in my boot  
I spit on thrash that i pass en route  
I pay each fine with a mental note  
I sign no line and decline to vote

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing  
Ahead of the pack  
I keep an eye over my shoulder  
But i never look back  
I never look back

I keep no files and no fixed abode  
I eat up miles on a twisted road  
I fight the sky with a lightning rod  
I'm riding high by the grace of god  
I know the names of the men and dives  
I've heard the claims of their tortured wives  
I've searched for clues caught 'em in the act  
They've blown a fuse when i've made contact

I'm hunting - shooting - fishing  
Ahead of the pack  
I keep an eye over my shoulder  
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