

Beer, Bait And Ammo

Kevin Fowler

Well now early one day
I was a-on my way
To my favorite fishin hole
I's a thinking I could sure use
Another bottle of booze
My baits a-runnin a little low
Yeah and a box of twelve gauge would be all the rage
When I'm all liquered up and I'm feeling good
Well just down the road there was a place called Bubba's
Man he's got the goods

And the sign said beer bait and ammo
Yeah they got everything in between
Yeah they got a-anything any old
Beer drinking hell raising bonafide redneck needs
They got your fishing hooks
Got your dirty books
Got your rebel flag on the wall
Sign said beer bait and ammo
Yeah you ask me they got it all

Well now when a-I walked in
I can't a-even begin
To describe just what I smelt
Lord was it the catfish bait
Or something bubba had ate
Was it those pickeled eggs on the shelf

Yeah with a toothless grin
He said boy step right on in
Make yourself right at home
I said no no no thank you man
Just a twelve pack of cans
And I'll be good to go

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