

Beer Season

Kevin Fowler

I ain't gettin' up early, ain't sittin' outside
I've frozen my ass for the very last time
Settin' my sights on a brand new kind of prey
No sneakin' up on 'em, ain't gotta be quiet
You don't need a gun, and you don't need a knife
Got a good feelin' we'll be baggin' us a bunch today

Well, it's beer season in my neck of the woods
Well, they go down easy and they sure taste good
Beer season, everybody's here
There ain't no limit, and it's open all year

Well, I killed a big forty ounce just the other day
He didn't even run, didn't try to get away
Hung him on the wall for all my friends to see
Like shootin' fish in a barrel, it just don't seem right
It ain't against the law, you can kill 'em all night
Ask the game warden, he's sittin' right next to me

Well, it's beer season in my neck of the woods
Well, they go down easy and they sure taste good
Beer season, everybody's here
There ain't no limit, and it's open all year

You can lose that camo and lay your rifles down
Belly up, let's pull the trigger on another round

Well, it's beer season in my neck of the woods
Well, they go down easy and they sure taste good
Beer season, everybody's here
There ain't no limit, and it's open all year

You can go out in the woods alone
Shiver, shakin' to the bone
Probably catch your death of cold
I'll be sittin' right back here
Where there ain't no limit, and it's open all year

Don't want 'em to overpopulate
Better kill some more