

## 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