

Hunter's Wife

Pistol Annie's

He's got 17 coon dogs out in the pen
Ten 11 point bucks hangin' in his den
If he ain't a 'huntin' he's a 'watching a show
There's things about huntin' that he don't know

And if I was a bettin' woman
I'd lay my money down
I'd bet he spends more time in them woods
Than he spends in this house
I got myself a problem I can't figure no way out
It's like I'm married to a shotgun carryin', tobacco chewin', n
o good blue
Tick hound

Well, I'm sick of squirrel gravy and I'm sick of coon stew
Fence posts, shock collars, chicken wire, too
If he ain't a 'huntin' he's out at the lake
Suckin' on a long neck, changin' his bait

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Go boys...

He may as well be invisible in his Realtree overalls
I can barely see him through the tree stands, heated underwear,
and turkey
Calls
The Lord help me with this problem I can't figure no way out
It's like I'm married to a shotgun carryin', tobacco chewin', n
o good blue
Tick hound