

## 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