

# Beer Season

[Kevin Fowler](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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  
Gotta 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 40 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 and 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

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