

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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