

The 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', no 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
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', no good blue tick hound
Go boys...
He may as well be invisible in his Realtree overalls
I can barely see him through the treestand seated 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', no good blue tick hound

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