

Beer Bait And Ammo

Mark Chesnutt

Well now, early one day,
I was on my way
To my favorite fishin' hole.
I was think I could sure use
Another bottle of booze
And my baits a runnin a little low,
Yeah and a box of twelve gauge
Would be all the rage
When I'm all liquered up and I'm feelin good
Well, just up the road
There's a place called bubba's,
Man he's got the goods

And the sign says, beer bait and ammo,
Yeah they got everything in between
They got anything any old beer-drinkin,
Hell-raisin, bonified redneck needs
They got your fishin hooks,
They got your dirty books,
They got your rebel flag on the wall,
The sign says beer, bait, and ammo, yeah you ask me they've got it all.

Well when I walked in
I couldn't even begin
To describe just a what I smelled.
Lord was it the catfish bait,
Or something bubba had ate,
Or was it them pickled eggs on the shelf
With a toothless grin,
He said so step on in
And make yourself right at home
And I said no thank you man
Just a twelve pack of cans
And I'll be good to go

And the sign says, beer bait and ammo,
Yeah they got everything in between
They got anything any old beer-drinkin,
Hell-raisin, bonified redneck needs

They got your fishin hooks,
They got your dirty books,
They got your rebel flag on the wall,
The sign says beer, bait, and ammo, yeah you ask me they've got it all.

Yes they do!

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Walk it!

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