

THE HUNTING SONG

(Music: Todd Sheaffer, Brady Rymer, Patrick Fitzsimmons/Lyrics: Todd Sheaffer)

when I was a boy, at the cold blue lake
my daddy pulled out a fish
I watched it flop and shake
started slowin down, til it barely moved
I stood ten feet back and stared
til it was through

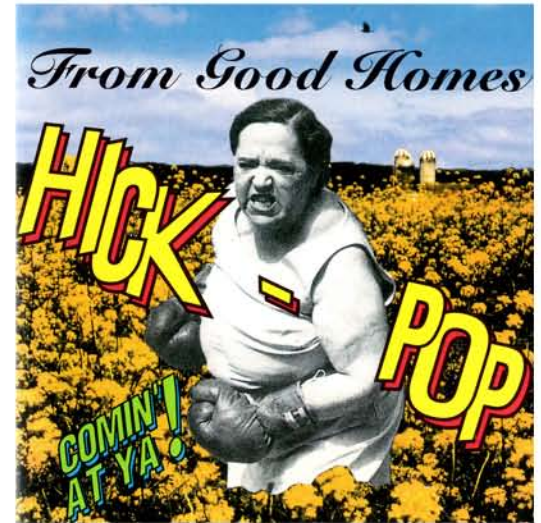
I felt it way down inside
I felt it way down inside

shook a pheasant from a tree
when I saw that bird come out
I knew the time had come for me
she started movin for the clear blue sky
I aimed quick, let the bullet fly
I saw it goin right at her, pass her by
as I watched bird fly away
I dropped my gun and cried

I felt it way down inside
I felt it way down inside

we got a deer laid him in his tracks
about fifteen mile form the hunting shack
when we walked up, he was still alive
I had to cut his throat with my grandfather's knife
I slit his belly, his gentle form
had to reach my hand inside
it was soft and warm
I pulled out his heart, took a bite
as it went down my throat
I felt that animal fight

I felt it way down inside
I felt it way down inside



APPEARS ON:
HICK-POP COMIN' AT YA!