

Goodbye Squirrel

Cledus T. Judd

(Be vewy vewy qwiet...we are huntin' somethin') Me and Harold Muffert were outdoors men
Set in our backwoods ways
Both members of the huntin' club
Both active in the NRA
(National Redneck Association) We scouted a location where we had no doubt
We'd kill the biggest buck in the world
(About a 34-pointer)
Harold waited in his tree stand
But all he seen was a squirrel
Dang near two weeks since the season started
And neither one of us was amused
(HA HA HA)
We had on real tree camo, high-powered ammo
But no big game to shoot Then we finally saw a deer as big as a horse
Harold had him in his crosshairs
(Shoot him!)
But that squirrel jumped off of a branch above us
And landed in Harold's hair
(Dang, get it out! Dang!) Harold fell off the stand, on his head he landed
Like a wimp he laid there cryin
Till I climbed on down,
Picked him up off the ground
And it didn't take us long to decide,
That squirrel had to die
Goodbye squirrel
With black-eyed peas,
You're gonna taste good to me
Squirrel
It's you or me,
Come on out of that tree
Squirrel
Hey guess what,
You've eaten your last nut
Squirrel Me and Harold went down to the surplus store
Bought a keg of dynamite
Two baseball bats and a case of M-80s
We were in for one heck of a fight
(We'll show you!) When you're huntin' with dumb and dumber
Something's surely bound to go wrong
(Now be careful)
And when Harold lit that real short fuse
I knew it wouldn't be long When the dynamite blew,

Harold's foot did too
And fingers began to fly
(Fly)
We were barely alive
When the game warden arrived
And much to our surprise,
That squirrel didn't die
(Gosh!) Goodbye squirrel
Just one more shot,
You'll be in my crock pot
Squirrel
You'll make a lunch,
You overgrown chipmunk
Squirrel
I'll skin ya hide,
And make a hat when it's dry
Squirrel (Deadgum Earl, Ronnie Milsap could shoot better than you
Gimme that, I said gimme that gun
Look out!
Look out, duck!
I think I killed somethin')

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