

The Bird Hunters

Turnpike Troubadours

The covey took wing
There were shotguns a-singin'
A pointing dog down in the old logging road
Danny got three and looked back grinning
I fumbled and tried to reload
The country was cold with the sun westward sinking
It's good to be back in this place
With my hands around a Belgian made Browning
My mind on the lines of her face
Danny's my buddy
We grew up like family
Hunted timber before we could drive
And the old English Pointer once belonged to me
But I 'give' him up when i moved in '05
Off with a girl/Off to the city
Off on a wing and a chance
Hell, I thought It's play out just like some story
We fell in love at a rodeo dance
She said go back to Cherokee County
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb
Babe, If you need me I'll be where you found me
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home
Dan says, "Look at ol' Jim
A dozen Decembers behind him no worse for the wear
And your time spent in Tulsa did not help your shooting
Just look at the gray in your hair
How good does it feel?
You belong in these hills
It's best that you let it all end
If you'd have married that girl, you'd have married her family
You dodged a bullet my friend"
She said go back to Cherokee County
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb
Babe, If you need me I'll be where you found me
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home
I was beginning to deal with it ending
The old dog had pointed while part of me died
And a flutter of feathers
Then a shotgun to shoulder
I thought of the Fourth of July
She'll be home on the Fourth of July
I bet we'll dance on the Fourth of July

Dan says, "Hell of a shot, looks like you've still got it
That's what we came here to do
It's light enough still, at the foot of the hill
We could kick up a single or two"
She said go back to Cherokee County
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb
Babe, If you need me I'll be where you found me
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>