

# 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 under  
wear 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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