

Cletus T. Judd, Goodbye Squirrel

Me and Harold Buffet were outdoors men
set in our backwoods ways
both members of the huntin both active in the NRA
National Redneck Association

We scouted a location were 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

then we finnaly found a buck as big as a horse
Harold had it in his cross-hairs
"SHOOT IT!"
but that squirrel jumped off a branch above us and landed in Harolds hair
"hey hey get get it off hey hey!"
Harold fell off the stand on his head he landed
like a whimp he layed there and cried
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!
"ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha"
"ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha"

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 your huntin with dumb and dumber,
somethins surely bound to go wrong"and when harold lit that
real short fuse, I knew i wouldn't be long"ssssssssss"

When the dynamite "BLEW!" Harolds foot did "TOO!"
and fingers began to fly
we were barely alive when the game warden arrived
and much to our suprise THAT SQUIRREL DIDN'T DIE!
"ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha"
"ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha"

Just one more shot *Bang*
you'll be in me crock-pot squirrel
i'll skin your hide and make a hat when its dry squirrel!
you'll make a lunch you oversized chipmunk squirrel!