

# Cledus T. Judd, Goodbye Squirrel

Me and Harold Bumpert were outdoors men  
Set in our backwoods ways  
Both members of the huntin' club  
Both active in the NRA -Nation 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 the season started and  
Neither one of us was amused  
We had a 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 it in his cross-hairs  
But that squirrel jumped off a branch above us and  
Landed in Harold's hair

Harold fell off the stand, on his head he landed  
Like a wimp he laid there he 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  
Good-bye squirrel-with black-eyed peas  
Your gonna taste good to me-squirrel  
It's you or me  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha  
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 M80's  
We were in for one heck of a fight-we'll show you

When your huntin' with dumb and dumber  
Somethings 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  
We were barely alive when the Game Warden 'rived  
And much to our suprise, that squirrel didn't die  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Good-bye squirrel  
Just one more shot, you'll be in my crock pot-squirrel  
You'll make a lunch, you over grown chipmunk-squirrel  
I'll skin your hide  
And make a hat when it's dried-squirrel

Hahahahaha.....