

Exit 13, Open Season (The Story Of Hunter Slaughter)

(Music: O'Donnell, Lyrics: Yurkiewicz)

While driving through Northern Pennsylvania on a cold December day
He became enraged by the amount of deer hunters "at play"
He swore to himself that he would absolutely not ignore
this warped activity that he profoundly deplored...
So he snuck into the woods to drop some sons and daddies
He climbed into a tree stand and smoked a fatty
Along came a brush bustin' deer blastin' fanatic
The locals called his death an "accident" and "tragic";

Open season for hunter slaughter
Open season for hunter slaughter
Open season for hunter slaughter
Open season for the hunter slaughter

It wasn't long before he was at it again
Acting on the knowledge that hunting is sick and must end
A fresh blanket of snow was on the ground
The day that hunter gunned thirteen down
He butchered 'em just like factoryed hogs
He stacked near a cord of human logs
"Hey you, STOP!" someone yelled
It was the game warden so he ran like hell!!!

His ballistically vented hunter loathing
Had caused a situation quite foreboding
He ran... He ran...
He blazed through the bush with the speed of a deer
The bulbous game warden was no longer near
He slyly circled finally reaching his car
Toasting his escape with two quarts from a bar
He drove, swilling beer to calm his nerves,
He drove...

Only days passed before he crpt back in the woods
To quell this sick sport as much as one man possibly could
He passed spare time contemplating fantastic dreams...
The end of all human folly so cruel and blatantly obscene
He spied prey in his crosshairs
Some sick f**k hunting bear
Hunter clenched his gun and wryly smiled
This pathetic "sportsman" was gonna die
He yelled "Hey f**k you, dummy!"
The 30-06 round ripped through his tummy
He followed the blood trail but did not run
Caved the prey's head in with the butt of his gun

Hunter still lurks in the woods of
Northeast Pennsylvania!