

Pat Green, West Texas Holiday

by Pat Green

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September come to Texas just one time every year, so we get our guns and our pickup trucks, and a bunch of that Lone Star beer, well we head out for the open plains, where the birds they all flow like wine, we hunt them up then we shoot them down, man it makes me feel so fine, The manly sport is what I'm talking about, so you can grab you a pouch of chew, If we get bored 'cause the birds won't fly, we'll shoot the rabbits with my .22.

Chorus

I don't wanna go to Paris, I get enough French with my fries,
just send me on down to Abilene, for the huntingman's paradise,
Honey you can stay at home all day, laugh and dance go out shopping and play,
'cause I'll be out with the boys, on a West Texas Holiday.

Hunting is a lot like religion or so it is I'm told, they're both just a simple little way of life, and they're both good for your soul, from Robert Earl Keen to Robert E. Lee, perfect strangers or best of friends, we all have a common little bond between us we were born to be huntin' men, If it flies it dies or so they say, and so often times it's true, yeah but you take yours and I'll take mine, and we'll have us a Bar-B-Que.

Chorus