

HUNTIN'

When I was eight
the world was big
my dad was tall and strong.
And I was always pleased to go along
when Dad said "let's go huntin'".

I didn't really like to hunt.
I hated the sound of guns.
I didn't like the cold and wet,
But special time with Dad? You bet!
When Dad said "Lets go huntin'"

One day, our dog, he struck a point,
and Dad said be real still.
We crept across that field of stubble,
and found a pheasant amid the rubble.
Just the kind we'd been huntin'.

The bird sat still and we could see
he had a broken wing.
His body mottled brown and tan,
his tail feathers emerald green,
faking he was not what we were hutin'.

Dad picked him up by his long feet
and swung him upside down.
I sympathized with that poor pheasant,
for upside down could not be pleasant.
He was just amazed that we were hunnting.

Then we saw some other hunters
and Dad handed me his bird.
I had no time to even balk,
and Dad began to visit and talk.
I wondered what happened to "Let's go huntin'"

Trying not to mistreat that cock,
I turned him right-side up.
I found a pointed beak and sparkling eyes
that twinkled as he mesmerized.
And I wanted to go hunting.

The spurs, the beak, they seemed to grow.
I knew he hated little girls.
And I was sure he would peck
If I moved one little speck
And I wished we would go huntin’

They talked and smoked and told tall tales,
Comparing hunting tricks.
That bird just sat,
and stared right back.
Oh, please could we go huntin’?

Dad finally finished visiting.
By this time it was dark.
We walked back to the truck, dog, bird and kid.
Dad put the pheasant in a box and I was glad he did.
Cause I was tired of huntin’.

I’ve told my Dad, now that I’m grown
how frightened that I was,
While he was talking to those men.
But I surely wouldn’t tell him then
cause he might not take me huntin’.