

# The Bird Hunters

## Turnpike Troubadours

The covey took wing  
Shotguns a singing  
A pointing dog down in the old logging road

Danny got three  
And looked back a grinning  
I fumbled around and I tried to reload

The country was cold  
With the sun westward sinking  
It's good to be back in this place

With my hands around  
A Belgian made Browning  
My mind on the lines of her face

Well now Danny's my buddy  
We grew up like family  
Hunted this timber before we could drive

The old English pointer  
He once belonged to me  
But I gave him up when I moved in '05

Off to the girl  
Off to the city  
Off on a wing and a chance

Hell I thought it'd play out  
Just like some story  
We fell in love at a rodeo dance

She said go on back to Cherokee County  
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb  
Babe, if you need me, I'll be where you found me  
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home

Dan says, "Look at old Jim  
A dozen Decembers  
Behind him no worse for the wear

And your time spent in Tulsa  
Did not help your shooting  
And look at the gray in your hair

How good does it feel?  
You belong in these hills  
It's best that you let it all end

If you'd have married that girl  
You'd have married her family  
You dodged a bullet my friend"

She said go on back to Cherokee County  
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb  
Babe, if you need me, I'll be where you found me  
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home

I was beginning  
To deal with it ending  
The old dog had pointed while part of me died

And a flutter of feathers  
Then a shotgun to shoulder  
I thought of the Fourth of July  
She'll be home on the Fourth of July  
I bet we'll dance on the Fourth of July

Dan says, "Hell of a shot  
Looks like you've still got it  
That's what we came here to do

It's light enough still  
At the foot of the hill  
We could kick up a single or two"

She said go on back to Cherokee County  
Won't you crawl back with nothing but a razor and a comb  
Babe, if you need me, I'll be where you found me  
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home  
Go on to hell, honey, I'm headed home