

Houndsman

JJ Lawhorn

This one's for the houndsman
About to go to town son
Drop the gate and let the dogs run
Man I'm thinkin' that they on one
By the way they're soundin'

This one's for the houndsman
Stackin' and packin' then dogs in the back
Man way too many to count 'em
When we cut 'em loose
Their paws ain't barely even
Gonna hit the ground none
they're so damn fast
They could lap old Richard Petty
At a slow run
They'll be burnin' it up
Make you wanna yell

"Fire on the mountain!"
It's about to go down son
We dropped the gate and let the dogs run
Man I know that they on one
By the way they're soundin'

This one's for the houndsman
With the black and tan
Treeing walkers, Tennessee Plotts
Rhodesian Ridgebacks, Old English Fox
Bird Dogs and Redbones, Whatever you got;
Beagles, Bluetick, bring the whole lot
Catahoula catch dogs, 57 Heinz
If a dog will hunt we'll send him down the line
There's plenty of room in this ol' truck of mine
For him to roll around in
This one's for the houndsman

This one's for the houndsmen
That Turn 'em loose way out there past the Townsend
They live to hear them dogs
The way that they're sounding
This one's for the houndsmen

This one's for the houndsmen
This one's for all the houndsmen