

# Young Buck

Larry Fleet

Daddy woke me up, said gotta get a move on  
Sun is coming up, and we don't wanna lose one  
Rifle's in the truck bed, better get your boots on, young buck

Mossy Oak camo, talking in a whisper  
Got to load the ammo, finger on the trigger  
Sitting in the stand, I was feeling pretty big for a young buck

I told him, had to be the first kid in the third grade  
To tag one on his first day

He said, son, won't you slow it on down?  
You might not see it right now  
But being out here ain't all about the years worth of deer that you hung up

The seasons get to going too fast  
So try to be where your boots are at  
Just take it from me, you think you are, but you ain't always gonna be this  
young buck

A couple years older, couple trails wiser  
Tongue a little looser, aim a little tighter  
Caught me sneaking out for a girl with his Shiners  
Thought he's gonna give me that brimstone and fire  
Instead, he woke me up at the crack of dawn for a man-to-man tree stand talk  
Damn, I was tired  
I didn't know how much I needed that reminder

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But being out here ain't all about the years worth of deer that you hung up

The seasons get to going too fast  
So try to be where your boots are at  
Just take it from me, you think you are, but you ain't always gonna be this  
young buck

I know you're tired of being young, but  
You still got a ways to grow up  
So just take your time  
Oh, won't you take your time?

Yeah, hunting weather comes and goes  
You hang your guns and trophies up  
You find a girl, before you know, you settle down  
You're raising up this young buck

I know you're tired of being young, but  
You still got a ways to grow up  
So just take your time

This young buck, I know you're tired of being young, but  
You still got a ways to grow up  
So just take your time  
Oh, won't you take your time?  
I said, boy, won't you take your time?