

## THE HUNTING SONG

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I always will remember,  
'Twas a year ago November,  
I went out to hunt some deer  
On a morning bright and clear.  
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow.  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

I was in no mood to trifle,  
I took down my trusty rifle  
And went out to stalk my prey.  
What a haul I made that day.  
I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

The law was very firm, it  
Took away my permit,  
The worst punishment I ever endured.  
It turned out there was a reason,  
Cows were out of season,  
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.

People ask me how I do it,  
And I say, "There's nothin' to it,  
You just stand there lookin' cute,  
And when something moves, you shoot!"  
And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now,  
Two game wardens,  
Seven hunters,  
And a pure-bred Guernsey cow.