The Hunting Song

Words & Music:
Tom Lehrer

C7 F C7
I always will remember, 'twas a year ago November,
F Cm6 D7 G7 C7
I went out to hunt some deer on a morning bright and clear.
F F7 Bb Bbm
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow:
F C7 F C7
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.

Am E7
The law was very firm, it took away my permit,
Am E7
The worst punishment I ever endured.
Am E7
It turned out there was a reason: cows were out of season,
Am C7
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:
F C7 F F7 Fdim Bbm6/F F
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a pure-bred Guern-sey---- cow!