

Bent My Gun a Circle

BENT MY GUN A CIRCLE 5121 A2

Bill Jackson Arvin, 1941

Get up early one morning A hunting for to go The trees was in full blossom And a cheerful strata of snow.

Well, I bent my gun a circle To shoot around a hill And out of ten or twenty bucks, Ten thousand I did kill.

I followed than to the water's edge Where all the rent went in And there they was so thick and fat They couldn't hardly swim.

I taken both six-shooters And under water went To kill the biggest fattest buck, It was my heart's content.

While I was under water A thousand feet or more I let off both six-shooters Like cannons they did roar.

Out of my hard shooting Perhaps it's I killed one The rest turned up their bristles And at me they did run.