Birds of a Feather song lyrics
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I started huntin' when I was just six,
Put on my coat, and headed for the sticks.
I guess things were a little different then,
On that cold, snowy day way back when.
Me an Dad were birds of a feather,
Him an me a huntin' together.

My Daddy, he'd look for rabbit tracks,
I'd chase after and bring'm back.
Daddy told me to just bark like a dog,
Runnin' through the brush and hoppin' over logs.
Me an Dad were birds of a feather,
Him an me a huntin' together.

Me, I was worried I'd get lost in the woods,
But on cold days our sound carried good.
Daddy said that I just shouldn't worry,
If I sounded far away, he'd come in a hurry.
Me an Dad were birds of a feather,
Him an me a huntin' together.

Daddy, he carried an old double barrel, and
If the rabbits circled back, it was at their own peril.
Now that old gun wasn't made for glamour,
It had a home-made stock and an arc-welded hammer.

Daddy always gave me the fired paper shells,
Just because I liked the smell.
Now I'm an old man, and can't smell a thing,
But what fond thoughts those memories bring.
Me an Dad were birds of a feather,
Him an me a huntin' together.
Oh, him an me a huntin' together.