

The Hunters

By Gordon and Bernice Korman

My father is a sportsman
And a crack shot with a his gun,
And when he let's me hunt with him
It's always lots of fun.

The outdoor part I quite enjoy,
But I can't seem to stifle
The feeling that each duck out there
Should also have a rifle.

I really like the animals;
I'm very tenderhearted,
And so I chase them all away
Before the hunt gets started.

The other guys are out there
Eating venison and duck,
While Dad and I have hot dogs
And complain about our luck.

So please don't tell him that his son
Is scaring off the game.
The deer and ducks and rabbits too
Will live to bless my name.