

Mr. Charlie

Grateful Dead

I take a little powder
Take a little salt
Put it in my shotgun
And I go walkin' out Chuba, chuba, wooley, booley
Lookin' high, lookin' low
Gonna scare you up and shoot you
'Cause Mr. Charlie told me so I won't even take your life
Won't even take a limb
Just unload my shotgun
And take a little skin Chuba, chuba, wooley, booley
Lookin' high, lookin' low
Gonna scare you up and shoot you
'Cause Mr. Charlie told me so Well, you take a silver dollar
Take a silver dime
Mix it up together
In some alligator wine And I can hear the drums
Voodoo all night long
Mr. Charlie tellin' me
I can't do nothin' wrong Chuba, chuba, wooley, booley
Lookin' high, lookin' low
Gonna scare you up and shoot you
'Cause Mr. Charlie told me so Dear Mr. Charlie told me
Thought you'd like to know
Give you a little warning
Before I let you go Chuba, chuba, wooley, booley
Lookin' high, lookin' low
Gonna scare you up and shoot you
'Cause Mr. Charlie told me so
Gonna scare you up and shoot you
Mr. Charlie told me, Mr. Charlie told me so

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