

Gimme Three Steps (feat. Alabama) [Live]

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I was cutting a rug
Down at place called The Jug
With a girl named Linda Lou
When in walked a man
With a gun in his hand
And he was looking for you know who
He said, "Hey there, fellow
With the hair colored yellow
Whatcha tryin' to prove?
'Cause that's my woman there
And I'm a man who cares
And this might be all for you
I said, excuse me I was scared and fearing for my life
I was shaking like a leaf on a tree
'Cause he was lean, mean
Big and bad, Lord
Pointin' that gun at me
"Oh, wait a minute, mister
I didn't even kiss her
Don't want no trouble with you
And I know you don't owe me
But I wish you'd let me
Ask one favor from you""Oh, won't you
Gimme three steps, gimme three steps, mister
Gimme three steps towards the door?
Gimme three steps, gimme three steps, mister
And you'll never see me no more" For, sure Well the crowd cleared away
And I began to pray
And the water fell on the floor
And I'm telling you, son
Well, it ain't no fun
Staring straight down a forty-four
Well, he turned and screamed at Linda Lou
And that's the break I was looking for
And you could hear me screaming a mile away
As I was headed out toward your door" Oh, won't you
Gimme three steps, gimme three steps, mister
Gimme three steps towards the door?
Gimme three steps, gimme three steps, mister

And you'll never see me no more"Show me the back door

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