

Three Hundred Pounds of Joy

Howlin' Wolf

Well, all you girls think
The days are done
You don't have to worry
You can have your funTake me, baby
For your little boy
Because three hundred pounds
Of a heavenly joyThis is it, this is it
Look what you getYou've been bending
And hiding 'round behind his back
And you got your man
That you don't likeThrow that cat, baby
Outta your mind
Follow me, baby
And have a real good timeThis is it, this is it
Look what you getHoy, hoy
I'm the boy
I've got three hundred pounds
Of a heavenly joyI'm so glad
That you understand
I'm three hundred pounds
Of muscle and manThis is it, this is it
Look what you get

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