

# Late Last Year

## Shotgun Jimmie

Oh my darlin' the legs under this table  
are independently bumpin' in to mine  
They're on a mission dispatched to disable  
my defenses and they're working just, fine

It was late last year signal coming in clear clear  
and I saw you at the bar we had a few beers and I  
walked you home and the sky was clear and it  
was filled with stars like we were filled with beers  
and I got distracted in a winter wonderland and I  
felt nostalgic and wanted to hold your hand but I  
didn't know you well enough to ask  
plus I was afraid 'cause I thought that you were pretty bad ass  
and not into holdin' hands

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Lyrics submitted by Sean.

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