

# High Ball Shooter

## Deep Purple

Well, I'm a rock and roll preacher  
Not a Sunday school teacher  
You ain't no shady lady  
But I love the way you strut your stuff, baby You're a snow queen looking mean  
Tryin' to make it on the scene  
I guess you love it  
'Cause I always see you hangin' around  
Oh, hangin' around You're a high ball shooter  
You make it easy to see  
High ball shooter  
You sure ripped the low ones off me A magnet brought you to me  
Told me your name was Jo  
You said you liked my music  
And you really [Incomprehensible] show, oh Now I wanna play piano  
But my fingers don't agree  
They're busy on you woman  
And I feel your fingers workin' on me, oh, uh huh You're a high ball shooter  
You make it easy to see  
High ball shooter  
You sure ripped the low ones off me, yeah It's time to leave you, honey  
I know you're feeling sad  
Don't you cry now, baby  
You know that only makes me mad  
And I don't like feelin' bad, woh I see you everywhere I go  
Every town and place  
I can't recall your name  
But I know I won't forget your sweet face  
I cannot forget your face You're a high ball shooter  
You make it easy to see  
High ball shooter  
You sure ripped the low ones off me 'Cause you're a high ball shooter  
You make it easy to see, come on, baby  
High ball shooter  
You sure ripped the low ones off me  
Sure ripped the low ones off me

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