Shoot Out On the Plantation

Leon Russell

Junior and the drummer are fightingAbout a woman in the neighborhood Oh, the drummer never hit a bad lick in his lifeAnd Junior never hit any goodYeah, the colonel said that women are for loving, not fighting, But that didn't clear the air'Cause Junior's still living in the blackboard jungleWith his Elvis Presley hair Yeah, the drummer's got the drum, the colonel's got the gunAnd Junior's only got a knife, he'd better runIt's a shootout on the plantation, it's so hard to understandWhy do some people have to hurt somebody?
The firewater's not the villain.
Oh the last one to kiss is the first to shootAnd stabbing your friends is such a drag to bootIt's a shootout on the plantationOh, heaven help Mister Swan, yeah. (help me) And the cold steel blade is shiningEnough to cause your blood to freezeBut the drummer is drumming a Rolling Stones' numberOn Junior's head and on his kneesOh, Oklahoma's lonesome cowboys are turned on in Tinsel TownI knew there'd be some cameras rolling if Andy was standing around. () Won't somebody help meYou gotta help me, help me, help me.
Why don't you help me, help me?
Why don't you tell me about it?
Why don't you scream and shout it?
Won't you help your mister?
Won't you kiss your sister?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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