

Shoot Out On the Plantation

Leon Russell

Junior and the drummer are fighting
About a woman in the neighborhood
Oh, the drummer never hit a bad lick
in his life
And Junior never hit any good
Yeah, 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 jungle
With his Elvis Presley hair
Yeah, the drummer's got the drum, the colonel's got the gun
And Junior's only got a knife, he'd better run
It's a shootout on the plantation,
it's so hard to understand
Why do some people have to hurt somebody?

The firewater's not the villain.

Oh the last one to kiss is the first to shoot
And stabbing your friends is such a drag to boot
It's a shootout on the plantation
Oh, heaven help Mister Swan, yeah. (help me)
And the cold steel blade is shining
Enough to cause your blood to freeze
But the drummer is drumming a Rolling Stones' number
On Junior's head and on his knees
Oh, Oklahoma's lonesome cowboys are turned on in Tinsel Town
I knew there'd be some cameras rolling
if Andy was standing around. ()
Won't somebody help me
You 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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