Shakedown on 9th Street

Ryan Adams

Head on down to 9th Street, gal
Let's go out kicking with the boys and the gals
Wear your dress and bring my ring
Someone's gonna get it, ain't gonna be meLucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)
Lucy, Lucy, my sweet
(Lucy, Lucy, my sweet)Lucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)
I was just gonna hit him
But I'm gonna kill him nowWe all met about half past three
Lucy, she was rocking by my kicking machine
Too many straits and not enough grease
That's when Lucy got it in the chest I thinkLucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)
Lucy, Lucy, my sweet
(Lucy, Lucy, my sweet)Lucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)
I was just gonna hit him
But I'm gonna kill him nowThey started fighting, I was screaming for him
Boots all dirty, sexy and thin
Then on come the lights from the straits in their cars
I was just a laughing when I hit the floorLucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my sweet)
Lucy, Lucy, my sweet
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)Lucy, Lucy, my gal
(Lucy, Lucy, my gal)
I was just gonna hit him
But I'm gonna kill him now

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