

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 me Lucy, 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 now We 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 think Lucy, 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 now They 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 floor Lucy, 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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