

# 99 Year Blues

## Hot Tuna

Well, now give me my pistol, man  
And three round balls  
I'm gonna shoot everybody  
That I don't like at all  
Like at all, like at all  
Like at all, like at all Gotta .38 special, man and .45 frame  
You know the thing don't miss  
'Cause I got dead aim  
Got dead aim, got dead aim  
Got dead aim, got dead aim Well, the world is a drag  
And my friends can't vote  
Gonna make me a connection  
And score some dope  
Go, get high, go, get high  
Go, get high, go, get high

Songwriters  
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