

Jimmy Gillum

38 Special

I was raised up on the west side of town.
That's where I met Jimmy Gillum,
Baddest man around.
He'd rather fight than eat,
Mister That's no lie.
If you cross him up smile and wave goodbye,
Bad bad Jimmy baddest man alive.
He was dynamite in a small pack,
His fuse was short,
He didn't cut no slack.
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat.

[Chorus:]

Talk about trouble
You talk about mean
Jimmy was the baddest cat I've ever seen
You talk about trouble
Should have been his name
Jimmy never pulled a punch
He was a fighting machine
Yeah he was he was a fighting machine
Now I recall one night at the Sugar Bowl
That's a honky tonk where Jimmy goes
Yeah the One Percent were burning up the stage
In walk Jimmy in a drunken daze
Ready to fight son in the worst way
So I ran for cover behind the stage
Bottles started flying I began to pray
Please oh Lord don't let him look my way

It's been years since I saw Jimmy last
When I pulled into a jiffy the other day
Just to get some gas
I heard this guy screaming next to me
Turn on this pump you dirty s.o.b.
To my surprise it was Jimmy alive and well
Jumped in my car and took off fast
Knew in a minute he'd be kicking ass

Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Yea he was talk about trouble, talk about trouble

Yea talk about trouble

Yea that boy was bad to the bone talk about trouble

Play it boys sound good

Us Gillums never die we just fade away

Um trouble boy

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