

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>