

Beulah

"Shotgun Dedication"

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Where's my shotgun?

Hold it high, it sure is fun

When your war joke's a bore

And everything's been done

Count me out you met my head

Count me out you met my head

Count me out then I'll know right away

Eyes are blasse

Amputation is passe

Life creates

But you're weak

And there's nothin' new to say

Count me out you met my head

Count me out you met my head

Count me out then I'll know right away

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