

Deep Purple "High Ball Shooter"

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Well, I'm a rock and roll preacher
Not a Sunday school teacher
You ain't no shady lady
But I love the way you strut your stuff, baby

You're a snow queen looking mean
Tryin' to make it on the scene
I guess you love it
'Cause I always see you hangin' around
Oh, hangin' around

You're a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me

A magnet brought you to me
Told me your name was Jo
You said you liked my music
And you really [Incomprehensible] show, oh

Now I wanna play piano
But my fingers don't agree
They're busy on you woman
And I feel your fingers workin' on me, oh, uh huh

You're a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me, yeah

It's time to leave you, honey
I know you're feeling sad
Don't you cry now, baby
You know that only makes me mad
And I don't like feelin' bad, woh

I see you everywhere I go
Every town and place
I can't recall your name
But I know I won't forget your sweet face
I cannot forget your face

You're a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me

'Cause you're a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see, come on, baby
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me
Sure ripped the low ones off me

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