

Grateful Dead

"Bring Me My Shotgun"

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Oh bring me my shotgun, bring me back some shells,
Why don't you just bring me my shotgun,
Bring me back a pocket full of shells,
Well you know if I don't get myself a little competition,
You know there's gonna be some trouble 'round here.

Well you know my mama told me, she said,
You gonna have bad luck, son, don't care where you
go,
So why don't you bring me my shotgun.

Early in the morning when the sun gonna rise,
She lets her rolling go moonshine bright,
In the morning bring me my shotgun,
Well I can stand in the mist for a while,
But I can't stand it for very long

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