

The Bobbettes

"I Shot Mr. Lee"

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One, two, three
I shot Mr. Lee
Three, four, five
I got tired of his jive

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, uh oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, uh oh

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, oh no
Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, uh oh

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, oh no
Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never

Shouldn't have never met a sweety
He shouldn't have never met me
Shouldn't have never met a sweety
Shouldn't have never met me
Now his memory has got a history

He was a real cool cat
And wore a high top hat
He was a real cool cat
And wore a high top hat

He was a real cool cat
All the girls loved that

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, uh oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, uh oh

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, oh no
Whoa, whoa, whoa

We should've never, uh oh

Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never, oh no
Whoa, whoa, whoa
We should've never

I picked up my gun
And I went to his door
I picked up my gun
And I went to his door
Now Mr. Lee can tell me no more

He hollered help, help
Murder, police
The girl's after me with a gun
Hollered help, help, murder, police
The girl's after me with a gun

Six, seven, eight
Mr. Lee had a date
Nine, ten, eleven
Now he's up in heaven

Shot him in the head
Boom boom, whoa oh
Shot him in the head
Boom boom, whoa oh

Shot him in the head
Boom boom, whoa oh
Shot him in the head
Boom boom, whoa oh

Shot him in the head
Boom boom, whoa oh
Shot him in the head
Boom boom

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