

16 Shells from a Thirty-Ought Six

Bob Seger

Plugged 16 shells from a thirty-aught-six
And the black crow flew through
A hole in the sky
And I spent all my buttons on an old pack mule
And I made me a ladder from a pawn shop marimba
And I leaned it up against a dandelion tree
Leaned it up against a dandelion tree
Leaned it up against a dandelion tree

Well I cooked them feathers on the iron spit
And I filled me a sachel full of old pig corn
And I beat me a Billy from an old french horn
And kicked that mule to the top of the tree
Kicked that mule to the top of the tree
Blew me a hole 'bout the size of a kickdrum
And I cut me a switch from a long branch elbow

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-aught-six
Whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-aught-six

Well I slept in the hotter of a dry creek bed
And I tore out the buckets from a red corvette
Tore out the buckets from a red corvette
Lionel, Dave and the butcher made three

You got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinny bone tree
With the strings of a washburn
Stretched like a clothesline
You know me and that mule scrambled right through the hole
Me and that mule scrambled right through the hole

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Whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-aught-six

Now I hold him prisoner in a washburn jail
And I strapped it on the back of my old kick mule
Strapped it on the back of my old kick mule
Bang on the strings just to drive him crazy
And I strum it toud just to rattle his cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his cage

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