

44 Blues

Eric Burdon

I wore my 44 so long it made my shoulder sore
I wore my 44 so long it made my shoulder sore
Well I'm wondering everybody where did my baby go
Take this weapon as a gift son
May it serve you all your life
You know my blood is running cold
And my trigger finger is turning white
Cold as ice

I hold those fat brass bullets
Each one feels as cold as ice
I hold those fat brass bullets
Each one feels as cold as ice
I keeps it under my pillow
Just to get me through the night

Well I'm so mad this morning
I don't know where in the world to go
Well I'm so mad this morning
I don't know where in the world to go
And now I'm lookin' for mister money so I can get myself some dough
I'm lookin' for mister money
So I can get myself some dough