

# Bob Seger, 16 Shells From A 30 - 06

Words and music by tom waits

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

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

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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