

# Bob Seger, 16 Shells From A 30-6

Bob Seger

Miscellaneous

16 Shells From A 30-6

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

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