

Howlin' Wolf, Three Hundred Pounds Of Joy

All you girls think the days are gone
You don't have to worry, you can have your fun
Take me, baby, for your little boy
Three hundred pounds of heavenly joy
This is it
This is it
Look what you get
You been creeping and hiding behind his back
'Cause you got you a man that you don't like
Throw that Jack, baby, outta your mind
Follow me, baby, have a real good time
This is it
This is it
Look what you get
Hoy! Hoy! I'm the boy
Three hundred pounds of heavenly joy
I'm so glad that you understand
Three hundred pounds of muscle and man
This is it
This is it
Look what you get
If the men's all mad then the women's glad
If the little kids' happy then the old folk's mad
I'm so glad that you understand
Three hundred pounds of muscle and man
This is it
This is it
Look what you get