

# Joe Ely, I'm Gonna Strangle You Shorty

Half way to Louisanna,  
his load

When the waitress happened to see him,

I never seen any woman so sore

The skillet come flyin' out the kitchen

And Shorty runnin' out the door

"I'm gonna strangle you Shorty, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy"

That is what she said

"I'm gonna strangle you Shorty, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy"

"You're way up over your head."

We pulled in to Texarkana

Shorty sweatin his short lifespan

But sure as the wind gonna blow again

Here come that woman with that fryin' pan

I ran east and Shorty ran West

I never seen which way he went

Next day I saw his picture in the paper he was lyin

By a fryin pan whose handle was bent

Chorus 2x