

Neil Young, Bite The Bullet

There's a bar hall queen
down in Charlotte town.
I'd sure like to see her
when the sun goes down.
I swear her hair
is midnight black.
And I can't wait
till I get back.

Carolina queen,
She's a walking love machine.
I'd like to make her scream,
When I bite the bullet.
Bite the bullet.

Born and raised
at the top of the South.
You know she knows
what it's all about.
Good old boys are coming
from miles around.
Wanna watch that bullet
lay 'em down.

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She's a walking love machine.
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