

Whitesnake, High Ball Shooter

Well Im a rock and roll preacher
Not a Sunday school teacher
You aint no shady lady
But I love the way you strut your stuff
Youre a snow queen looking mean
Tryin to make it on the scene
I guess you love it
Cause I always see you hanging around
Youre a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me
A Magnet brought you to me
Told me your name was Jo
You said you liked my music
And you really did enjoy the show
Now I wanna play piano
But my fingers dont agree
Theyre busy on you woman
And I feel your fingers workin on me
Youre a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me
Its time to leave you honey
I know youre feeling sad
Dont you cry now baby
You know that only makes me mad
I see you everywhere I go
Every town and place
I cant recall your name
But I know I wont forget your sweet face
Youre a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me
Cause youre a high ball shooter
You make it easy to see
High ball shooter
You sure ripped the low ones off me