

Jimmy Gillum

.38 Special

I was raised up on the west side of town
That's where I met Jimmy Gillum
Baddest man around
He'd rather fight than eat
Mister That's no lie
If you cross him up smile and wave goodbye
Bad bad Jimmy baddest man alive

He was dynamite in a small pack
His fuse was short
He didn't cut no slack
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Talk about trouble
You talk about mean
Jimmy was the baddest cat I've ever seen
You talk about trouble
Should've been his name
Jimmy never pulled a punch
He was a fightin' machine
Yeah he was he was a fightin' machine

Now I recall one night at the Sugar Bowl
That's a honky tonk where Jimmy goes
Yeah the One Percent were burnin' up the stage
In walk Jimmy in a drunken daze
Ready to fight son in the worst way
So I ran for cover behind the stage
Bottles started flyin' I began to pray
Please oh Lord don't let him look my way

It's been years since I saw Jimmy last
When I pulled into a jiffy the other day
Just to get some gas
I heard this guy screamin' next to me
Turn on this pump you dirty s.o.b.
To my surprise it was Jimmy alive and well
Jumped in my car and took off fast
Knew in a minute he'd be kickin' ass
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Yea he was talk about trouble, talk about trouble
Yeaaaaooooowww talk about trouble
Yea that boy was bad to the bone talk about trouble
Play it boys sound good

Us Gillums never die we just fade away
Ummmmm trouble boy