

Bite the Bullet

Neil Young

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.
Want to watch that bullet lay 'em down.

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