

One Hit – The Soul Of John Black

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

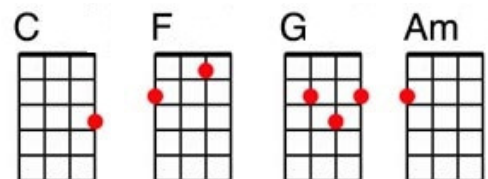
Chorus

[C]One hit too many my Lord, **[F]**one too many this **[C]**time
She used to be fine in a**[Am]**nother life but she **[F]**had to do one more **[G]**line
She **[C]**took one hit too many my Lord **[F]**one too many this **[C]**time
She used to be fine in a**[Am]**nother life but she **[F]**had to do one more **[C]**line

[C]One hit too many my Lord
Now she's **[F]**layin' on the side of the **[C]**road
Layin' in a pool of **[Am]**her own drool
She aint **[F]**nothin' but a heavy **[G]**load
I re**[C]**member the time when we used to drink wine
Dressed **[F]**fresh from head to **[C]**toe
Now she's **[F]**layin' in the gutter. What a **[C]**waste of good butter
Wonderin' **[F]**where the good times **[C]**gone

(Chorus)

[C]She did one line too many my Lord
Now she's **[F]**workin' this side of the **[C]**street
Sellin' her stuff out **[Am]**on the corner
Had the **[F]**nerve to call it fresh **[G]**meat
Well **[C]**I got half a mind to take her home
And **[F]**wash her up good and **[C]**clean
Oh, I **[F]**bet she hasn't had a **[C]**home cooked meal
Since she **[F]**started on the Hollywood **[C]**scene



(Chorus)

[C]Well I was drivin' down Santa Monica way
To **[F]**get a little late night **[C]**snack
Pulled up on **[Am]**McCaven Avenue
In **[F]**front of the burrito **[G]**shack
I got the **[C]**number one with the rice and beans
Hot **[F]**sauce just to make it **[C]**right
I **[F]**looked over my shoulder , she was **[C]**over in the corner
Makin' **[F]**love to a transves**[C]**tite

(Chorus)