

## Ballad Of...

Dr. Hook

He stands tall in his handmade boots  
Pretty little girls all around  
Black was the shade of his nudie suit  
And when he sang there was not a sound

From state line to Mobile he entertained the crowds  
Everybody there knew his name  
His climb had started but the road gets harder  
When you're closing in on fame

Bright lights shine and the crowd goes wild  
"The show won't start 'til y'all calm down"  
One pretty little girl stands all alone  
And when she cried there was not a sound

For just three days in New Orleans she never left his side  
That girl became a woman with her very first man  
But to her only lover she was just like all the others  
'Til she stood there with that gun in her hand

A shot rang out and the crowd goes wild  
A shot rang out and the crowd goes wild  
The crowd goes wild  
The crowd goes wild  
The crowd goes wild  
The crowd goes wild