



## Hot Shot

(Phil Kennemore, Dave Meniketti)

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Went down to the wedding hall  
My best friend was gettin' hitched  
All the girls were dressed to the nines  
Man I was gettin' the itch

The joint was jumpin', the band was  
rockin'  
Even the ugly ones looked good  
Could've been the romance or the cheap  
champagne  
Oh man, I was goin' insane

CHORUS:

Got a hot shot  
Gotta unload  
Hot shot  
Gonna explode  
Hot shot  
Gotta confess  
Oh, baby, gonna be a mess

The band started playin' one of those  
Cry your eyes out wedding songs  
This was my chance, looking to dance  
Well, it didn't take long

She was slip-sliding up and down on me  
Felt like a stripper pole  
Blue satin dress, gotta confess  
Oh, man, I was gonna blow

CHORUS:

Got a hot shot  
Gotta unload  
Hot shot  
Gonna explode  
Hot shot  
Gonna be a mess

Oh, baby, on your party dress

Got a hot shot  
Baby, don't say no  
Hot shot  
Don't wanna do it alone  
Hot shot  
Gonna be a mess  
Don't wanna have to do it by myself

Pretty maids all in a row  
One of them gave me the eye  
Said, "Hello, how you do,  
And will you be my bride?"

She said, "Baby, now just slow down  
This is all just a little too soon  
Baby, if ya want to skip a step,  
You can take me right now on a  
honeymoon."

CHORUS:

Got a hot shot  
Gotta unload  
Hot shot  
Gonna explode  
Hot shot  
Gonna be a mess  
Oh, baby, on your party dress

Got a hot shot  
Baby, don't say no  
Hot shot  
Don't wanna do it alone  
Hot shot  
Gonna be real soon  
Oh, baby, on a honeymoon