

Squeeze Box

Mark Wills

I'm slippin' into Slidell, the boys and me
Take a left at the Texaco, gonna see Sweet Marie
She plays down at Jim beaux's Gumbo and Washtub
In calico and bare feet in a band called the Mudbugs

I been workin' up my never and I can hardly
Tonight when she asks for request
I'll stand up and say

I wanna be your squeeze box
Always at your fingertips
I wanna be your blues harp
A little closer to your lips

Let me be your washboard
You can play me fast or slow
Squeeze box, blues harp, washboard
Baby, anything you can hold

Got a bucket full of craw fish, a seat on the front row
Just to sit this close to her, it's like a shot of Tabasco
Makin' trips to the tip jar, to keep it full of dollar bills
Tonight I'm gonna go for broke, show her just how I feel

One way or another, Lord, she's gonna notice me
If I have to jump up on that stage
And get down on my knees
I'll be beggin' her please

Let me be your squeeze box
Always at your fingertips
I wanna be your blues harp
A little closer to your lips

Let me be your washboard
You can play me fast or slow
Squeeze box, blues harp, washboard
Baby, anything you can hold

Squeeze box, blues harp, washboard
Baby, anything you can hold
Yeah