

Floorboard Blues

Cowboy Junkies

Check under his floorboard, mama
I don't trust his silly grin
He's got a beat up rambler, Nebraska plates
I ain't gettin' in
I don't like the way his pinky ring
Picks up the dashboard light
Or his short little piggy fingers
Or the way his belt is cinched too tight
Check under his floorboard, mama
I don't like his suggestive tone
The way his words drip from his mouth
As he asks, "Can I take you home?"
I don't care how many miles I got

I think I'd rather walk them alone
Than to sit in the back seat
As his eyes in the mirror
Reduce me to flesh and bone
Check under his floorboard, mama
'Cause that razor's not just a threat to me
He'll be slicin' tiny crescents from your heart
Without layin' a sweaty palm on your cheek
Don't accuse me of runnin' scared
Listen to what I'm sayin'
It's a fucked up ol' world but this ol' girl
Well, she ain't givin' in

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