

# 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

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