

# Thunderbox

## Humble Pie

Oh, yeah  
Ooh, oh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Oh, yeah  
He's a thunderbox, sure  
You got your hot pants round your shoulders  
Lick your lips and you a fox  
Everybody stopped and told us  
They say you got a thunderbox  
You can see for yourself, I've got a clean bill of health  
I ain't never seen a thunderbox  
Oh, oh, what do you know  
Well, I get to sing--solo  
He's a thunderbox  
Oh yea, he's a thunderbox...  
Well, was your claim to fame  
In the same letter name  
It's your game I'm playing  
While the music is swaying  
Oh, I'm so glad I came in here  
He's a thunderbox  
Oh yea, he's a thunderbox...  
You're not a lot, you know, when you ain't a gypsy  
And a hooker with your wicked knots  
I had to park the car and take a look to see  
'Cause I ain't never seen a thunderbox  
Oh, oh, well, I don't know where you've been  
But I can guess what you've seen  
You know what I mean  
He's a thunderbox  
Oh, yea, he's a thunderbox...  
Oh, oh, I can see what you've got  
Since you sure got a lot  
And, and the band's still playing  
Let the music sway  
Oh, I'm so glad I came in here  
He's a thunderbox  
Oh, yea, he's a thunderbox...  
Some say you from Dallas there

And you're hooked on pork and beans  
But I think it might be you're from Louisiana  
Roundabout New Orleans  
I can see you don't smell like no flower  
But I can say the same for myself  
Tell you girl, I know that you know that I know I've got my reasons  
You know that you're bad yourself  
Don't ask me for no answers  
You could never ever take the shock  
I've got the grief and I'll take my chances  
Rolling with my thunderbox  
Oh, oh, I guess you may s

Songwriters

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