

(Monty Criswell/Michael White)

I'm slippin' into Slidell, the boys and me
Take a left at the Texaco, gonna see Sweet Marie
She plays down at Jimbeaux's Gumbo and Washtub
In calico and barefeet 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 crawfish, 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, 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

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Always at your fingertips
I wanna be your blues harp
A little closer to your lips
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Anything you can hold

Squeeze box, blues harp, washboard, baby
Anything you can hold