

Buck Owens, It Tickles

Buck Jones & Bonnie Owens

Well, when I was a growin' up I was a pip
I grewed me a mustache on my lip
It wasn't very sticky, mostly fuzz I thought
I'd give all the girls a buzz.

I got real sweet on a Nellie Wills
I drove that country girl back in the hills.
I asked her once if I could give her a peck
She said, "If you can beat me to the old hay stack."

Well, I beat her there and I hugged her tight
I turned loose all of my dynamite.
I swear my kiss was a pretty lush
She smiled real big and begin to blush.

"It tickles, it tickles,
I like it but it sure feels funny,"
It's a ticklin' me.

Well, I got me a name in the neighborhood
The girls all liked me, I knew they would
I let it grow for a month or two
Just to see what I could do.

There was a girl named Fanny Smith
Told me she didn't like to kiss
I caught her off guard and I didn't miss
"I didn't know it would feel like this!"

Well, her eyes bugged out and her face turned white
She helped me out with all of her might
I swear it took her breath away
She giggled and I heard her say,

"It tickles it tickles
I like it but it sure feels funny."
It's a ticklin' me.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, now I guess I pert'near run 'em wild
They all went crazy over my style
Said I was the best around
The kissinest man they'd ever found.

The good ol' days are here again
I used to do it and I still can
Said a widder that I know
"I guess you'll never get too old."

Well, I guess I've got that ol' know how
You ought to see me in action now
My kiss has still got that ol' zing
the widder said, "I ain't lost a thing!"

"It tickles, it tickles,
I feel just like I'm numb again."
It's a ticklin' me...