

Cledus T. Judd, If Shania Was Mine (Parody 'Any

(Chris Clark/Cledus T. Judd/Robert Lange/Shania Twain)

If Shania was mine, wouldn't be proud of me,
Couldn't hardly blame her 'cos I'm so durned ugly.
But on our first date, we could have a good time,
If I got her on the moonshine.

If Shania was mine, say it fit just right,
Though the polyester suit was just a little too tight.
And there's no way I'd have a bad hair day,
'Cos I'd buy a new toupee.
Oh. I'd love to seduce her,
But she married her producer.
Now all I do is pray, pray, pray,
She'll get a gay boy some day.

If Shania was mine, I'd prob'ly lose my mind,
If she only squeezed me, teased me, pleased me one little time.
And if she only knew, all the things I'd do.
I'd be the lawn mowing, crop-growing,
'Tato peeling, house cleaning kind.
If Shania was mine.

Well, If Shania was mine, she'd have to agree,
Can't no-one cook brocceel better than me.

And a dozen mountain oysters and some old fatback,
She's says: "Mmmmm. I like it like that!"
Now all I do is wonder,
Whose bed her boots have been under.
I wish it had've been mine, now, whine, whine,
That girl's so doggone fine.

If Shania was mine, I think I'd go slap blind,
Starin' at her yummy little tummy and her booty shakin' round behind.
And if she only knew, all the things I'd do.
I'd be the lawn mowing, crop-growing,
'Tato peeling, house cleaning kind.

If Shania.
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If Shania.

Now was that mud lime, or deep white, yokel?
When she shimmies, and shakes, it's more than I can take.
Oh, what she does to me in them videos,.
Wife's gonna leave me if I don't explain, what I see in Shania Twain.
I'd love to see her in a magazine, centrefold if you know what I mean.
Oh, me a', oh, my a', I was Shania would buy me a house in South Carolina.
Two, four, six, eight, nine, I wish that Shania was mine.