

# Cowboy Junkies, Floorboard Blues

Look under his floorboards, Mama,  
I don't trust his silly grin  
He's got a beat-up Rambler, Nebraska plates,  
And I ain't getting in  
I don't like the way his pinky ring  
Picks up the dashboard light  
Or his short little piggy fingers  
Or the way his belt is cinched too tight

Check under his floorboards, Mama,  
I don't like his suggestive tone  
The way his words drip from his mouth  
As he asks can I take you home?  
I don't care how many miles I got,  
I think I'd rather walk them alone  
Than to sit in the back seat  
As his eyes in the mirror  
Reduce me to flesh and bone

Check under his floorboards, Mama,  
'cause that razor's not just a threat to me  
He'll be slicing tiny crescents from your heart,  
Without laying a sweaty palm to your cheek  
Don't accuse me of running scared,  
Listen to what I'm saying  
It's a fucked up ol' world, but this ol' girl  
Well, she ain't giving in