

Th' Legendary Shack*Shakers, Tickle Yore Innards

Well I ain't no Colonel of the Commonwealth for nothin'
This black string tie ain't hangin' here just for looks
When the Governor got an eye full of my grade A triple X jug(?)
He signed my name, I swear that's all it took

Well if you ain't in the mood, now for lovin'
I got a pocket full of gear(?) here, way down deep inside
Well it ain't no Kentucky dip(?) so slip it quick right across your lips
It ain't a late one, it always comes-a right on time

So let me tickle yore innards with somethin'
That cooks so sweet inside this vile of mine
It'll warm you to your soul
And it ain't too hot
And it ain't too cold
It's just the finest drinkin' tonic I believe you'll ever find

Well some kinds of folks got a tooth for sarsparilla
The kind that ? near keeps you up all night
Well just whet your ??? now here's somethin' that you won't reject
Got a midnight ? that'll chase your jitterbugs right outta sight

So let me tickle yore innards with somethin'
That cooks so sweet inside this vile of mine
It'll warm you to your soul
And it aint' too hot
And it ain't too cold
It's just the finest drinkin' tonic I believe you'll ever find

It'll warm you to your soul
And it ain't too hot
And it ain't too cold
It's just the finest drinkin' tonic I believe you'll ever find

It'll warm you to your soul
And it ain't too hot
And it ain't too brrrrrr!
It's just the finest drinkin' tonic I swear you'll ever find