

## Floorboard Blues

Cowboy Junkies

Check under his floorboard, mama  
I don't trust his silly grin  
He's got a beat up rambler, Nebraska plates  
I ain't gettin' 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 floorboard, 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 floorboard, mama  
'Cause that razor's not just a threat to me  
He'll be slicin' tiny crescents from your heart  
Without layin' a sweaty palm on your cheek

Don't accuse me of runnin' scared  
Listen to what I'm sayin'  
It's a fucked up ol' world but this ol' girl  
Well, she ain't givin' in