

Covette

"Floorboard Blues"

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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

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