

I LOVE TO BE SQUOZE

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In early April 1992, our local newspaper carried a syndicated piece entitled "Best of the Worst Country Song Titles" by Mike Harden. Among the best worst were:

You Make My Heart Want a Dip of Snuff
Your Favorite Worn Out Nightmare's Comin' Home
If She's On The Menu
She Gave Her Heart To Jethro And Her Body To The Whole
Danged World
Ain't No Flies On Jesus
You're The Reason Our Kids Are So Ugly

There were many, many more wonderfully awful titles. That got me to thinking, as rednecks around here would say. Here are some song titles I came up with one night while having a gastric attack accompanied by insomnia:

I Love To Be Squoze By You
It's Past Dark Thirty - Where Can My Baby Be?
Stuck On You - Like A Magnet On The Fridge
Conceit Is Your Middle Name
You Come Home, Baby, Or I'll Snatch Her Baldheaded
You're A Tom Cat, But You're Right Up My Alley
Boot Scootin' Baby Blues
You Cain't Play Poker With Cowchips
You're A Hot Dog, And I'll Never Catch Up With You
You're One For The Money - Too Bad It Shows
She's A Dog, But I Like Her Bow-Wow
His Snake Eyes Ain't The Dots On The Dice
You Ain't No Baker, Baby, But I Like Your Big Buns
You're My Woe-Man In More Ways Than One
Ain't It Loved To Be Wonderful?
You're A Goat Roper Rompin' 'Round My Little Lamb
Drinkin' And Drivin' Me Crazy
He's My Country GQ Feller, So Swave and Deboner
Queensize Thighs, Oh My!
I Wouldn't Kiss You With HER Lips
My Country King Is A Queen

I can't see any reason why a game musician and I couldn't collaborate on words and music and make some big bucks with these song titles of mine. On second thought...they shoot collaborators, don't they?