I LOVE TO BE SQUOZE

MARY CHRISTIE CRAIG
Pineville, Louisiana

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?