

# 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?