

Don't Squeeze My Sharmon

Ernest Tubb

Did you hear what happened last Saturday night
While dancing and drinking, we all got half tight
This sweet thing named Sharmon was dancing with me
When up jumped her boy friend and he hollered at me

Please don't squeeze my Sharmon, don't hold her so tight
You'd best keep my warning, it's my last one tonight
She's soft and she's gentle and as sweet as can be
And if Sharmon needs squeezing then leave that to me

Along about midnight, I was feeling no pain
And me and Miss Sharmon were dancing again
Then Hank and big Harlan got into a fight
And I heard someone holler as out went the light

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