Thunderbox

Humble Pie

Oh, yeah
Ooh, oh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Oh, yeah
He's a thunderbox, sure
You got your hot pants round your shoulders
Lick your lips and you a fox
Everybody stopped and told us
They say you got a thunderbox
You can see for yourself, I've got a clean bill of health
I ain't never seen a thunderbox
Oh, oh, what do you know
Well, I get to sing--solo
He's a thunderbox
Oh yea, he's a thunderbox...
Well, was your claim to fame
In the same letter name
It's your game I'm playing
While the music is swaying
Oh, I'm so glad I came in here
He's a thunderbox
Oh yea, he's a thunderbox...
You're not a lot, you know, when you ain't a gypsy
And a hooker with your wicked knots
I had to park the car and take a look to see
'Cause I ain't never seen a thunderbox
Oh, oh, well, I don't know where you've been
But I can guess what you've seen
You know what I mean
He's a thunderbox
Oh, yea, he's a thunderbox...
Oh, oh, I can see what you've got
Since you sure got a lot
And, and the band's still playing
Let the music sway
Oh, I'm so glad I came in here
He's a thunderbox
Oh, yea, he's a thunderbox...
Some say you from Dallas there
And you're hooked on pork and beans
But I think it might be you're from Louisiana
Roundabout New Orleans
I can see you don't smell like no flower
But I can say the same for myself
Tell you girl, I know that you know that I know I've got my reasons
You know that you're bad yourself
Don't ask me for no answers
You could never ever take the shock
I've got the grief and I'll take my chances
Rolling with my thunderbox
Oh, oh, I guess you may say
It's just a casual affair
But I just got to know you all
He's a thunderbox
Oh, yea, he's a thunderbox...

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