

Rusty Trombone

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Well, I got a trombone with a rusty bell
I got a fine woman who plays it well
When she's blowin', how I yell:
"Blow that rusty trombone!"

She grabs my horn to my delight
Knows just how to blow it right
A virtue also day or night
When she blows that rusty trombone

When I pull out my instrument
And fiddle by her side
Such a sweet accompaniment
She grabs me by my pride

She's a big bottom blower, I'm a fast-paced pucker
When we do it she's just a low-down sucker
Her mouth to the piece, lips to a pucker
She blows that rusty trombone

Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)

Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)

Well, such a thrilling embouchure
Astounding I must say
She fills my heart with rapture
And she blows my ass away

Well I know that the fun has a-just a-begun
She tickles on her teeth with the tip of her tongue
Picking off rust with spit on her thumb
When she blows that rusty trombone

Oh, blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)

Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)
Blow, baby, blow! (Oh baby)