



# **THE WASHBOARD UNION SHOT OF GLORY**

It's finally payday  
Meeting the boys at my place  
All cleaned up, pile in the truck man  
I can barely wait  
Hear the band roar  
From across the dance floor  
Like they know that something good is on the way

It's a Friday night like any other  
You walk in I stare and I stutter  
Every single time you look at me  
I need a fix, a true companion  
Jimmy Beam or old Jack Daniels  
Anything to send me on my way

Drinking up my courage  
Whiskey for my nerves  
You got me drunk on your short summer dress ballroom ballerina  
I'm gonna needa  
'Nother shot of glory  
Ain't no turning back  
You got me high on your tipsy smile and your hips all swingin'  
We start spinnin', spinnin', spinnin'  
Woah oo oh oo oh oo oh oh oh  
Woah oo oh oo oh oo oh oh oh

Well I take the first step  
Praying that I don't trip  
Up on my words just think of something smart to say  
Take a deep breath  
Even though I'm scared to death  
I don't care 'cause I just gotta know your name

**Association Varoise de Danse Country**

I need a fix, a true companion  
Jimmy Beam or old Jack Daniels  
Something strong to stop these shaking knees

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Whiskey for my nerves  
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