

(Ma'am I Wasn't Looking at You I was) **Looking for Beaver**
By Scott Wilcox

I grew up in a little bitty town in the heartland
Try to grow up in Wisconsin and call yourself a bluesman
I was lucky to find some friends that would take me
The kind of group of guys that would never forsake me

My best friend's mamma, she's calls him the Beaver
She says she doesn't know why, but we don't believe her
We always liked him anyway but it was so embarrassin' to say.
Ma'am I wasn't looking for you, I was looking for Beaver.

I took my buddies down to, oh down to Mobile
After 9 months of winter you don't know how good the sun feels
I stick my feet into the hot sand a woman comes by all oily and tan and I say I
wasn't looking at you I was looking for Beaver.

CHORUS

There was Scotty, Biff and Wally Melvin and Beav
The greatest group of guys that you ever did see
When it comes to buddies I'm a believer
cause ma'am I wasn't looking at you I was looking for Beaver.

So It's like ten years later and I call him on the telephone
It keeps on ringin and ringin I'm thinking nobody's home
Finally his wife she gets on the line amd she says
I'm sorry he ain't home at this time and I say
I wasn't looking for you, no I wasn't looking for you
I was looking for Beaver

BRIDGE

BEAVER I usually start looking at the nearest bar yeah,
Looking for Beaver

CHORUS/ BRIDGE