

The Frozen Logger by James Stevens

C G7
As I sat down one evening,
C
'Twas in a small cafe,
F
A forty year old waitress
G7 C
To me these words did say:

C G7
I see that you're a logger,
C
And not a common bum,
F
For no one but a logger
G7 C
Stirs coffee with his thumb.

C G7
I once had a logger lover,
C
There's none like him today.
F
If you poured whisky on it,
G7 C
He'd eat a bail of hay.

C G7
He never shaved a whisker
C
Off of his horny hide;
F
He hammered in the bristles,
G7 C
And bit them off inside.

C G7
My logger came to see me,
C
'Twas on a winter's day;
F
He held me in a fond embrace
G7 C
That broke three vertebrae.

C G7
He kissed me when we parted
C
So hard it broke my jaw;
F
I couldn't speak to tell him
G7 C
He forgot his mackinaw.

C G7
I saw my logger lover
C
Go stridin' through the snow,
F
A-goin' gaily homeward
G7 C
At forty-eight below.

C G7
The weather tried to freeze him,
C
It did its very best;
F
At a hundred degrees below zero,
G7 C
He buttoned up his vest.

C G7
It froze clear down to China,
C
It froze to the stars above;
F
At a thousand degrees below zero,
G7 C
It froze my logger love.

C G7
They tried in vain to thaw him,
C
And if you believe it sir,
F
They made him into axe blades
G7 C
To cut the Douglass Fir.

C G7
And so I lost my logger,
C
And to this cafe I've come,
F
And it's here I wait for someone
G7 C
To stir coffee with his thumb.



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