

Frozen Logger

traditional version by the Weavers

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
As I sat down one evening 'twas in a small cafe,
C C7 F Dm7 G7 G7 C C
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
"I see you are a logger and not just a common bum
C C7 F Dm7 G7 G7 C C
For nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My lover was a logger, there's none like him today,
If you poured whiskey on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide,
He's drive them in with a hammer and bite them off inside.

My lover came to see me, 'twas on a stormy day,
He held me in a fond embrace and broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted, so hard he broke my jaw
That I couldn't speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.

I saw my logger lover go sauntering through the snow,
A-goin' gaily homeward at forty-eight below.

The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best.
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.

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

They tried in vain to thaw him, and if you believe me, sir.
They cut him into to axe blades, to chop the Douglas fir.

And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I've come,
To sit and wait for someone who stirs coffee with his thumb