

The Frozen Logger

The Frozen Logger
(James Stevens)

As I sat down one evening within a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum,
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with is thumb.

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

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

My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;
He held me in his fond embrace which broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;
I could not speak to tell him he'd forgot his mackinaw.

I saw my lover leaving, sauntering through the snow,
Going gaily homeward at forty-eight below.

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

It froze clean through 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 would you believe me, sir
They made him into axeblades, to chop the Douglas fir.

And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come,
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."

Words and music by James Stevens
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