Henry the Accountant

Henry the Accountant
(Paul Kaplan)

John Henry was an accountant
He worked with a pencil in his hand
If you had something that you needed added up
Henry, the accountant, was your man, Lord, Lord
Henry, the accountant, was your man,

When Henry was a little baby
Sitting on his daddy's knee
He picked up a crayon and a little piece of paper
And said two plus one equals three, Lord, Lord
Said, Two plus one equals three

The man who bought the first calculator
He thought he was mighty fine
He walked up to Henry with a sneer on his lip, and said
Your job is gonna be mine, Lord, Lord
Your job is gonna be mine
Henry stood up and drew his weapon
He said, "A man isn't anything but a man
We'll have ourselves a race and I'll put you in your place, or
I'll die with my pencil in my hand, Lord, Lord
I'll die with my pencil in my hand

So each man grabbed a fifty pound ledger
And Henry went to work with all his might
Though his hand was getting cramped and his shirt was getting damp, still
He swore he would not give up the fight Lord, Lord
He swore he would not give up the fight

After three long hours of battle
The man with the machine had moved ahead
He had Henry beat 'till on the final sheet
Suddenly his batteries went dead Lord, Lord
Suddenly his batteries went dead

So Henry beat the calculator
Now his powers could never be denied
But the terrible strain had been too much for his brain, so
So he laid down his glasses and he died Lord, Lord
He laid down his glasses and he died

So they buried Henry in the graveyard
With his trusty pencil and his pad
And when the checks don't clear, they always shed a tear
For the last human being that could add, Lord, Lord
The last human being that could add

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