

**Old slew foot**

High on the mountain, tell me what do you see  
Beartracks beartracks looking back at me  
Better get your rifles before its too late  
The bear's got a little pig and headed for the gate

He's big around the middle and broad across the rump  
Running ninety miles an hour taking thirty feet a jump  
Ain't never been caught he ain't never been treed  
And some folks say he looks a lot like me

Saved up my money and bought me some bees  
Started making honey way up in the trees  
Cut down the trees but the honey's all gone  
Old slew foot has done made himself at home

\* Refrain

Winter's coming on and its forty below  
River's froze over so where can he go  
I'll chase him up the gulley and run him in the well  
Shoot him the bottom just to listen to him yell

\* Refrain