THE FROZEN LOGGER - James Stevens
3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: (4 measures)

As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe

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 his thumb

My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;

If you'd pour whiskey on it he would 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 in-side
p.2. The Frozen Logger

My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;

He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae

He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;

I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw

I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow

Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low

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 a-bove;

At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love

And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come

And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."
Intro: C (4 measures)

C         G7         C
As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe
F         G7         C
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

C         G7         C
"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum
F         G7         C
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb

C         G7         C
My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;
F         G7         C
If you'd pour whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay

C         G7         C
He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide;
F         G7         C
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off in-side

D         A7         D
My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;
G         A7         D
He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae

D         A7         D
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;
G         A7         D
I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw

D         A7         D
I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow
G         A7         D
Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low

D         A7         D
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;
G         A7         D
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest

D         A7         D
It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars a-bove;
G         A7         D
At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love

D         A7         D
And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come
G         A7         D
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."