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

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."