

Can't Stick Em

Bear Hands

Well the fork couldn't stick 'em and the knife couldn't cut him
So they threw him in the dog pen and locked up the shutter
When they took him to the saw mill the saw key broke
Oh he's as strong as an ox and as wide as a moat
But by night it's always the same he's like I wanna go home
And go home

Well he's going out hunting in his fine fur coat
Oh he's whistling a tune that his mother wrote
When you see a grey goose you're a lucky man
That metal in your pocket is grease in the p-p-p-pan
But by night it's always the same it's like I wanna go home
And go home
And go home
And go home

Let's see the fire can fire can go
Let's see the fire can fire can go
Let's see the fire can fire can go
Let's see the fire can fire can go

I've got so bad with loosing the blues
It's holding me back when out in the middle of the moon
The successful part of me has died several times
And still I dance for you