

A Hatchet, A Hammer, A Bucket Of Nails

Perry Como

A hatchet, a hammer, a bucket of nails
An' all the wood I can find
I'll build me a cabin on top of the hill
Got all the plans in my mind . . .

Where the tree tops talk to the wind
Where the eagle flies
I'll bring her to see it the minute I'm through
Won't she light up with surprise!

A hatchet, a hammer, a bucket of nails
An' just my two hands, but with some help from above
The walls will start risin', the roof will go on
The final touch will be love . . .

Where the tree tops talk to the wind
Where the eagle flies
The preacher will bless us as we hurry to
Our happy home in the skies . . .

As soon as we're married,
We're movin' in to
Our happy home in the skies . . .

(A hatchet, a hammer, a bucket of nails . . .)
Our happy home in the skies . . .