Timber

Phish

I'm gonna pull this timber `fore the sun go down
Get it `cross the river `fore the bars come down
Drag it on down that dusty road
Come on Jerry, let's dump this load
I said "Timber, ho!", timber, woah this timber's gotta roll
I said "Timber, ho!", timber, woah this timber's gotta roll
My old Jerry was an Arkansas mule
Been everywhere and he ain't no fool
Weighed nine hundred and twenty-two
Done everything a poor mule can do

Jerry's shoulders stood six foot tall
Pulled more timber than a freight could haul
Workin' heavy old Jerry got sore
Pulled so much he couldn't pull no more

The boss said "Jerry" and it made him jump
Jerry ran and kicked the boss on the rump
My old Jerry was a cool mule
Had it been me I woulda killed that fool
Boss tried to shoot old Jerry in the head
Jerry took that bullet and he stomped him dead
Stomped that boss til he heard him scream
Sure don't care he was so damn mean

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