

Hard Man Fe Dead

The Toasters

You pick him up, you lick him down
Him bounce right back,
What a hard man fe dead! (Hard man fe dead!)
You pick him up, you lick him down
Him bounce right back,
What a hard man fe dead! (Hard man fe dead!)

Them seh, the cat's got a nine life
But this man got ninety-nine life, cause...
Them pick him up, you lick him down,
Him bounce right back,
What a hard man fe dead! (Hard man fe dead!)

Them boil one pot of chocolate tea.
And all the fried fish they caught in the sea
They also got six quart o' rum
Saying that they waiting for the nine night to come

The last time I heard them say
That this man was dead (this man was dead)
They find him black eyes
And them lay it all upon his head (the man was dead)

Now the procession leads to the cemetery
The man all a howl, Don't you bury me,
You pick him up, you lick him down
Him bounce right back,
What a hard man fe dead!

(Hard man fe dead, ... hard man fe dead)

/Instrumental interlude/

Them boil one cup of chocolate tea
And all the fried fish they caught in the sea
They also got six quart o' rum
Saying that they waiting for the nine night to come

The last time I heard them say
That this man was dead (this man was dead)
They find him black eyes
And them lay it all upon his head ('pon his head)

You should see them goin' to the cemetery
The old man holla howl, Won't you bury me?
Them drop the box and run,
What a whole lot o' fun!
What a hard man fe dead! (hard man fe dead)

You pick him up, you lick him down
Him bounce right back,
What a hard man fe dead! (Hard man fe dead!)
You pick him up, you lick him down
Him bounce right back,
I am a hard man fe dead! (Hard man fe dead! ... Hard
man fe dead!)