

My Handy Man

Words & Music:
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INTRO:

Whoever said a good man is hard to find,
Positively, absolutely sure was blind.
I've found the best man there ever was.
Here's just some of the things that my man does:

Why, he shakes my ashes, greases my griddle.
Churns my butter and he strokes my fiddle.
My man is such a handy man.

He threads my needle, creams my wheat.
Heats my heater and he chops my meat.
My man is such a handy man.

BRIDGE:

Now, I don't care if you believe it or not.
He's so good to have around.
And when my furnace gets too hot,
He's right there and turns my damper down.

Why, for everything he's got a scheme.
You oughta see that new stuff he uses on my machine.
That man is such a handy man.

Why, he flaps my flapjacks, cleans off my table.
Feeds my horses out in my stable.
That man is such a handy man.

Sometimes he's up long before the dawn.
Busy trimmin' the rough edges off my front lawn.
Yeah, that man is such a handy man.

BRIDGE:

Why, you know he never has a single word to say.
No, not while he's working hard.
And I wished that you could see the way
He handles my front yard.

Yeah, you know my ice don't get a chance to melt away.
'Cause he sees that I get that fresh piece every day.
My man, my man is such a handy man, and I ain't kiddin'!