

The Frozen Logger

Written by James Stevens

1. **As I sat down one evening, it was in a small café,
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say.**
2. **I see you that you are a logger and not just a common bum,
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.**
3. **My lover he was a logger, there's none like him today,
Well if you'd pour whiskey on it well he'd eat a bale of hay.**
4. **He never used a razor to shave his horny hide,
He'd drive his whiskers in with a hammer, then he'd bite them off inside.**
5. **My lover he came to see me, it was on a freezing day,
He held me in a fond embrace that broke three vertebrae.**
6. **Well he kissed me when we parted so hard that he broke my jaw,
And I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.**
7. **I saw my lover leaving, sauntering through the snow,
Going grimly homeward at forty eight below.**
8. **The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best,
At a hundred degrees below zero he buttoned up his vest.**
9. **It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars above,
And at a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love.**
10. **And so I lost my lover and to this café I come,
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.**