

## **Cledus T. Judd**

# **"Shade Tree Mechanic"**

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Well, his house was nothin' more than a big junkyard  
A retirement home for old lawnmowers and them  
blocked up rusty cars  
He couldn't read or write a word and he stu-stuttered  
when he spoke  
But he was Albert Einstein when it came to them nuts  
and bolts

Everybody called him Greasy but his real name was  
Bert  
At least that's what it said on his blue Sonoko shirt  
He kept a Maytag full of Millers in the shade of a  
cottonwood  
Lord, he loved to pop a top just like he loved to pop a  
hood

He was the world's greatest shade tree mechanic  
He fixed outboards, cars and toasters and worn out  
winter fans  
No job was too big on the planet  
For the world's greatest shade tree mechanic

Old Greasy died one mornin' a-doin' what he loved  
best  
He didn't have him no will but we all knew his last  
request  
So we put his toolbox in the trunk and him behind the  
wheel  
And sent him off to heaven in a Goodyear Bonneville

He was the world's greatest shade tree mechanic  
He fixed outboards, cars and toasters and worn out  
winter fans  
No job was too big on the planet  
For the world's greatest shade tree mechanic

Now, when he wasn't snoozin' in his hammock  
He was the greatest shade tree mechanic

Take it easy, Greasy

