

## **Ethel Waters**

# **"My Handy Man"**

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Whoever said a good man was hard to find,  
Postively, absolutely sure was blind;  
I found the best that ever was,  
Here's just some of the things he does:

He shakes my ashes, greases my griddle,  
Churns my butter, strokes my fiddle;  
My man is such a handy man!

He threads my needle, creams my wheat,  
Heats my heater, chops my meat;  
My man is such a handy man!

Don't care if you believe or not,  
He sure is good to have around;  
Why, when my furnace gets too hot,  
He's right there to turn my damper down!

For everything he's got a scheme;  
You ought to see his new starter that he uses on my  
machine;

My man is such a handy man!

He flaps my flapjacks, cleans off the table, He feeds  
the horses in my stable; My man is such a handy man!

He's God's gift!

Sometimes he's up long before dawn,  
Busy trimming the rough edges off my lawn;  
Ooh, you can't get away from it! He's such a handy  
man!

Never has a single thing to say,  
While he's working hard;  
I wish that you could see the way  
He handles my front yard!

My ice don't get a chance to melt away,  
He sees that I get that old fresh piece every day;  
Lord, that man sure is such a handy man!

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