

## John Hiatt "Wood Chipper"

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Well, I'm from the Midwest  
I know enough to cut a path  
Around a wood chipper

And be careful  
Of any conversation  
A man starts by callin' you skipper

'Cause there ain't no ocean 'round here  
Though a lotta little lakes where you could disappear  
I wonder what the fish are bitin' on today, Jimmy

She told me not  
To follow her down here  
Said he was crazy about her

I guess I didn't know  
What that meant  
Just knew I couldn't do without her

Then I seen 'em through the window sash  
He had a forty four pistol and a bag of cash  
And she was foldin' some kinda pretty note paper into  
her breast pocket

What some people won't do, to break up a happy home  
What some people won't do, to break up a happy home

Well, I got the picture  
A temporary love shack  
In the middle of no place

They were plannin'  
On usin' that cash  
To get away bold-faced

Now how long did they think they could stay  
The troopers and the Marshall's surely on their way  
I ran through the yard and I banged my knee on his  
wood chipper

I was screamin' like a baby

She appeared at the window  
He opened the door

And when I looked up  
He said "Skipper  
What're you doin' here for"

One bullet to the head  
Before I hit the ground I was dead  
I guess I'm tellin' you this before you go fishin' now,  
Jimmy

What some people won't do, break up a happy home  
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Never found my body  
But they killed 'em in a shoot out  
Five miles down the road

They found that note paper  
In her breast pocket  
Thought it was somethin' written in code

But it was part of a letter set  
I'd got her for Christmas ten years ago I'd bet  
She used to just use the paper for her grocery list  
(And it read)

Eggs  
Hamburger meat  
Bread  
Funyuns  
Orange drink  
Toilet paper  
Tidy Bowl  
Pickles  
Little Debbie Snack Cakes

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