

Linda Perhacs "Paper Mountain Man"

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Well you live
In a tiny bungalow
With a Dutch
Wooden door
And a pot
Belly stove

You wear Malboro boots
And buck-skin jackets
Sewn by the love of your
Many ladies' hands

You've been called ahead
You've been called to bed
You've been called be-damned
But we'll shake your hand
You're like a paper mountain
Man

You live ten
Telephone poles
And two trees
Up a dirt road
Outside
The city line

You like delicate ladies
With real fine skin
You'll touch them
But you'll never love
That's the way you've always
Been

You've been called ahead
You've been called to bed
You've been called be-damned
But we'll shake your hand
You're like a paper mountain
Man

Mm, mm
Mm, mm

Heard you're half raccoon
And half horse trader
Taking time to key your life
Biased high

You're wearing
Curly hair
Teasing round your ears
With a heavy-booted walk
Tapping low-funk
Blues

You've been called ahead
You've been called to bed
You've been called be-damned
But we'll shake your hand
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