

Maria Muldaur

"Handy Man"

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Whoever said a good man's hard to find
positively absolutely sure was blind
I found the best that ever was
Here's some other things he does
He shakes my ashes, greases my griddle
Churns my butter, strokes my fiddle
My man is such a handy man, yeah

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

Don't care if you believe or not
He's good to have around
When my furnace gets too hot
He turns my damper down!

For everything he's got a scheme
I love the way he whips my cream
My man is such a handy man, oh yeah

He flaps my flapjacks, cleans off my table
Feeds the horses in my stable
My man is such a handy man
Oh yeah

He never has a thing to say when he's looking hard
Oh I wish you could see the way he handles my front
yard,
sometimes he's up before the dawn
busy workin' on my lawn
My man is such a handy man, yeah yeah

My ice just seems to melt away
I get a fresh piece every day
My man is such a handy man
Oh yeah

