

Angry Johnny And The Killbillies "Chainsaw Charlie"

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Charlie got a chainsaw and a pickle jar of
Formaldehyde
One way or another tonight she will be
Going for a ride
The roses and the poems he wrote,
Somehow they didn't win Samantha's heart
But tonight she will be Charlie's, if he can only get
That old Poulan to start
Been sittin' in the she'd so long, the oil in the case
Has turned to sludge
Been yankin' on the cord all night but he can't get
The goddamn thing to budge
Samantha will be walking by just like she
Does every night at 8
She's leaving on the 10:05 tomorrow
Morning it'll be too late
Maybe it's the spark plug, or the gas he siphoned
From his daddy's truck

But that Poulan won't cooperate, it looks like
Charlie might be out of luck
And here comes his Samantha whistling
And walking down the street
One last pull - the Poulan fires up and true love's
Rolling past his feet
Look at Charlie and Samantha
Another twisted modern fairly tale
Samantha's in a pickle jar somewhere
And Charlie's growing old in jail
True love will make you crazy and
Some of us don't
Handle it too good
Now that Poulan's old and rusty - it'll never cut
Another piece of wood
Yeah that Poulan's old and rusty, and it'll never
Cut another piece of wood.

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