

# My Handy Man

[Victoria Spivey](#)

Whoever said a good man was hard to find  
Positively, 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, such a handy man!

He threads my needle,  
Creams my wheat,  
Heats my heater,  
Chops my meat,  
My man, 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 oughtta 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  
Feeds the horses in my stable  
My man, such a handy man! (He's God's gift!)

Sometimes he's up long before dawn  
Busy trimmin' the rough edges off my lawn  
Oh, you can't get away from him  
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 get that old fresh piece every day  
Oh, that man sure is such a handy man

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Lyrics submitted by Amanda Carbary.

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