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

Lyrics submitted by Amanda Carbary.

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