

Hard Lovin' Loser

Judy Collins

he's the kinda guy
puts on a motorcycle jacket
and he weighs about
a hundred and five

he's the kinda surfer
gotta ho-daddy haircut
and you wonder how
he'll ever survive

he's the kinda frog-man
wearin' twenty pounds of counter-weights
& sinkin' in the sea
like a stone

he's the kinda soldier
got no sense of direction
and they send him in
the jungle alone

but when the frosts
on the pumpkin
& the little girls are jumpin'
he's a hard lovin'
sun of a gun
he's got em waitin downstairs
just to sample his affairs
and they call him
a spoonful of fun

he's the kinda person
goin' ridin' on a skateboard
and his mind's ragin'
out of control

he's the kinda person
goes to drives a Maserati
puts the key inside the
wrong little hole

he's the kinda ski bum
tearin' wild down the mountain
hits a patch where there
ain't any snow

he's the kinda cowboy
got a hot trigger finger
shoots his boot cause he's
drawing kinda slow

but when he comes in for bowlin'
he's an expert at rollin'
sets the pins up and lays em right down
he's got em takin off their heels
and they like the way he feels
and they call him a carnival clown

well he's gotta parachute
and screamin like Jeronimo
and makes a little hole
in the ground

he's the kinda logger
when the man hollers timber
gotta stop and look around
for the sound

he's the kinda artist
rents a groovy little attic
and discovers that he can't
grow a beard

he's a human cannon ball
comin in for a landing
and he wonders where
the net disappeared

but when he takes off his shoes
it won't come as news
that they're linin' up in threes and in twos
he's got em poundin' on the door
got em beggin' for some more
he's got em poundin' on the door
got em beggin' for some more
and they call him what ever they choose

Lyrics submitted by C Kelly Collins.

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