

# Paper Mountain Man

Linda Perhacs

Well you live, in a tiny bungalow  
With a Dutch wooden door, and a pot belly stove  
You wear marlboro boots and buckskin jackets  
Sewn by the love of your many ladies' hands  
You've been called a hero,  
You've been called to bed,  
You've been to be-damned  
But we'll shake your hand  
You're like a paper mountain man  
You live ten telephone poles and two trees up a dirt road  
Outside the city line  
You like delicate ladies with real fine skin  
You'll touch 'em  
But you'll never love, that's the way you've always been  
You've been called a hero,  
You've been called to bed,  
You've been to be-damned  
But we'll shake your hand  
You're like a paper mountain man  
Heard tell you're half a racoon and half horse trader  
Taking time to key your life biased high  
You're wearing curly hair, teasing round your ears  
With a heavy booted walk tapping low funk blues  
You've been called a hero,  
You've been called to bed,  
You've been to be-damned  
But we'll shake your hand  
You're like a paper mountain man

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>