

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

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