

Talkin' Sasquatch Blues

Ten Mile Tide

I was out walkin'™ in the woods one day and here comes Bigfoot puffin a œJœ•.
He was laughin'™ to himself at some kind of joke as he sat along up and offered me a toke.
He was covered in hair and three times the size of a man as for the spliff I could barely lift it with both hands.
Tried my best though.

Well, we just stood there talkin'™ for a while about celebrities, sports, and foreign oil
I ain'™t had many friends he said and he stopped, come back sometime, I'™ll show you my crops.
Well I told him I would and I set out for home and left old Bigfoot standing there alone
with a pair of binoculars around his neck,
people watchin'™.

Well I ran right home all covered in soot and started tellin'™ everybody about me and Bigfoot
I was stoned as hell and wound up like a watch but it turns out most folk ain'™t never even seen a sasquatch
I guess that why they found it hard to believe that me and Bigfoot was smokin'™ trees
Maui Wowi, Swiss Miss, Turtle Power woo!

Well, one day I got to thinkin'™ about that giant puff and decided to look old Bigfoot up
So I got me some paper from the paper store and went back to the place I'™d seen him before and I laid out the
paper in a ten foot strip and started throwin'™ in hand-fulls of California Chronic.
Then I rolled it all up and folded one end to a point and at the end of it all I had a damn fine joint.
Like a hog'™s leg, Bob Marley

So I built me a campfire and I lit up one end when a voice from the darkness said œpuff puff pass my friendœ•.
It was Bigfoot sure enough there in the trees carrying a keg of beer and a whole stack of munchies.
From there it was just as you'™d expect, he'™s a normal feller as you'™ll ever get.
We just spittin'™ and a hollerin'™ and carryin'™ on laughin'™ and a grinnin'™ and singin'™
When out of the darkness I hear and ear shattering yell like a wounded cat or a hyena from hell.
œAwh that'™s the misses calling me homeœ• he said œQuick, can you smell my breath? do my eyes look
Well I lied and said no and I sure hope he made it cuz I tell you what he was lookin pretty faded
faded like an 87'™ Honda Civic, been out in the sun too long.

Well that'™s my story kids and I swear it'™s true and maybe someday you'™ll tell it to your grandkids too

Lyrics submitted by Ian North.

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