

I Can't Ski Babe

Bob Rivers

Since he was young he loved the slopes
Sonny loved careening through the snow
Well I don't ski well, you know that's true
I kissed that tree and now my days are through

Babe
I can't ski babe
I can't ski babe

I'm on a chairlift
Up to the King
They won't find my nose
Until next spring

And somewhere out there
Up on a cloud
I hope you found powder
With no trees around

Though we didn't stay together too long
Hope you're not too mad about this song
No I'm not mad, 'cause I'm divine
Now every hill and mountain's lookin' fine

Babe
Watch that tree babe
Watch that tree babe

You kicked me right out of your band
(I went out with a younger man)
I loved you, and you dumped me
(I told you to watch out for trees)

He can't ski, babe

Watch that tree babe
Watch that tree babe
I can't ski babe
I can't ski babe
Watch that tree babe
Watch that tree babe