

## Can't Stick Em

**Bear Hands**

Well the fork couldn't stick 'em and the knife couldn't cut him  
So they threw him in the dog pen and locked up the shutter  
When they took him to the saw mill the saw key broke  
Oh he's as strong as an ox and as wide as a moat  
But by night it's always the same he's like I wanna go home  
And go home

Well he's going out hunting in his fine fur coat  
Oh he's whistling a tune that his mother wrote  
When you see a grey goose you're a lucky man  
That metal in your pocket is grease in the p-p-p-pan  
But by night it's always the same it's like I wanna go home  
And go home  
And go home  
And go home

Let's see the fire can fire can go  
Let's see the fire can fire can go  
Let's see the fire can fire can go  
Let's see the fire can fire can go

I've got so bad with loosing the blues  
It's holding me back when out in the middle of the moon  
The successful part of me has died several times  
And still I dance for you