

## Albert Flasher

Burton Cummings

I was a workshop owner in the gulch for the people  
And I offered myself to the world  
I was a workshop owner  
I was a workshop owner  
I was a diesel fixer, fixed a diesel, diesel fixed me  
What a weasel  
And baby was a workshop owner  
Baby was a workshop owner  
Baby and me were ripe for the pickin'  
That was the day we ran into Albert Flasher  
It was a cold, snowy, rainy afternoon  
And we were sittin' there in high school, my school  
And Michael was a moonbeam maker  
And Michael was a moonbeam maker  
I was a diesel fixer, fixed a diesel, diesel fixed me  
What a weasel, oh no  
Baby was a workshop owner  
Baby was a workshop owner  
Baby and me were ripe for the pickin'  
That was the day we ran into Albert Flasher  
I was a workshop owner in the gulch for the people  
And I offered myself to the world  
I was a workshop owner  
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