

## Shade Tree Mechanic

Cledus T. Judd

Well his house was nothin' more than a big junkyard  
A retirement home for old lawnmowers and them blocked up rusty cars  
He couldnt read or write a word and he stuttered when he spoke  
But he was Albert Einstein when it came to them nuts and bolts  
Everybody called him Greasy but his real name was Bert  
At least that's what it said on his blue Sonoko shirt  
He kept a Maytag full of Millers in the shade of a cottonwood  
Lord he loved to pop a top just like he loved to pop a hood

CHORUS:

He was the world's greatest shade tree mechanic  
He fixed outboards, cars and toasters and worn out winter fans  
No job was too big on the planet  
for the world's greatest shade tree mechanic

Old Greasy died one mornin adoin' what he loved best  
He didnt have him no will but we all knew his last request  
So we put his toolbox in the trunk and him behind the wheel  
And sent him off to heaven in a Goodyear Boneville

CHORUS

Now when he wasnt snoozin' in his hammock  
He was the greatest shade tree mechanic

Take it easy Greasy