

My Handy Man

Ethel Waters

Whoever said a good man was hard to find,
Postively, absolutely sure was blind;
I found the best that ever was,
Here's just some of the things he does:

He shakes my ashes, greases my griddle,
Churns my butter, strokes my fiddle;
My man is such a handy man!

He threads my needle, creams my wheat,
Heats my heater, chops my meat;
My man is such a handy man!

Don't care if you believe or not,
He sure is good to have around;
Why, when my furnace gets too hot,
He's right there to turn my damper down!

For everything he's got a scheme;
You ought to see his new starter that he uses on my machine;
My man is such a handy man!

He flaps my flapjacks, cleans off the table, He feeds the horse
s in my stable; My man is such a handy man!

He's God's gift!

Sometimes he's up long before dawn,
Busy trimming the rough edges off my lawn;
Oooh, you can't get away from it! He's such a handy man!

Never has a single thing to say,
While he's working hard;
I wish that you could see the way
He handles my front yard!

My ice don't get a chance to melt away,
He sees that I get that old fresh piece every day;
Lord, that man sure is such a handy man!