

Hard Lovin' Loser

Judy Collins

He's the kind of guy
Puts on a motorcycle jacket
And he weighs about
A hundred and five

He's the kind of surfer
Got a ho daddy haircut
And you wonder how
He'll ever survive

He's the kind of frogman
Wearing twenty pounds
Of counter weights and
Sinking in the sea like a stone

He's the kind of soldier
Got no sense of direction
And they send him
In the jungle alone

But when the
Frost's on the pumpkin
And the little girls are jumping
He's a hard loving son of a gun

He's got em waiting downstairs
Just to sample his affairs
And they call him
A spoonful of fun

He's the kind of person
Going riding on a skateboard
And his mind's raging
Out of control

He's the kind of person
Goes to drive a Maserati
Puts his key inside
The wrong little hole

He's the kind of ski bum
Tearing wild down the mountain
Hits a patch where
There ain't any snow

He's the kind of cowboy
Got a hot trigger finger
Shoots his boot cause
He's drawing kind of slow

But when he comes in for bowling
He's an expert at rolling
Sets the pins up
And lays em right down

He's got em taking off their heels
And they like the way he feels

And they call him a carnival clown

Well, he's got a parachute
And screaming like Geronimo
And makes a little hole
In the ground

He's the kind of logger
When the man hollers, timber
Got to stop and look
Around for the sound

He's the kind of artist
Rents a groovy little attic
And discovers that he
Can't grow a beard

He's the human cannonball
Come in for a landing
And he wonders where
The net disappeared

But when he takes off his shoes
It won't come as news
That they're lining up
On threes and in twos

He's got em pounding on the door
Got em begging for some more
He's got em pounding on the door
Got em begging for some more
And they call him
Whatever they choose