

Old Slew Foot

A

High on a mountain top what do I see?

A

D

A

Bear tracks, bear tracks lookin' back at me

A

Better get your rifles, boy, before it's too late

A

D

A

The bear's got a little pig, and he's headed through the gate

E

A

Well, he's big around the middle and he's broad across the rump

E

A

He's going ninety miles an hour, takin' thirty feet a jump

A

He ain't never been caught, he ain't never been treed

A

D

A

Some folks say he's a lot like me

I saved up my money and bought me some bees

And they started making honey way up in the trees

Cut down my tree and my honey's all gone

Ol' Slewfoots done made himself at home

Chorus

Winter's coming on and it's twenty below

And the rivers froze over, so where can he go?

We'll chase him up the gully and run him in a well,

And shoot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell

Chorus