

My Handy Man

Ethel Waters

Whoever said a good man was hard to find
Positively, 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 horses 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