

Angry Johnny And The Killbillies, Chainsaw Charlie

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Miscellaneous

Chainsaw Charlie

Charlie got a chainsaw and a pickle jar of formaldehyde

One way or another tonight she will be going for a ride

The roses and the poems he wrote, somehow they didn't win Samantha's heart

But tonight she will be Charlie's, if he can only get that old Poulan to start

Been sittin' in the shed so long, the oil in the case has turned to sludge

Been yankin' on the cord all night but he can't get the goddamn thing to budge

Samantha will be walking by just like she does every night at 8

She's leaving on the 10:05 tomorrow morning it'll be too late

Maybe it's the spark plug, or the gas he siphoned from his daddy's truck

But that Poulan won't cooperate, it looks like Charlie might be out of luck

And here comes his Samantha whistling and walking down the street

One last pull - the Poulan fires up and true love's rolling past his feet

Look at Charlie and Samantha another twisted modern fairy tale

Samantha's in a pickle jar somewhere and Charlie's growing old in jail

True love will make you crazy and some of us don't

handle it too good

now that Poulan's old and rusty - it'll never cut another piece of wood

yeah that Poulan's old and rusty, and it'll never cut another piece of wood.