

Cledus T. Judd, Shade Tree Mechanic

Well his house was nothin' more than a big junkyard
A retirement home for old lawnmowers and them blocked up rusty cars
He couldnt read or write a word and he stu-stuttered when he spoke
But he was Albert Einstein when it came to them nuts and bolts
Everybody called him Greasy but his real name was Bert
At least that's what it said on his blue Sonoko shirt
He kept a Maytag full of Millers in the shade of a cottonwood
Lord he loved to pop a top just like he loved to pop a hood

CHORUS:

He was the world's greatest shade tree mechanic
He fixed outboards, cars and toasters and worn out winter fans
No job was too big on the planet
for the world's greatest shade tree mechanic

Old Greasy died one mornin adoin' what he loved best
He didnt have him no will but we all knew his last request
So we put his toolbox in the trunk and him behind the wheel
And sent him off to heaven in a Goodyear Boneville

CHORUS

Now when he wasnt snoozin' in his hammock
He was the greatest shade tree mechanic

Take it easy Greasy