

Phish, Timber Ho!

I'm gonna pull this timber 'fore the sun go down

Get it 'cross the river 'fore the bars come down

Drag it on down that dusty road

Come on Jerry, let's dump this load

I said "Timber, ho!", timber, woah this timber's gotta roll

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My old Jerry was an Arkansas mule

Been everywhere and he ain't no fool

Weighed nine hundred and twenty-two

Done everything a poor mule can do

(chorus)

Jerry's shoulders stood six foot tall

Pulled more timber than a freight could haul

Workin' heavy old Jerry got sore

Pulled so much he couldn't pull no more

(chorus)

The boss said "Jerry" and it made him jump

Jerry ran and kicked the boss on the rump

My old Jerry was a cool mule

Had it been me I woulda killed that fool

Boss tried to shoot old Jerry in the head

Jerry took that bullet and he stomped him dead

Stomped that boss til he heard him scream

Sure don't care he was so damn mean

(chorus 2x)