

Old Slew Foot



High on a mountain, tell me what you see,
Bear tracks bear tracks, lookin' back at me.
Better get your rifles, before it's too late,
The bear's got a little pig and headed for the gate.

He's big around the middle, and broad across the rump
Doin' ninety miles an hour, takin' thirty feet a jump.
Ain't never been caught, He ain't never been treed,
And some folks say he looks a lot like me.

Saved up my money and bought me some bees,
Started makin' honey way up in the trees.
Cut down the trees but the honey's all gone,
Old slew foot has done made himself at home.

Winter's comin' on and hits forty below,
River's froze over, so where can he go?
I'll chase him up the gulley, and run him in the well,
Shoot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.