

Paul Bunyan

By Shel Silverstein

**He rode through the woods on a big blue ox,
He had fists as hard as choppin' blocks,
Five hundred pounds and nine feet tall . . . that's Paul.**

**Talk about workin', when he swung his axe
You could hear it ring for a mile and half.
Then he'd yell "Timber!" and down she'd fall . . . for Paul.**

**Talk about drinkin', that man's so mean
That he'd never drink nothin' but kerosene,
And a five-gallon can is a little bit small . . . for Paul.**

**Talk about tough, well he once had a fight
With a thunderstorm on a cold dark night.
I ain't sayin' who won,
But it don't storm at all . . . 'round here . . . thanks to Paul.**

**He was ninety years old when he said with a sigh,
"I think I'm gonna lay right down and die
'Cause sunshine and sorrow, I've seen it all" . . . says Paul.**

So he died . . . and we cried.

**It took eighteen men just to bust the ground,
It took twenty-four more just to lower him down.
And we covered him up and we figured that was all . . . for Paul.**

**But late one night the trees started shakin',
The dogs started howlin' and the earth started quakin',
And out of the ground with a "Hi, ya'll" . . . come Paul!**

**He shook the dirt from off of his clothes,
He scratched his butt and he wiped his nose.
"Y'know, bein' dead wasn't no fun at all" . . . says Paul.**

**So he jumps on his ox with a fare-thee-well,
He says, "I'll find out if they's trees in hell."**

And he rode away, and that was all . . . we ever seen . . . of Paul.

**But the next time you hear a "Timber!" yell
That sound like it's comin' from the pits of hell,
Then a weird and devilish ghostly wail
Like somebody choppin' on the devil's tail,
Then a shout, a call, a crash, a fall--
That ain't no mortal man at all . . . that's Paul!**

<http://www.qu-i-x.com/bunyan.html>