1. As I sat down one evening, it was in a small café,
   A forty year old waitress to me these words did say.

2. I see you that you are a logger and not just a common bum,
   'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

3. My lover he was a logger, there's none like him today,
   Well if you'd pour whiskey on it well he'd eat a bale of hay.

4. He never used a razor to shave his horny hide,
   He'd drive his whiskers in with a hammer, then he'd bite them off inside.

5. My lover he came to see me, it was on a freezing day,
   He held me in a fond embrace that broke three vertebrae.

6. Well he kissed me when we parted so hard that he broke my jaw,
   And I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.

7. I saw my lover leaving, sauntering through the snow,
   Going grimly homeward at forty eight below.

8. The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best,
   At a hundred degrees below zero he buttoned up his vest.

9. It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars above,
   And at a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love.

10. And so I lost my lover and to this café I come,
    And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.