

Sasquatch

(G)

I was way out in Nevada...near that (C)area 51
(D) Crawling through the briars and thorns (C) 'neath a blazing (G) sun
That's when I first saw him...just as (C) plain as he could be
He was (D) sitting in a flying machine...(C) grinning down at (G) me
I quickly grabbed my camera...so (C) I could get a shot
A (D) sonic boom and a cloud of dust...was the (C) only thing I (G) got

Sas (C) quatch...**Sasquatch**...Sas (G) quatch...**Sasquatch**

They (A) keep on trying to catch the old boy

A Cappella *He sure gets around a lot!!!*

He (G) stinks to the high heavens...**Buzzards** (C) **circle in the sky**

All a (D) gree he's so ugly...**You can't** (C) **look him in the** (G) **eye**

They saw out in Oregon...and up in Northern Maine

Down in the hills of Arkansas...he out-ran an old freight train

They keep on trying to catch him...can't blame them if they try

But if they ever bring him in...widow Jones thinks she might die

This could be her late husband...or his ghost from the past

Cause he never shaved and ran away...and he never took a bath

(CHORUS)

Should you chance to meet him-...don't even blink an eye

Just take a look above the trees...at what's up in the sky

There you'll see the answer...how he always gets away

His flying machine is standing by...what more need I say

But don't ever quit your trying...you might catch the old boy yet

When he decides to take you along-**(STOP)** ...*So he can have a pet!!!*

(CHORUS)

RAY PAGE Jr.

