

Albert Flasher

Burton Cummings

I was a workshop owner in the gulch for the people
And I offered myself to the world
I was a workshop owner
I was a workshop owner
I was a diesel fixer, fixed a diesel, diesel fixed me
What a weasel
And baby was a workshop owner
Baby was a workshop owner
Baby and me were ripe for the pickin'
That was the day we ran into Albert Flasher
It was a cold, snowy, rainy afternoon
And we were sittin' there in high school, my school
And Michael was a moonbeam maker
And Michael was a moonbeam maker
I was a diesel fixer, fixed a diesel, diesel fixed me
What a weasel, oh no
Baby was a workshop owner
Baby was a workshop owner
Baby and me were ripe for the pickin'
That was the day we ran into Albert Flasher
I was a workshop owner in the gulch for the people
And I offered myself to the world
I was a workshop owner
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