Promise Land

Rita Hosking

Lines flying, steam-gins and saws, been near three years I been out here buckin' logs
Tall giants, stands of sugar pine, build you a fine house, say that you'll be mine

But this logging camp's got its downsides
Maybe I should quit and just roam
But since eating's got the best of me,
Am I always gonna be alone?

High climber, clambers up a tree, my pa was the best climber that you'll ever see
Old-timer says "What you waiting for? Good workin son, but now you're gonna do some more"

And the news 'bout you finally found me
And I'm thinking with my back
And this misery whip's running to and fro,
You said that I was gonna be your man
In the promise land.

Flume rider, flying down the hill, may get his kicks but soon he's gonna get his fill
Soul miner, roosting on a post, one hundred men here I'm gonna miss him the most

And we're falling trees by the thousands,
And I know this can't go on
Honey you and me and that whole damn town,
Someday I know we'll all be gone
From the promise land.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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