

# Sawmill

**John Lee Hooker & Miles Davis**

Well, once I was a slave at the sawmill  
Talk about a poor boy, talk about a poor boy  
Never saw a dollar bill Well, my work was so hard at the sawmill  
Think about a poor boy, think about a poor boy  
When you go to write your will Well, seen my teardrops falling down  
My wife left this sawmill town  
She said, sawmill life had many sins  
'Cause the gravy was too thin I can't work no more at the sawmill  
Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy  
Let me have a dollar bill If you bring your wife to the sawmill  
Well, how you gonna please her, how you gonna please her  
When she wants a dollar bill They're not satisfied at the sawmill  
Women like a dollar, women like a dollar  
Yes, and women always will Seen my teardrops falling down  
My wife left this sawmill town  
She said the sawmill life had many sins, Lord  
'Cause the gravy was too thin I can't work no more at the sawmill  
Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy  
Let me have a dollar bill  
Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy  
Let me have a dollar bill

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