

Sawing On the Strings

[Alison Krauss](#)

Way back in the mountains
Way back in the hills
There used to live a mountaineer
They called him fiddlin' Will He could play 'most anything
And some say he could sing
But the one thing that he liked to do best
Was sawing on the strings So get out the fiddle
And rosin' up the bow
Look at ol' Will a pattin' his toe
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
Ol' man pickin' and sawin' on the strings When the neighbors had a shindig
And they all had viddles to eat
We'd always have to wait on Will
For the frolic to be complete When he comes down from the mountain
All the gals begin to sway
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' 5 string
Until the break of day So tune up the 5 string
Tighten up the hide
Tell all the young folks to get inside
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
Ol' man pickin' and sawin' on the strings So tune up the 5 string
Tighten up the hide
Tell all the young folks to get inside
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
Ol' man pickin' and sawin' on the strings

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