

# Bring It Round

## Boiled In Lead

The foreman keeps me working here for half a buck a day  
If I didn't need the exercise I'd up and walk away.  
I'd write home and tell 'em about this life of mine  
But I'm too busy counting days and trying to walk the line.

Bring it round, bring it round,  
One more time so I can see your face  
Sitting in my favorite place  
Make a home where I can stay  
Find somewhere that I can lay me down  
Bring it round.

The sun goes down another day comes back up again  
Hasn't got a dollar, hasn't got a friend.  
Old Hannah talks to me, leaves me feeling fine  
Lying on the roadway and lighting up the line.

(chorus)

Hear the hammers pounding, hear the foreman yell  
"You don't load up sixteen tons, I'll make your hours hell."  
But the days flow by like water, now the water's turned to wine  
You could charge a dollar for a drink all along the line.

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