

Breakfast In Hell

Slaid Cleaves

In the melting snows of Ontario
Where the wind'll make you shiver
It was the month of May up in Georgian Bay
Near the mouth of the Musquash River Where the bears prowl and the coyotes howl
And you can hear the osprey scream
Back in '99 we were cutting pine
And sending it down the stream Young Sandy Gray came to Go Home Bay
All the way from P.E.I.
Where the weather's rough and it makes you tough
No man's afraid to die Sandy came a smilin', Thirty Thousand Islands
Was the place to claim his glory
Now Sandy's gone but his name lives on
This is Sandy's story Young Sandy Gray lives on today
In the echoes of a mighty yell
Listen close and you'll hear a ghost
In this story that I tell, boys
This story that I tell Now Sandy Gray was boss of the men who'd toss
The trees onto the shore
They'd come and go till they'd built a floe
100,000 logs or more And he'd ride 'em down toward Severn Sound
To cut 'em up in the mills for timber
And the ships would haul spring summer and fall
Till the ice came in December One Sabbath Day big Sandy Gray
Came into camp with a Peavey on his shoulder
With a thunder crack he dropped his axe
And the room got a little bit colder Said, "Come on all you, we got work to do
We gotta give 'er all we can give 'er
There's a jam of logs at the little jog
Near the mouth of the Musquash River" With no time to pray on the Lord's day
They were hoping for God's forgiveness
But the jam was high in a troubled sky
And they set out about their business They poked with poles and ran with the rolls
And tried to stay on their feet
Every trick they tried, one man cried
This logjam's got us beat! "But Sandy Gray was not afraid
And he let out a mighty yell
"I'll be damned, we'll break this jam
Or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell!" Now every one of the men did the work of ten

And Sandy scrambled up to the top
He is working like a dog heaving 30 foot logs
And it looked like he'd never stop They struggled on, these men so strong
Till the jam began to sway
Then they dove for cover to the banks of the river
All except for Sandy Gray Now with thoughts of death they held their breath
As they saw their friend go down
They all knew in a second or two
He'd be crushed or frozen or drowned They saw him fall and they heard him call
Just once and then it was over
Young Sandy Gray gave his life that day
Near the mouth of the Musquash River But Sandy Gray was not afraid
And he let out a mighty yell
"I'll be damned, we'll break this jam
Or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell!" East of Giant's Tomb there's plenty of room
There's no fences and no walls
And if you listen close you'll hear a ghost
Down by Sandy Gray Falls Through the tops of the trees you'll hear in the breeze
The echoes of a mighty yell
"I'll be damned, we'll break this jam
Or it's breakfast in hell" And Sandy Gray lives on today
And he let out a mighty yell
"I'll be damned, we'll break this jam
Or it's breakfast in hell, boys
Breakfast in hell!"

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