Sawmill

Meatworks

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