

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>