

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' WillHe could play 'most anything
And some say he could sing
But the one thing that he liked to do best
Was sawing on the stringsSo 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 stringsWhen 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 completeWhen he comes down from the mountain
All the gals begin to sway
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' 5 string
Until the break of daySo 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 stringsSo 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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