Crosscut Saw

Van Wagner

Well the war it was over and Mr. Lincoln had won
I drew my Navy wages and returned to my home
Sullivan County, where my grandfather came
Soil rocky, and skies always rain

I remember Grandpa's stories of when he was a kid
Bison in the lowlands and elk on the ridge
Well now they're all gone and a new hunt has begun
To find the tired dotten (?) and make the sawmills hum

(CHORUS)
All I need is my crosscut saw
My double bit axe and 80 trees to fall
The spring is comin', I can smell it all around
And my soul's being tempted by that high water sound

Up on the Loyalsock, well it'straight and it's tall
There's pine up there like you ain't never saw
Only brave loggers bear the winter's cold
Snow falls heavy on the Appalachian fold

Oh up in the morning at 5 a.m.
Throw down some biscuits, some coffee and ham
A 12 hour shift on the teamster crew
Skiddin' logs to the river, through the ice and snow

CHORUS

We lash our logs together with hickory and oak
No rope, no iron, just pins and bows
A sweep at the front and back and shack for the crew
20,000 board feet ready to tie loose

When the ice finally breaks and the water's good and high
We'll head down the Loyalsock, our crew of 5
One day on the raft, down to Montoursville
We hit the Susquehanna, where the water's smooth and still

CHORUS

Once we get to Marietta, we sell off our logs
100 dollars split by five river hogs
We head back North, walking all the way
One hand on your knife and the other on your pay

Well if it's a good season, we'll have two or three more runs
Then this year's over, and the summer begun
I'll watch as the rust, it builds on my tools
And long for the day I'm back with my logging crew

CHORUS

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