

# (The) Timber Man

Johnny Cash

Many, many years ago  
When this land was young  
A lot of our country was covered  
By big tall beautiful trees

And men had to have the trees  
To make wood, to build houses  
Make furniture with, to make boats  
Even to make paper with

So as more and more people came  
More wood was needed  
So more and more trees  
Were cut down

And the man that lived in the forest  
And cut down the trees  
Was called the Timber man

Well, my world is green and dark and dumb  
My home is in the loggin' camp  
All week I cut down the mighty trees  
Saturday I get to do as I please

I give the man more than his hire  
And he'll never know it if I tire  
Show me the toughest tree around  
The Timber man will bring it down

Swing it hard, cut it clean  
No halfway or in-between  
Move when the axe is in my hand  
Make way for the Timber man

Yeah, he was a mighty big tough man usually  
That Timber man that lived in that forest  
And cut down those big trees

Well, they say there's sawdust in my brain  
And don't get caught out in the rain  
I got stump water in my blood  
The sweat from my brow turns the ground to mud

When the men don't know how to fell a tree  
The one they'll come and ask is me  
I'll mark my spot and I'll take my stand  
The tree's gonna fall for the Timber man

Swing it hard, cut it clean  
No halfway or in-between  
Move when the axe is in my hand  
Make way for the Timber man

And when they're cuttin' on a tree  
And it's just about ready to fall  
The man yells out timber, timber  
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