

Burnt the Sawmill Down

Aaron Lewis

Dirt road, Georgia, childhood days
A sawmill way of life
Where I grew up to love a rich girl
Who could never be my wife

And the roses near their mansion
On a cool, Southern ground
She cut a memory into mine
But I had to leave that town

Dirt poor, backwoods, I was was raised
Now the lawman's comin' round
Mama said I raised a good boy
But he burnt the sawmill down

It's been years since I left Georgia
And I left there on the run
They say her daddy's still in a rage
Over what I done

But he shot at me for lovin' her
Thought he run me outta town
But I hid until the mornin' light
Then I burned his sawmill down

I still love that long-haired girl
There's a price tag on my head

Her daddy owns the county law
And if I go back there, I'm dead

So I just dream of Southern roses
And miss the love we found
Lord, I wish I'd never been born poor
Or burnt the sawmill down

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