

Sawing On The Strings

Alison Krauss

Way back in the mountains
Way back in the hills
There used to live a mountianeer
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
All that pickin' and a sawing on the string

When the neighbors had a shindig
And they all had viddles to eat
We'd always have to wait on Will
To make the frolic complete

When he comes down from the mountain
All the gals began to sway
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' 5 string
Until the break of day

So tune up the 5 string
Tighten up the hyde
Tell all the hill folks to get inside
All them pickin' and a sawing on the string

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