

Lumberjack

Brook Benton

For my woman
I was a lumberjack
For my woman
I broke my back

I never knew she had her fun
While I worked in the blistering sun
Making great big old trees
Into little bitty ones

Rain or shine, sleet or snow
I couldn't say no
Feeling good, feeling bad
I had to go

Ain't funny what a kiss
And a great big smile can do
When a woman ain't worth
The heel off a good man's shoe

Then came the day
She ran away with her man
While I worked, she stole my pick
This was a fine

I gave my heart and my soul
She left me here to hold
A grieving hand and an aching back
I'm a broken hearted man
Just a weary lumberjack