

Sawmill

Buck Owens

Once I was a slave at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy
Talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill.

My work was so hard at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy
Talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill.

See my teardrops falling down
My wife left the saw mill town
She said saw mill life had been a sin
The gravy were too thin.

I can't work no more at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy
Talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill.

Well, if you bring your wife to the saw mill
How you gonna please her
How you gonna please her
When she wants a dollar bill.

She'll run away and leave you at the saw mill
Women like a dollar
Women like a dollar
Yes, and women always will.

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