Yonder from the city is a land of verdant green Some say it's a treasure, but it turns the mothers mean

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

Felling and refining, it requires an able team Flywheels blades a'whinning While the whistle blows its steam

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

As the sweat pours off my brow line And the dust does make me choke See the trees all turn to pasture And the logs all turn to smoke

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

The sawmill made it so