In the middle of nowhere Where the wild spruces grow Stands a man with his chainsaw Gloomy thoughts in his mind Until my foot has gone to sleep I must have sawn A million blocks of wood, no payment before What a hell did I do wrong to deserve this trade Feels like I'm a marionette, an errand boy, a slave But I never give up I will never give up Gnawing bones, muscle cramps, backache Coldness, warmth, heavy rains, mosquitos And this goddamn saw that will never work But with a madman's eyes I carry on, nothing they can do A man with mystery A man without history A man with his story A man with mystery A man with mystery A man without history A man with his story A man with mystery