Sawmill

Mel Tillis

Well, once I was a slave at the sawmill Talk about a poor boy, talk about a poor boy Never saw a dollar bill

Well, my work was so hard at the sawmill Think about a poor boy, think about a poor boy When you go to write your will

Well, seen my teardrops falling down My wife left this sawmill town She said, sawmill life had many sins 'Cause the gravy was too thin

I can't work no more at the sawmill Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy Let me have a dollar bill

If you bring your wife to the sawmill Well, how you gonna please her, how you gonna please her When she wants a dollar bill

They're not satisfied at the sawmill Women like a dollar, women like a dollar Yes, and women always will

Seen my teardrops falling down My wife left this sawmill town She said the sawmill life had many sins, Lord 'Cause the gravy was too thin

I can't work no more at the sawmill Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy Let me have a dollar bill Mercy on a poor boy, mercy on a poor boy Let me have a dollar bill