

## Sawing On The Strings

Alison Krauss

Way back in the mountains  
Way back in the hills  
There used to live a mountianeer  
They called him fiddlin' Will

He could play most anything  
And some say he could sing  
But the one thing that he liked to do best  
Was sawing on the strings

So get out the fiddle and rosin' up the bow  
Look at ol' Will a pattin' his toe  
We'll make music til the rafters ring  
All that pickin' and a sawing on the string

When the neighbors had a shindig  
And they all had viddles to eat  
We'd always have to wait on Will  
To make the frolic complete

When he comes down from the mountain  
All the gals began to sway  
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' 5 string  
Until the break of day

So tune up the 5 string  
Tighten up the hyde  
Tell all the hill folks to get inside  
All them pickin' and a sawing on the string

So tune up the 5 string  
Tighten up the hyde  
Tell all the hill folks to get inside  
All them pickin' and a sawing on the string