

Roll the Woodpile Down

Bellowhead

Way down south where the whale-fish blow
Way down in Florida
The girls all dance to the roll-and-go
And we'll roll the woodpile down

When I was a young man in my prime
Way down in Florida
I was courting pretty girls two at a time
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rolling! Rolling!
Rolling the whole world 'round
That fine girl of mine's on the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down

But now I'm old and getting grey
Way down in Florida
I can only manage one a day
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rolling! Rolling!
Rolling the whole world 'round
That fine girl of mine's on the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down

We'll haul 'em high and we'll haul 'em low
We'll bust their blocks and away we'll go
Oh "rouse 'em, buster!" is the cry
A poor man's wage is never high

Rolling! Rolling!
Rolling the whole world 'round
That fine girl of mine's on the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down

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