

# Lumberjack

Brook Benton

For my woman  
I was a lumberjack  
For my woman  
I broke my back

I never knew she had her fun  
While I worked in the blistering sun  
Making great big old trees  
Into little bitty ones

Rain or shine, sleet or snow  
I couldn't say no  
Feeling good, feeling bad  
I had to go

Ain't funny what a kiss  
And a great big smile can do  
When a woman ain't worth  
The heel off a good man's shoe

Then came the day  
She ran away with her man  
While I worked, she stole my pick  
This was a fine

I gave my heart and my soul  
She left me here to hold  
A grieving hand and an aching back  
I'm a broken hearted man  
Just a weary lumberjack