

Saw Mill

Faron Young

Well once I was a slave at the sawmill
Talk about a poor boy talk about a poor boy never saw a dollar
bill
My work was so hard at the sawmill
Think about a poor boy think about a poor boy let me have a dol
lar bill

Well see my teardrops falling down my wife left the sawmill tow
n
She said sawmill life had been a sin the gravy was too thin
And I'd work no more at the sawmill
Mercy of a poor boy mercy a poor boy let me have a dollar bill

And if you bring your wife to the sawmill
How you gonna please her how you gonna please her
When she wants a dollar bill
They're not satisfied at the sawmill
Cause women like a dollar women like a dollar yes and women alw
ays will

Oh see my teardrops falling down...
Mercy of a poor boy mercy a poor boy let me have a dollar bill