

(The) Timber Man

Johnny Cash

Many, many years ago
When this land was young
A lot of our country was covered
By big tall beautiful trees

And men had to have the trees
To make wood, to build houses
Make furniture with, to make boats
Even to make paper with

So as more and more people came
More wood was needed
So more and more trees
Were cut down

And the man that lived in the forest
And cut down the trees
Was called the Timber man

Well, my world is green and dark and dumb
My home is in the loggin' camp
All week I cut down the mighty trees
Saturday I get to do as I please

I give the man more than his hire
And he'll never know it if I tire
Show me the toughest tree around
The Timber man will bring it down

Swing it hard, cut it clean
No halfway or in-between
Move when the axe is in my hand
Make way for the Timber man

Yeah, he was a mighty big tough man usually
That Timber man that lived in that forest
And cut down those big trees

Well, they say there's sawdust in my brain
And don't get caught out in the rain
I got stump water in my blood
The sweat from my brow turns the ground to mud

When the men don't know how to fell a tree
The one they'll come and ask is me
I'll mark my spot and I'll take my stand
The tree's gonna fall for the Timber man

Swing it hard, cut it clean
No halfway or in-between
Move when the axe is in my hand
Make way for the Timber man

And when they're cuttin' on a tree
And it's just about ready to fall
The man yells out timber, timber
Tištěno z www.txp.cz