The chisels are calling
It's time to make sawdust
Steely reminders of things left to do
Monteleone
A mandolin's waiting for you

My fingerplane's working

Gentle persuasion

I bend to the wood and I coax it to sing

Monteleone
Your new one and only will ring
Monteleone
Your new one and only will ring

The rain on the window
The snow on the gravel
The seasons go by to the songs in the wood

Too quick or too careless
It all could unravel
It so easily could

The chisels are calling
It's back for an encore
Back to the shavings that cover the floor

Monteleone
A call for more
Monteleone
A call for more