

One More Dollar

The Wailin' Jennys

A long time ago, I left my home,
For a job in the fruit trees.
But I miss those hills and the windy pines:
Their song seemed to suit me.

So I sent my wages to my home.
Said we'd soon be together.
For the next good crop would pay my way,
And I'd come home forever.

One more dime to show for my day,
One more dollar and I'm on my way.
When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam.
One more dollar, and I'm going home.

"No work" said the boss at the bunkhouse door.
"There's a freeze on the branches."
So when the dice came out at the bar downtown,
I rolled and took my chances.

One more dime to show for my day,
One more dollar and I'm on my way.
When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam.
One more dollar, and I'm going home.

A long time ago, I left my home,
Just a girl passing twenty.
Could you spare a coin or a christian prayer?
For my luck has turned against me.

One more dime to show for my day,
One more dollar and I'm on my way.
When I reach those hills, boys, I'll never roam.
One more dollar, and I'm going home.