

Faron Young "Saw Mill"

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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 dollar bill

Well see my teardrops falling down my wife left the
sawmill town
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 always will

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

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