

Boiled In Lead "Bring It Round"

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The foreman keeps me working here for half a buck a day

If I didn't need the exercise I'd up and walk away.

I'd write home and tell 'em about this life of mine

But I'm too busy counting days and trying to walk the line.

Bring it round, bring it round,

One more time so I can see your face

Sitting in my favorite place

Make a home where I can stay

Find somewhere that I can lay me down

Bring it round.

The sun goes down another day comes back up again

Hasn't got a dollar, hasn't got a friend.

Old Hannah talks to me, leaves me feeling fine

Lying on the roadway and lighting up the line.

(chorus)

Hear the hammers pounding, hear the foreman yell

"You don't load up sixteen tons, I'll make your hours hell."

But the days flow by like water, now the water's turned to wine

You could charge a dollar for a drink all along the line.

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