

Grateful Dead

"Saw Mill"

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Once I was a slave at the sawmill
Talk about a poor boy, talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill
My work was so hard at the sawmill
Talk about a poor boy, talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill
See my teardrops falling down my wife left this sawmill
town
She said sawmill's life had been a sin
The gravy were much too thin
I can't work no more at the sawmill
Talk about a poor boy, talk about a poor boy
Let me have a dollar bill
If you take your wife to the sawmill
How you gonna please her, how you gonna please her
When she wants a dollar bill
She'll run away and leave you at the sawmill
Women like a dollar, women like a dollar. Yes and
women always will.
See my teardrops falling down my wife left this sawmill
town
She said sawmill's life had been a sin
The gravy were much too thin. I can't work no more at
the sawmill
Yes and women like a dollar, yes and women like a
dollar
Yes and women always will

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