

## Grateful Dead

### "Sawmill"

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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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