

Buck Owens

"Saw Mill"

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Once I was a slave at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy talk about a poor boy let me have
a dollar bill
My work was so hard at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy talk about a poor boy let me have
a dollar bill
See my teardrops falling down my wife left the saw mill
town
She said saw mill life had been a sin the gravy were too
thin
I can't work no more at the saw mill
Talk about a poor boy talk about a poor boy let me have
a dollar bill
[steel]
Well if you bring your wife to the saw mill
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 saw mill
Women like a dollar women like a dollar yes and
women always will
See my teardrops falling down...
Women like a dollar women like a dollar yes and
women always will

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