

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Son of a sawmill man

I'm the son of a sawmill man
Son of a sawmill man
I've cut big timber all over this land
I'm the son of a sawmill man

My papa was a sawmill man I've heard some people say
He was just as tall as the timber he worked until his dying day
He was hard as the oak but his heart was as soft as the pines in Georgia land
And I'm just a chip from the same old block I'm the son of a sawmill man

* Refrain

I was born among the mighty redwood trees where you'd think they reach the sky
Papa worked hard and his pay was small but we always did get by
The first thing I remember I had a saw in my right hand
So I'm just a chip from the same old block I'm the son of a sawmill man

* Refrain