

Sawmill

Greg Graffin

Yonder from the city is a land of verdant green
Some say it's a treasure, but it turns the mothers mean

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

Felling and refining, it requires an able team
Flywheels blades a'whinning
While the whistle blows its steam

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

As the sweat pours off my brow line
And the dust does make me choke
See the trees all turn to pasture
And the logs all turn to smoke

There's a place in California
As the logging people know
Where the forest fell to plunder
And the sawmill made it so

The sawmill made it so