

Great North Woods

by Rick Lang

It's a rugged way of life in the north country hills,
But it's the only kind he's every really known.
Where the mountain side is steep and the winter snows drift deep
And the cold wind chills him to the bone.

With a big saw in his hand he heads for the timber stand,
To cut the logs to feed the mill.
And he swears someday he'll find an easier way of life
But deep inside he knows he never will.

*CHORUS

And at night around the campfire you can hear all the stories,
and tales of the old timber jacks.
And they'll dream about the home place and the ones they left waiting,
who wonder when they'll be coming back...
Oh life is hard in the Great North Woods.

With every move he makes, great danger does he face
as the tall trees start fallin' all around.
It's an uphill fight and there's many lost their life
to the widow makers fallin' to the ground.

But there's mouths at home to feed so he rolls up his shirt sleeves,
and each day he just does the best that he can.
And until the cuttings' done his heart pounds like a drum,
and his ears ring from the loud chain saw's sound