

## The Dead Good Woodsman

A deer skin he hunted for food  
A hunting rifle he used for good  
A trapper's knife to skin the game  
A faithful hound dog who had no name

He knew the Rockies like the back of his hands  
Each and every tree, each and every rock  
Trekking through miles and miles of woods  
Watching the place just like a hawk.

A bow saw, an axe, a few ropes,  
A compass and the sun, the dog and the horse  
(He) got up early in the morning, he loved the dawn  
Using the river t'move logs to town

Chopping, sawing 7 days a week,  
14 hours a day, he plied his trade,  
Climbing the trees, always in motion  
Whatever the weather in a sea of green

CHORUS: He was a wild man in the wild  
He had something fierce deep inside  
Being free was his pride  
A right good woodsman 'til he died

He drank booze to warm up in the winter  
When his body was sore, he kept carvin' timber  
Smoking his pipe after a bean stew dinner  
Or playing banjo by a nice open fire

100 years from now, no trace that he was there  
The crow tells his grandson what he heard from his forebear  
The legend of a man playing banjo in a chair  
Felling trees, living wild, free soul and no care

CHORUS

BRIDGE: One foot in the dust, the other in the mud  
The strength of the man being his own God  
No need for nothin' from the wide world  
Livin' alone let him get rid of bad blood