In the magazines I read there's a fella who cuts trees
They call him the old lumberjack.
But here in B.C. when a man cuts down a tree,
He's just called a plain old logger.

Chorus:
He's a logger, he's a logger
Cat-line, slack-line, tight-line, he's a logger
From the way he ties his boots to the way he drinks his booze
He's just called a plain old logger.

There's the cook who makes the biscuits; the bunkhouse flunkies too;
Catskinners and truck drivers and a powder monkey too.
There's riggers, hookers, choker-men, a whistlepunk or two
But they're just called plain old loggers.

There's fallers, buckers, scalers, a donkey puncher too
From the boom man to the riggin' boss this place is one big zoo
Well I've searched this camp from end to end and nowhere do I see
A man who's called a lumberjack 'cause he cut down a tree.
I wrote this song July 10, 1979. I should have written it twenty-five years ago when I worked on the B.C. coast setting chokers for a gyppo logging outfit.

One afternoon when the ‘donkey’ broke down, giving us some time off, we were laying around reading magazines and the whistletalk asked me, “Say Tom, what’s a lumberjack?”

Well, here we were up in the bush, logging to beat hell, and he wants to know what’s a lumberjack. So I read the article in the magazine he had and said, “Well, I guess we are.” That article has bothered me all these years, so I wrote this song to let everyone know that in B.C., we’re just plain old loggers.

Tom Sullivan