

# Plain old Logger

1. In the mag-a-zines I read there's a fella who cuts trees They call him the old lum-ben-jack. But here in B. C. when a man cuts down a tree, He's just called a plain old log-ger. He's a log-ger, he's a log-ger Cat-line, slack-line, tight-line, he's a log-ger From the way he ties his boots to the way he drinks his booze He's just called a plain old log-ger. 2. There's a cook who makes the bis-cuits; the bunk-house flun-kies too; Cat-skin-ners and truck-dri-vers and a pow-der-non-key too. There's rig-gers, hoo-kers, cho-ker-men, a whis-tle-punk or two, but they're just called plain old log-gers He's a

Words and music  
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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, chokermen, a whistlepunk or two  
But they're just called plain old loggers.

There's fallers, buckers, scalers, a donkeypuncher too  
From the boom man to the rigger 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.



Tom Sullivan

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 whistlepunk 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

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