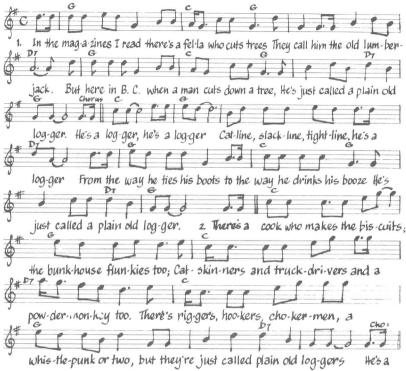
Plain old Logger



Words and music 1979 Tom Sullivan

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 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.



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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