

## One Log Load

The deep woods are green, the Nestucca runs clean,  
Where the steelhead lie silver and bright.  
We work in the woods, and the living is good;  
When the Homelites cut right, the home lights burn bright.  
Drive our crummy with the crew to the top of the hill,  
We'll cut trees to the sea, and I know we always will

While these one log loads came down these muddy roads,  
And the wigwams burn hot in the night.

My father is a faller, he says, "set my choker, son"  
We are a skookum crew, boy, we'll always get it done.  
His daddy drives the donkey drum, his brother drives the truck,  
Get this unit cut by June with any kind of luck.  
From that spar pole high on the top of the hill  
We see trees to the sea, and I know we always will.

My cousin pulls the green chain, he'll pull wages all his life,  
For a 4 x 4, a double-wide, two boys and a wife.  
We all stood together when the union shut her down,  
That fall, football, fighting and fishing was the only game in town.  
Float those log rafts down the river to the pond by the mill,  
We'll send trees to the sea, and I know we always will.

Now you tell us that the end is near, that soon there'll be no cuts to clear,  
This way of life will always be as any fool can plainly see.

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