

Gillian Welch, One More Dollar

A long time ago I left my home
For a job in the fruit trees
But I missed those hills with the windy pines
For their song seemed to suit me
So I sent my wages to my home
Said we'd soon be together
For the next good crop would pay my way
And I would come home forever
One more dime to show for my day
One more dollar and I'm on my way
When I reach those hills, boys
I'll never roam
One more dollar and I'm going home
No work said the boss at the bunk house door
There's a freeze on the branches
So when the dice came out at the bar downtown
I rolled and I took my chances
One more dime to show for my day
One more dollar and I'm on my way
When I reach those hills, boys
I'll never roam
One more dollar and I'm going home
A long time ago I left my home
Just a boy passing twenty
Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer
For my luck has turned against me
One more dime to show for my day
One more dollar and I'm on my way
When I reach those hills, boys
I'll never roam
One more dollar and I'm going home
One more dollar
Boys I'm going home