Timber (Jerry the Mule)

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Got to pull this timber 'fore the sun goes down,
Get it cross the river 'fore the boss comes 'round,
Drag it down that old dusty road,
Come on, Jerry, let's dunp this load,

cho: Hollerin' timber! (timber!)
Lord, this timber's gotta roll.

My old Jerry was an Arkansas mule
Been everywhere and he ain't no fool.
Weighed nlne hundred and twenty-two,
Done everything a poor mule can do...

Jerry's old shoulder was six foot tall,
Pulled more timber than a freight can haul,
Work got heavy, Ol' Jerry got sore,
Pulled so much he wouldn't pull no more...
Boss hit Jerry and made him jump,
Jerry reared up and kicked that boss in the rump,
Now my old Jerry was a good old mule,
If it had-a been me I'd-a killed that fool...

The boss he tried to shoot my Jerry in the head,
Jerry ducked the bullet and stomped him dead,
Stomped that boss till I wanted to scream,
Should have killed him myself, he was so danm mean...

Recorded by Josh White
RG