

# One More Dollar

Gillian Welch

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

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