

♩ = 166

Just Needed to Borrow Your Saw

Words and Music by
Jack Lee Chernos © 1999

Verse 1:

I came by your shed with - out mak - ing a sound, Bor - rowed your saw and brought it

back a - round, You can keep all the things you've hid, I would - n't want to fright - en

you or your kid, I would - n't touch the dust on your an - tique bridge, Just need - ed to bor - row your

saw. Verse 2:
If you don't pay for the place you sleep, Or pave for foot - steps to your

horse and wheat, It's a crime they can take you in, Lock you up in an

eight - foot bin, Folks stand - ing 'round will be pay - ing in, And not one would think to lift

Chorus:

a hand. Just need - ed to bor - row your saw, friend, Need - ed to bor - row your

saw, Splin - ters and rust be - fore you use it a - gain, Just need - ed to bor - row your

Verse 3:

The musical score for Verse 3 is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five lines of music. Above the first line are four guitar chord diagrams: G, C, G, and D. Above the second line is a '1.' marking and a guitar chord diagram for G. Above the third line are five guitar chord diagrams: G, C, G, C, and G. Above the fourth line are three guitar chord diagrams: F, G, and C. Above the fifth line is a '2.' marking and a guitar chord diagram for D. The melody line includes triplets and rests. The lyrics are: 'saw. There's a law you got - ta stay in one place, And one puts a price on the length of your days, You can have your rent and your eight - fif - teen, To buy your own breath back and cash it in, The air's still free but all the land I've ev - er seen, is land that some - one owns. Just'.

I came by your shed without making a sound
 Borrowed your saw and brought it back around
 You can keep all the things you've hid
 I wouldn't want to frighten you or your kid
 I wouldn't touch the dust on your antique bridge
 Just needed to borrow your saw

If you don't pay for the place you sleep
 Or pave for footsteps to your horse and wheat
 It's a crime and they can take you in
 Lock you up in an eight-foot bin
 Folks standing 'round will be paying in
 And not one would think to lift a hand

CHORUS:

Just needed to borrow your saw, friend
 Needed to borrow your saw
 Splinters and rust before you use it again
 Just needed to borrow your saw

There's a law, you gotta stay in one place
 And one puts a price on the length of your days
 You can have your rent and your eight-fifteen
 To buy your own breath back and cash it in
 The air's still free but all the land I've ever seen
 Is land that someone owns

CHORUS