

Pulling Broom

It was on one winter morning clear
We loaded up and packed our gear
We lit out at the break of day
We were pulling broom up Concrete way

*And it's one more day, of the smell of earth and woodsmoke
One more day, pulling broom*

The Scotch broom fields grew thick and wide
River roaring on the other side
Get up, buddy, no time to sleep
For the broom grows high and the roots run deep

Chorus

Little owl calling in the Doug fir trees
As the grey dawn wakes us from our ease
In the morning sun we're on the road
With a big iron bar and a heavy load

Chorus

The Northwest rain comes pouring down
So hard you feel like you might drown
So you bend your backs and you pull together
And hope like hell for better weather

Chorus

Now the burn pile's stacked and the fire's died down
And before too long we'll be homeward bound
Come sundown we'll be on our way
With an aching back and a full week's pay

Chorus

Composed by: Alex Sturbaum

Appears on *River Run Wide*

I spent nearly half a decade working in Western Washington, doing environmental restoration in the Puget Sound area. It's hard and fulfilling work, and I thought it was just as deserving of a song as whaling, mining, logging, and other hard labor I've spent years singing about. Scotch

broom is a plant that is well loved in the music of Scotland, but it's a pernicious invasive species out here.