# Breakfast In Hell - Slaid Cleaves 2000

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Bm] / [Bm]**

In the **[Bm]** melting snows of On-**[D]**tario

Where the **[A]** wind'll make you **[Bm]** shiver

‘Twas the **[Bm]** month of May, up in **[D]** Georgian Bay

Near the **[A]** mouth of the Musquash **[Bm]** River

Where the **[D]** bears prowl, and the **[A]** coyotes howl

And you can **[D]** hear the **[A]** osprey **[Bm]** scream **[Bm]**

Back in **[A]** '99, we were cutting pine

And **[D]** sending it **[A]** down the **[Bm]** stream **[Bm]**

Young **[Bm]** Sandy Gray came to **[D]** Go Home Bay

All the **[A]** way from P.E.-**[Bm]** I.

Where the **[Bm]** weather's rough and it **[D]** make's you tough

No **[A]** man's afraid to **[Bm]** die

Sandy **[D]** came a smiling, Thirty **[A]** Thousand Islands

Was the **[D]** place to **[A]** claim his **[Bm]** glo-o-o-**[Bm]**ry

Now **[A]** Sandy's gone but his name lives on

And **[D]** this is **[A]** Sandy's **[Bm]** story **[Bm]**

Young **[D]** Sandy Gray lives **[Bm]** on today

In the **[D]** echoes of a mighty **[Bm]** yell

**[A]** Listen close and you'll hear a ghost

In this **[D]** story **[A]** that I **[Bm]** tell, boys

This **[D]** story **[A]** that I **[Bm]** tell **[Bm] / [Bm] / [Bm]**

Now Sandy **[Bm]** Gray was boss of the **[D]** men who'd toss

The **[A]** trees onto the **[Bm]** shore

They'd **[Bm]** come and go ‘til they'd **[D]** built a floe

A hundred **[A]** thousand logs or **[Bm]** more

And he'd **[D]** ride 'em down towards **[A]** Severn Sound

To cut 'em **[D]** up in the **[A]** mills for **[Bm]** timber **[Bm]**

And the **[A]** ships would haul spring summer and fall

‘Til the **[D]** ice came **[A]** in De-**[Bm]**cember **[Bm]**

On one **[Bm]** Sabbath day, big **[D]** Sandy Gray

Came into **[A]** camp with a peavy on his **[Bm]** shoulder

With a **[Bm]** thunder crack, he **[D]** dropped his axe

And the **[A]** room got a little bit **[Bm]** colder

Said **[D]** “Come on all you, we got **[A]** work to do

We gotta **[D]** give 'er **[A]** all we can **[Bm]** give 'er **[Bm]**

There's a **[A]** jam of logs at the little jog

Near the **[D]** mouth of the **[A]** Musquash **[Bm]** River” **[Bm]**

With no **[Bm]** time to pray on the **[D]** Lord's day

They were **[A]** hoping for God's for-**[Bm]**giveness

But the **[Bm]** jam was high in a **[D]** troubled sky

And they **[A]** set out about their **[Bm]** business

They **[D]** poked with their poles, and **[A]** ran with the rolls

And **[D]** tried to **[A]** stay on their **[Bm]** feet **[Bm]**

Every **[A]** trick they tried, one man cried

“This **[D]** log jam's **[A]** got us **[Bm]** beat!” **[Bm]**

But **[D]** Sandy Gray was **[Bm]** not afraid

And he **[D]** let out a mighty **[Bm]** yell

**[A]** “I'll be damned, we'll break this jam

Or it's **[D]** breakfast **[A]** in **[Bm]** hell, boys

**[D]** Break-**[A]**fast in **[Bm]** hell” **[Bm]**

Now every **[Bm]** one of the men, did the **[D]** work of ten

And then **[A]** Sandy scrambled up to the **[Bm]** top

He's **[Bm]** working like a dog heaving **[D]** 30 foot logs

And it **[A]** looked like he'd never **[Bm]** stop

And they **[D]** struggled on, these **[A]** men so strong

‘Til the **[D]** jam be-**[A]**gan to **[Bm]** sway **[Bm]**

Then they **[A]** dove for cover to the banks of the river

All ex-**[D]**cept for **[A]** Sandy **[Bm]** Gray **[Bm]**

Now with **[Bm]** thoughts of death, they **[D]** held their breath

As they **[A]** saw their friend go **[Bm]** down

**[Bm]** They all knew in a **[D]** second or two

He'd be **[A]** crushed or frozen or **[Bm]** drowned

Then they **[D]** saw him fall, they **[A]** heard him call

Just **[D]** once **[A]** then it was **[Bm]** over **[Bm]**

Young **[A]** Sandy Gray gave his life that day

Near the **[D]** mouth of the **[A]** Musquash **[Bm]** River **[Bm]**

But **[D]** Sandy Gray was **[Bm]** not afraid

And he **[D]** let out a mighty **[Bm]** yell

**[A]** “I'll be damned, we'll break this jam

Or it's **[D]** breakfast **[A]** in **[Bm]** hell, boys

**[D]** Break-**[A]**fast in **[Bm]** hell”

**/ [D] / [A] / [D][A] / [Bm] / [Bm] / [Bm] / [Bm]**

East of **[Bm]↓** Giant's Tomb there's **[D]↓** plenty of room

There’s no **[A]↓** fences, and no **[Bm]↓** walls

And if you **[Bm]↓** listen close **[D]↓** you'll hear a ghost

**[A]↓** Down by Sandy Gray **[Bm]↓** Falls

Through the **[D]** tops of the trees you'll **[A]** hear in the breeze

The **[D]** echoes of a **[A]** mighty **[Bm]** y-**[Bm]**ell **[Bm]** ahhhh-**[Bm]**hhhh

**[A]** “I'll be damned, we'll break this jam

Or it's **[D]** breakfast **[A]** in **[Bm]** hell!” **[Bm]**

And **[D]** Sandy Gray lives **[Bm]** on today

In the **[D]** echoes of a mighty **[Bm]** yell

**[A]** “I'll be damned, we'll break this jam

Or it's **[D]** breakfast **[A]** in **[Bm]** hell, boys

**[D]** Break-**[A]**fast in **[Bm]** hell!”

**/ [D][A] / [Bm][A] / [Bm][A] / [Bm] ↓**

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