

Mean Town Blues

Lord my mother she done told me and my father done told me
My father told me too, yeah my mother she done told me
And my father done told me, my father told me too, it's a mean old town to
live in by yourself

Yeah, work for a dollar or several thousand, could not save a dime
You know I worked for a dollar, or several thousand, man couldn't save a
dime
Ain't nobody worried and there isn't nobody's crying

Yeah, I got my hands outside to get a hold on, try to get some of my cash
Lord I try to get my hands outside to get a hold on, try to get some of my
cash
It's those great big smiles to keep us out of that trash

So I packed up my suitcase and I move on down, hit that lonesome road
You know I packed up my suitcase and I hit that lonesome, move on down
I'm still crying to make it when the day was done