

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Talking Dust Bowl Blues

Talking Dust Bowl Blues
(Woody Guthrie)

Back in nineteen twenty seven
I had a little farm and I called it heaven
Prices up and the rain come down
I hauled my crops all into town
Got the money...bought clothes and groceries...
Fed the kids..and raised a big family

But the rain quit and the wind got high
Black old dust storm filled the sky
I traded my farm for a Ford machine
Poured it full of this gas-i-line
And started...rocking and a-rolling
Deserts and mountains...to California

Way up yonder on a mountain road
Hot motor and a heavy load
Going purty fast, wasn't even stopping
Bouncing up and down like popcorn a-popping
Had a breakdown..kind of a nervous bustdown
Mechanic feller there charged me five bucks
And said it was En-gine trouble

Way up yonder on a mountain curve
Way up yonder in a piney wood
I gave that rolling Ford a shove
Gonna coast just fars as I could
Commence a rolling..picking up speed
Come a hairpin turn..and I didn't make it

Man alive, I'm a telling you
The fiddles and guitars really flew
That Ford took off like a flying squirrel
Flew halfway around the world
Scattered wives and children
All over the side of that mountain

Got to California so dad-gum broke
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd choke
I bummed up a spud or two
Wife fixed up some tater stew
We poured the kids full of it

Looked like a tribe of thy-mometers
arunning around

Lord, man, I swear to you
That was surely mighty thin stew
So damn thin I really mean
You could read a magazine
Right through it..look at the pictures too
Purty whiskey bottles..naked women

Always have thought, always figured
If that damn stew had been a little thinner
Some of these here politicians
Could of seen through it

SOF