

I Ain't Got No Home in This World Anymore-crd

G		C		G
I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' round				
		A		D
I'm just a wandrin' worker, I roam from town to town.				
G		C		G
The police make it hard wherever I may go				
		C	G	D7
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.				G

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road
 A hot and dusty road that a million feet done trod;
 Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
 And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the share, and always I was poor
 My crops I laid into the banker's store;
 My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor
 And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn?
 I been working, mister, since the day I was born?
 Now I worry all the time like I never did before?
 'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look round, it's mighty plain to see
 The world is such a great and a funny place to be;
 The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor
 And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.