

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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All in and Down and Out Blues

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(Uncle Dave Macon)

cho: It's hippity hop to the bucket shop

I've lost all my mney and now I have flopped,

It's hard times, pity poor boy,

It's hard times when you're down and out.

(Repeat after each verse)

Now this is the truth and it certainly exposes
That Wall Street's proposition is not all roses,
I put up my money to win some more
I lost all I had and it left me so sore.

I thought I would drink to wear it off,
Bootleg's so high that it left me worse off.

If they catch you with whiskey in your car,
You're handicapped, and there you are.

They'll take you to jail and if you can't make bond,
Content yourself there, why you're certainly at home.
I've got no silver and I've got no gold,
I'm almost naked and it's done turned cold.

You ask that judge to treat you well,
You offer a hundred dollars he'll send you to Atlanta.

Note: a 1930's update of Durant Jail
Recorded by Uncle Dave Macon, Bluebird 7350-B
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