

Talking Dust Bowl Blues-crd

A D
 Back in nineteen twenty-seven,
 E
 I had a little farm and I called that heaven.
 A D
 Well, the prices up and the rain come down,
 E
 and I hauled my crops all into town.
 A D
 I got the money, bought clothes and groceries,
 E A
 fed the kids, and raised a family.

A D
 Rain quit and the wind got high,
 E
 and the black ol' dust storm filled the sky.
 A D
 And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,
 E
 and I poured it full of this gas-i-line.
 A D
 And I started, rockin' an' a-rollin',
 E A
 over the mountains, out towards the old Peach Bowl.

A D
 Way up yonder on a mountain road,
 E
 I had a hot motor and a heavy load,
 A D
 I's a-goin' pretty fast, there wasn't even stoppin',
 E
 a-bouncin' up and down, like popcorn poppin'.
 A D
 Had a breakdown, sort of a nervous bustdown of some kind,
 E A
 there was a feller there, a mechanic feller, said it was en-gine
 trouble.

A D
 Way up yonder on a mountain curve,
 E
 it's way up yonder in the piney wood,
 A D
 an' I give that rollin' Ford a shove,
 E A
 an' I's a-gonna coast as far as I could.
 D A
 Commence coastin', pickin' up speed,
 E A
 was a hairpin turn, I didn't make it.

A D
 Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you,
 E
 the fiddles and the guitars really flew.
 A D
 That Ford took off like a flying squirrel
 E
 an' it flew halfway around the world,
 A
 scattered wives and childrens
 E A
 all over the side of that mountain.

A D
We got out to the West Coast broke,
E
so dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak,
A D
an' I bummed up a spud or two,
E A
an' my wife fixed up a tater stew.
D A
We poured the kids full of it, mighty thin stew, though,
E A
you could read a magazine right through it.
A D E
A Always have figured that if it'd been just a little bit thinner,
E
A some of these here politicians coulda seen through it.