

Beans, Bacon and Gravy

By:Unknown

an American folk song

I was born long ago in eighteen-ninety-four,
And I've seen many a panic, I will own.
I've been hungry; I've been cold. And now, I'm growing old,
But the worst I've seen is nineteen-thirty-one.

Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy, they almost drive me crazy.
I eat them till I see them in my dreams in my dreams.
When I wake up in the morning and another day is dawning,
I know I'll have another mess of beans.

Oh, we congregate each morning at the country barn at dawning,
And every one is happy, so it seems.
But when our work is done, we file in one by one,
And thank the Lord for one more mess of beans.

Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy, they almost drive me crazy.
I eat them till I see them in my dreams in my dreams.
When I wake up in the morning and another day is dawning,
I know I'll have another mess of beans.

We have Hooverized on butter; for milk, we've only water.
And I haven't seen a steak in many a day.
As for pies, cakes and jellies, we substitute sow bellies,
For which we work the country road each day.

Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy, they almost drive me crazy.
I eat them till I see them in my dreams in my dreams.
When I wake up in the morning and another day is dawning,
I know I'll have another mess of beans.

If there ever comes a time when I have more than a dime,
They will have to put me under lock and key,
For I've been broke so long, I can only sing this song
Of the workers and their misery.

Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy, they almost drive me crazy.
I eat them till I see them in my dreams in my dreams.
When I wake up in the morning and another day is dawning,
I know I'll have another mess of beans.