

Bob Dylan, Ain't No More Cane

Ain't no more cane on the Brazos
Oh, oh, oh, oh...
Its all been ground down to molasses
Oh, oh- oh, oh- oh...

You shoulda been on the river in 1910
They were driving the women just like they drove the men.

Go down Old Hannah, don'cha rise no more
Don't you rise up til Judgment Day's for sure

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Captain, don't you do me like you done poor old Shine
Well ya drove that bully til he went stone blind

Wake up on a lifetime, hold up your own head
Well you may get a pardon and then you might drop dead

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