

# Ian Gillan, No More Cane On The Brazos

There ain't no more cane on the Brazos  
They ground it all up in molasses  
Captain don't you do me like you done your poor shine  
Well they drove that poor Billy 'til he went stone blind

You want to come on the river in 1904  
You could find many dead men most every road  
If you going on the river in 1910  
They was driving the woman like they drive the men

Why don't you rise up you dead men  
Help me drive my road

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Help me drive my road

Well there's some in the building  
And there's some in the yard  
There's some in the graveyard  
And there's some going home

Why don't you wake up you people  
And lift up your heads  
You may get your pardon  
But you may end up dead