

Woody Guthrie, Blowing Down That Old Dusty Road

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow, blow, blow
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee
Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, Lord, Lord
But I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

My children need three square meals a day
Now, my children need three square meals a day
My children need three square meals a day, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet
Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet
Yes, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

I'm a-goin' down this old dusty road
I'm blowin' down this old dusty road
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way