

Billy Bragg and Wilco, Black Wind Blowing

There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field, honey
There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field, baby
There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field
And o how funny it makes me feel
Baby, sweet thing, darling

There's a long black cloud hanging in the sky, honey
There's a long black cloud hanging in the sky, baby
There's a long black cloud hanging in the sky
Weathers gonna break and hells gonna fly
Baby, sweet thing, darling

Cottons pretty thin yonder on the hill, honey
Cottons pretty thin yonder on the hill, baby
Cottons pretty thin yonder on the hill
Wont clear a greenback dollar bill
Baby, sweet thing, darling

Work shade and back to the buzzard wing, honey
Work shade and back to the buzzard wing, baby
Work shade and back to the buzzard wing
Clouds are gonna bust and cry down rain
Baby, sweet thing darling