

Bruce Springsteen, I Ain't Got No Home

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' 'round
Work when I can get it, I roam from town to town
The police make it hard, boys, wherever I may go
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farmin' shares and always I was done
My debts they was so many they wouldn't go around
Drought got my crops and Mr. Banker's at my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Six children I have raised, they're scattered and they're gone
And my darling wife to heaven she has flown
She died of the fever upon the cabin floor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn
I been workin' mister since the day that I was born
I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Well, now I just ramble 'round to see what I can see
This wide wicked world is a funny place to be
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I'm stranded on this road that goes from sea to sea
A hundred thousand others are stranded here with me
A hundred thousand others, yes, a hundred thousand more
I ain't got no home in this world anymore