

Chad Mitchell Trio, Ain't No More Cane On This Brazos

Ain't no more cane on this Brazos my boy
Oh, oh, oh
Well, we done ground it all to molasses
Oh, oh, oh

When I came down here had a number for my name
Oh, oh, oh
Well they chained us together and we started cuttin' cane
Oh, oh, oh
I wish you was here in nineteen and ten
Oh, oh, oh "(Well they was)"
They was drivin' the women just like they was men
Oh, oh, oh
And I wish you was here when the storm winds came
Oh, oh, oh
Left a man lyin' dead and we cut him off the chain
Oh, oh, oh
If I had a sentence like ninety-nine and nine
Oh, oh, oh "(There ain't no)"
Ain't no dogs on this Brazos could keep me on that line
Oh, oh, oh
Well, Alberta, why don't you let your hair hang down
Oh, oh, oh
Let it hang right down, 'till it touches the ground
Oh, oh, oh
Why don't you go down, ol' Hannah, don't you rise up no more
Oh, oh, oh
Well, they worked me so hard, that I can't work no more
Oh, oh, oh

Ain't no more cane on this Brazos my boy
Oh, oh, oh
Well, we done ground it all to molasses
Oh, oh, oh