

Jim Croce, The Migrant Worker

Pickin' wasn't easy
Kept you brown and thin
Been a child for every season
That the fruit was on the limb

Pack the truck, Maria
Tell the kids we're off again
Cross a dozen states or more
We'll teach 'em what we can

Teach 'em what we can
We can't do more
The land is good
But still the livin's poor

Harvest in September
Drought in mid-July
January's peeking
Through a white lace gypsy sky

March rolls into April
Then plant and pray for rain
Sweat like hell in August
Run the circle once again

acRun the circle once again
And then once more
The land is good
But still the livin's poor

Oregon in August Michigan in May
Tryin' to make enough
To keep my family on its way
And buy the pickin' boss a drink
To keep working every day
You know it isn't honest
But you do it any way

Do it anyway to keep alive
Do it anyway to keep alive