

John Conlee, Busted

The bills are all due, the babies need shoes, I'm busted
Cotton is down to a quarter a pound, I'm busted
Got a cow that's gone dry, hen that won't lay
A big stack of bills get bigger each day
The county gonna haul my belongings away, I'm busted

I called brother Bill to ask for a loan, I was busted
Lord, I hate to beg like a dog for a bone, I'm busted
My brother said, "There ain't a thing I can do
My wife and my kids, they're all down with the flu
I was just thinkin' of callin' on you, "'I'm'" busted"

Now Lord, I'm no thief but I could go wrong, I'm so busted
The food that we canned last summer is gone, I'm busted
The fields are all bare, the cotton won't grow
Me and my family's gotta pack up and go
Where I'll make a livin', Lord only knows, I'm busted
Where I'll make a livin', Lord only knows, I'm busted