

# 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