

Kitty Wells, Busted

The bills are all due and the babies need shoes but we're busted

Cotton is down to a quarter a pound and we're busted

Got a cow that's gone dry and a hen that won't lay

A big stack of bills that gets bigger each day

The county's gonna haul our belongings away we're busted

[fiddle]

I called brother Bill thought I'd ask for a loan we're busted

Now we hate to beg like a dog for a bone but we're busted

But Bill said that there ain't a thing I can do

My wife and my kids are all down with the flu

And we were just thinking of calling on you we're busted

[fiddle]

Now we are not thieves but you sure can go wrong when you're busted

That food that we canned last summer is gone we're busted

The fields are all bare and the cotton won't grow

So me and my family must pack up and go

Where we'll make a living the Lord only knows we're busted