

# Stan Ridgway, Crow Hollow Blues

Workin' in the sun, a-scrapin' down the tar  
If we made a run fer it, we wouldn't get far  
Shovel on a stone, diggin' deeper down  
Every day a good day that you above ground  
Chorus:

Hear that crow a-laughin' at me  
Rain comin' down on the hangman tree  
Swing that shovel, and push that dirt  
Brady got it in the back, you know it gotta hurt  
One day last week, when the boss man slept  
Stopped shovelin' for a while and we all made a bet  
Who could run an' catch a frog, or grab a dandelion  
Billy got caught, he in the hothouse fryin'  
Chorus:

Hear that crow a-laughin' at me  
Rain comin' down on the hangman tree  
Some people gone missin', some people have died  
You never know when God'll kick you offa this ride  
Been cuttin' me a notch on the bunkhouse floor  
One for every year, and now I'm countin' forty-four  
Swing that shovel, and push that dirt  
Brady got it in the back, you know it gotta hurt  
Workin' in the sun, scrapin' down the tar  
If we made a run fer it, we wouldn't get far  
We toil and strain, we kick and scream  
We may be just a drop of rain a-swimmin' in a dream