

# Woody Guthrie, Black Wind Blowing

There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field  
Honey  
There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field  
Baby  
There's a black wind blowing in the cotton field  
And O' how funny it makes me feel,  
Baby, sweet thing, darling

There's a long black cloud a hanging in the sky  
Honey  
There's a long black cloud a hanging in the sky  
Baby  
There's a long black cloud a hanging in the sky  
Weathers gonna break and hells gonna fly  
Baby, sweet thing, darling

Cotton's pretty thin yonder on the hill  
Honey  
Cotton's pretty thin yonder on the hill  
Baby  
Cotton's pretty thin yonder on the hill  
Won't clear a greenback dollar bill  
Baby, sweet thing, darling

Work shade and back to the buzzard wing  
Honey  
Work shade and back to the buzzard wing  
Baby  
Work shade and back to the buzzard wing  
Clouds are gonna bust and cry down rain  
Baby, sweet thing, darling