

# Woody Guthrie, Dusty Old Dust (So Long, It's Been Good To Know You)

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,  
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains,  
In the month called April, county called Gray,  
And here's what all of the people there say:

So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
So long, it's been good to know yuh;  
So long, it's been good to know yuh.  
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,  
And I got to be driftin' along.

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder;  
It dusted us over, an' it covered us under;  
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun,  
Straight for home all the people did run,  
Singin':

We talked of the end of the world, and then  
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.  
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,  
And then these words would be heard:

Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,  
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark.  
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,  
Instead of marriage, they talked like this:  
&quot;Honey...&quot;

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,  
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.  
He said, &quot;Kind friend, this may be the end;  
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin!&quot;

The churches was jammed, and the churches was packed,  
An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black.  
Preacher could not read a word of his text,  
An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection,  
Said: