

# Woody Guthrie, I Ain't Got No Home In This World

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,  
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.  
And the police make it hard wherever I may go  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,  
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;  
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;  
My crops I lay into the banker's store.  
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn  
I been working, mister, since the day I was born  
Now I worry all the time like I never did before  
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see  
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;  
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.