

Talking Dust Bowl Blues

Waxahatchee

Back in Nineteen Twenty-Seven
I had a little farm that I called heaven
Well, the prices up and the rain come down
And I hauled my crops all into town
I got the money, bought clothes and groceries
Fed the kids and raised a family

Well the rain quit and the wind got high
And the black ol' dust storm filled the sky
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine
And I poured it full of this gas-i-line
And then I started, rockin' an' a-rollin'
Over the mountains, out towards the old Peach Bowl

Way up yonder on a mountain road
I had a hot motor and a heavy load
Got a-goin' pretty fast, there wasn't even stoppin'
A-bouncin' up and down, like popcorn poppin'
I had a breakdown, sort of a nervous bustdown of some kind
There was a feller there, a mechanic feller
Said it was engine trouble

Way up yonder on a mountain curve
Way up yonder in the piney wood
I gave that rollin' Ford a shove
And was a-gonna coast as far as I could
Commence coastin', pickin' up speed
Was a hairpin turn, I didn't make it

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you
And the fiddles and the guitars really flew
And that Ford took off like a flying squirrel
And it flew halfway around the world
Scattered wives and children
All over the side of that mountain

We got out to the West Coast broke
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak
So I bummed up a spud or two
And my wife fixed up a tater stew
We poured the kids full of it
Mighty thin stew, though
You could read a magazine right through it

Well I always have figured that if it'd
If it'd been just a little bit thinner
Some of these here politicians coulda seen right through it