

I ain't got no home

Woodie Guthrie (1912–1967)

I ain't got no home, I'm just roam-in' a-round. Just a wand-ering work - er, I
go from town to town; And the po - lice make it hard Where - e - ver I go;
I ain't got no home in this world a - ny more

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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

5. 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.

I Ain't Got No Home — Woody Guthrie

I Ain't Got No Home — Rosanne Cash