

DUST BOWL BLUES

By Woody Guthrie

I just blowed in, and I got them dust bowl blues,
I just blowed in and I got them dust bowl blues,
I just blowed in, and I'll blow back out again.

I guess you've heard about ev'ry kind' of blues,
I guess you've heard about ev'ry kind of blues,
But when the dust gets high,
you can't even see the sky.

I've seen the dust so black that couldn't see a thing,
I've seen the dust so black that I couldn't see a thing,
And the wind so cold, boy, it nearly cut your water off.

I seen the wind so high that it blowed by fences down,
I've seen the wind so high that it blowed my fences down,
Buried my tractor six feet underground.

Well, it turned my farm into a pile of sand,
yes, it turned my farm into a pile of sand,
I had to hit the road with a bottle in my hand.

I spent ten years down in that old dust bowl.
I spend ten years down in that old dust bowl,
When you get that dust pneumony, boy, it's time to go.

I had a gal, and she was young and sweet,
I had a gal, and she was young and sweet,
But a dust storm buried her sixteen hundred feet.

She was a good gal, long, tall & stout,
Yes, she was a good gal, long, tall & stout,
I had to get a steam shovel just to dig my darlin' out.

These dusty blues are the dustiest ones I know,
These dusty blues are the dustiest ones I know,
Buried head over heels in the black old dust,
I had to pack up and go.
An' I just blowed in and I'll soon blow out again.

Guthrie, W. (1940). Dust bowl blues [Song]. On *Dust bowl ballads*. RCA Victor.