Mean Talking Blues

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(Woody Guthrie)

If you wanna be mean I'll tell you what to do,
Leave your wives and your children too,
Run around the country just a-writin' songs,
When you should of been workin' just ya sing up a storm,
A big ol' dust storm,
This land is my land!
Hell, it sure ain't yours!

I had me a wife and a couple of kids,
Got another gal and a few more kids,
Got another pregnant, and another one too,
They were so pissed at me they didn't know what to do,
But I sure did,
I hit the hot dusty road.

While all them gals went handlin' their pans,[get it?--- being a "panhandler"!]
I was livin' good off the fat o' the land,
All of 'em sent me all kinds o' cash,
Me & Cisco grew a beard & moustache,
They couldn't recognize me,
'Til I landed in the hospital.

Yeah, I was pitiful you should damn well know,
None of 'em'd blame me for nothin' now,
And my songs was sellin good and steady as can be,
Ain't it strange how fame works in Ameri-kee,
I can spell it any way I want to,
I'm a legend now.

So all you nice folks can go take a leap,
I'm pickin' guitar on the golden street,
The heavenly hosts applaud & yell,
I give em' the finger and be mean as Mike Tyson,
Yeah, I'm so mean,
I don't even have to rhyme!

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