

Beans, Bacon And Gravy

G
I was born long ago,
C
In eighteen ninety-four.
D7 G
I've seen many a panic, I will own,
I've been hungry, I've been cold,
C
And now I'm growing old.
D7 G
But the worst I've seen is nineteen thirty- one.

Chorus:

C
Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy,
G
They almost drive me crazy,
D7
I eat them I see them in my dreams.
G
When I wake up each morning
C
And another day is dawning,
D7 G
I know I'll have another mess of beans.

We congregate each morning
At the county barn at dawning,
And everyone is happy, so it seems.
But when our work is done
We file in one by one,
And thank the Lord for one more mess of beans.

We have Hooverized on butter,
For milk we've only water,
And I haven't seen a steak in many a day.
For cakes and pies and jellies
We substitute sow bellies,
For which we work the county road each day.

If there ever comes a time
When I have more than a dime,
They will have to put me under lock and key.
For I've been broke so long
I can only sing this song
Of the workers and their misery.