

## No Shoes

John Lee Hooker

No food on my table  
And no shoes to go on my feet  
No food on my table  
And no shoes to go on my feet  
My children cry for mercy  
They got no place to call your own

Hard times, hard times  
Hard times seem like a jealous thing  
Hard times, hard times  
Hard times seem like a jealous thing  
If someone don't help me  
And I just can't be around three months long

No shoes on my feet  
And no food to go on my table  
Oh, no, too sad  
Children crying for bread