

Crow Hollow Blues

Stan Ridgway

Workin' in the sun, a-scrapin' down the tar
If we made a run fer it, we wouldn't get far
Shovel on a stone, diggin' deeper down
Every day a good day that you above ground

Hear that crow a-laughin' at me
Rain comin' down on the hangman tree
Swing that shovel, and push that dirt
Brady got it in the back, you know it gotta hurt
One day last week, when the boss man slept
Stopped shovelin' for a while and we all made a bet
Who could run an' catch a frog, or grab a dandelion
Billy got caught, he in the hothouse fryin'

Hear that crow a-laughin' at me
Rain comin' down on the hangman tree
Some people gone missin', some people have died
You never know when God'll kick you offa this ride
Been cuttin' me a notch on the bunkhouse floor
One for every year, and now I'm countin' forty-four
Swing that shovel, and push that dirt
Brady got it in the back, you know it gotta hurt
Workin' in the sun, scrapin' down the tar
If we made a run fer it, we wouldn't get far
We toil and strain, we kick and scream
We may be just a drop of rain a-swimmin' in a dream