

Broke

Brandy Clark

No gas for the plow so the corn's gone to silk
And we traded the cow so we can't pass the milk
Our jeans all need patching, our eggs all need yokls
And we might be laughing but it ain't no joke, y'all

We're broke, we're busted
Our Chevy truck is rusted
We're high and dry
Ain't enough apples for the apple pie
If we had a penny we sure couldn't spare it
Sitting on the porch drinking generic Coke
We're broke

The jars all need pickles, the greens all need collard
Been ribbing these nickels but ain't got no dollars
We dig our own ditches, we roll our own smokes
And we're secretly wishing that grandma would croak

Cause we're broke, we're busted
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Good thing you're good looking
Good thing I'm so funny
Too bad the sugar
Can't melt into honey
The white left the picket, the fleas left the hound, yeah
And even the crickets have moved into town
Now we get our kicks off of stuff we can grow
Cause our here in the sticks, all us regular folks, y'all

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