

No More Cane On the Brazos

Ian Gillan

There ain't no more cane on the Brazos
They ground it all up in molasses
Captain don't you do me like you done your poor shine
Well they drove that poor Billy 'til he went stone blind
You want to come on the river in 1904
You could find many dead men most every road
If you going on the river in 1910
They was driving the woman like they drive the men
Why don't you rise up you dead men
Help me drive my road
Why don't you rise up you dead men
Help me drive my road
Well there's some in the building
And there's some in the yard
There's some in the graveyard
And there's some going home
Why don't you wake up you people
And lift up your heads
You may get your pardon
But you may end up dead