

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