

Ain't No More Cane

Son Volt

Ain't no more cane on the risin'
It's all been ground down to molasses

Should' ve been on the river in nineteen and ten
They were driving the women just like the men
Should've been on the river in nineteen and five
Find yourself lucky to be alive

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Go down Old Hannah, don't you rise no more
Don't you rise up till Judgment Day's for sure
Oh Captain, don't you do me like you done poor old Shine
You drove that old till he went stone blind

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Its all been ground down to molasses