

Knockin' Lost John

The Band

I went down to Duffy's bar with depression on my mind
Just to blow off a little steam and try to unwind
Times were getting tough with no relief in sight
Last straw I lost my job, next straw your life

Knock on, knockin' lost John
The great depression was going strong
Hard times comin' on
Long gone, knockin' lost John

Born on the south side, got my schoolin' at the pool hall
Saturday night we get back to back, Sunday mornin', wall to wall
Never seen nothing like it, people jumpin' out of windows and going mad
That's not half as bad as losin' what you never had

Back in 1929, it was livin' hell
Crime was on the rise when the bottom fell
Keepin' poverty pocket high upon the hill
Back door, you lock it, they'll break it still