

Hard Row To Hoe

Whiskey Myers

I steadily stumble, walking around at night
I'm too mean to die
I'm too numb to write
Now I'm out here
Just searching for my soul

So Lord help me now
It's a hard row to hoe

I used to have me a woman
Aw but I can't be true
All that late night rambling bound to put the damn pressure on
you
Yea she's still around
But she left a long time ago

So Lord help me now
Cause it's a hard row to hoe

And the weeds always high
And the air is as dry as a bone
And a mule and a plow
It ain't no good now
When it's gone, long gone
I've been through that high water
The fire and the snow

So Lord help me now
Cause it's a hard row to hoe

There's hands in my pockets
They're trying to take my change
One little last piece of the pie
Is all that's left when it hits my plate
Yea they'll plunder ya crops for every seed you sow

So Lord help me now
Lord help me now, oh Lord
Won't you please help me now
Cause it's a hard row to hoe