

## Woody Guthrie "Mean Talking Blues"

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I'm the meanest man that ever had a brain  
All I scatter is aches and pains  
I'm carbolic acid and a poison face  
And I stand flat-footed in favor of crime and disgrace  
If I ever done a good deed, I'm sorry of it

I'm mean in the East, mean in the West  
Mean to the people that I like the best  
I go around a-causin' lot of accidents  
And I push folks down and I cause train wrecks  
I'm a big disaster, just goin' somewhere's to happen  
I'm an organized famine studyin', now I can be a little  
bit meaner  
I'm still a whole lot too good to suit myself, just mean

I ride around on the subway trains  
Laughin' at the tight shoes dealin' you pain  
And I laugh when the car shakes from side to side  
I laugh my loudest when other people cry  
Can't help it, I was born good, I guess  
Just like you or anybody else  
But then I just turned off mean

I hate ev'rybody don't think like me  
And I'd rather see you dead than I'd ever see you free  
Rather see you starved to death than see you at work  
And I'm readin' all the books I can to learn how to hurt  
Daily misery, spread diseases, keep you without no  
vote  
Keep you without no union

Well, I hurt when I see you gettin' 'long so well  
I'd ten times rather see you in the fires of hell  
I can't stand to fixed  
See you there all fixed up in that house so nice  
I'd rather keep you in that rotten hole with the bugs and  
the lice  
And the roaches and the termites  
And the sand fleas and the tater bugs

And the grub worms and the stingaree's  
And the tarantulas, and the spiders, child?s of the

earth  
The ticks and the blow-flies, these is all of my little  
angels  
That go 'round helpin' me do the best parts of my  
meanness  
And mosquiter's

Well, I used to be a pretty fair organized feller  
Till I turned a scab and then I turned off yellin'  
Fought ev'ry union with teeth and toenail  
And I sprouted a six-inch stinger right in the middle of  
the tail  
And I grewed horns  
And then I cut 'em off, I wanted to fool you  
I hated union ever'where, 'cause God likes unions and I  
hate God

Well, if I can get the fat to hatin' the lean  
That'd tickle me more than anything I've seen  
Then get the colors to fightin' one another  
And friend against friend, and brother and sister  
against brother  
That'll be just it

Everybody's brains a-boilin' in turpentine  
And their teeth fallin' out all up and down the streets  
That'll just suit me fine  
'Cause I hate ever'thing that's union  
And I hate ever'thing that's organized  
And I hate ever'thing that's planned  
And I love to hate and I hate to love  
I'm mean, I'm just mean

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