

Jim Croce

"The Migrant Worker"

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Pickin' wasn't easy
Kept you brown and thin
Been a child for every season
That the fruit was on the limb

Pack the truck Maria
Tell the kids, we're off again
Cross a dozen states or more
We'll teach 'em what we can

Teach 'em what we can
We can't do more
The land is good
But still the livin's poor

Harvest in September
Drought in mid July
January's peeking
Through a white lace gypsy sky

March rolls into April
Then plant and pray for rain
Sweat like hell in August
Run the circle once again

Run the circle once again
And then once more
The land is good
But still the livin's poor

Oregon in August
Michigan in May
Tryin' to make enough
To keep my family on its way

And buy the pickin' boss a drink
To keep working every day
You know it isn't honest
But you do it anyway

Do it anyway
To keep alive

Do it anyway to keep alive

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