

Kingston Trio

"Pastures Of Plenty"

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Woody Guthrie

It's a mighty hard road that my poor hands have hoed.
My poor feet have traveled a hot, dusty road.
Out of your dust bowls and westward we rode. Your
deserts were hot and your mountains were cold.
I've wandered all over this green growing land.
Wherever your crops were, I've lent you my hands.
On the edge of your city you'll see me and then, I come
with the dust and I go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I've worked all your crops. Then it's
North up to Oregon to gather your hops.
Dig the beets from your ground. Cut the grapes from
your vines to set on your table that light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground from
the Grand Coulee dam where the waters run down
Every state in the Union this migrant has been. I come
with the dust and I go with the wind.

It's always we ramble that river and I all along your
green valley, I'll work 'til I die.
And I'll travel this road until death sets me free for my
pastures of plenty must always be green.

I come with the dust and I go with the wind.

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