

Chad Mitchell Trio

"Ain't No More Cane On This Brazos"

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Ain't no more cane on this Brazos by the border.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, we done ground it all to molasses.

Oh, oh, oh.

When I came down here had a number for my name.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well they chained us together and we started cuttin' cane.

Oh, oh, oh.

I wish you was here in 19 and 10.

Oh, oh, oh. (Well they was...)

They was drivin' the women just like they was men.

Oh, oh, oh.

I wish you was here when the storm winds came.

Oh, oh, oh.

Left a man lyin' dead and we cut him off the chain.

Oh, oh, oh.

If I had a sentence like ninety-nine and nine.

Oh, oh, oh. (There ain't no...)

Ain't no dogs on this Brazos could keep me on that line.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, Alberta, why don't you let your hair hang down.

Oh, oh, oh.

Let it hang right down, 'till it touches the ground.

Oh, oh, oh.

Why don't you go down, ol' Hannah, don't you rise up no more.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, they worked me so hard, that I can't work no more.

Oh, oh, oh.

Ain't no more cane on this Brazos by the border.

Oh, oh, oh.

Well, we done ground it all to molasses.

Oh, oh, oh.

Oh, oh, oh.

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