

Larry Sparks "Sharecropper's Son"

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We moved here from somewhere when I was fourteen
Worked this poor ground for bacon and beans
Landlord told me, hard times is near
Didn't mean a thing 'cause they're already here

CHORUS

Daylight till dark my work's never done
Lord have mercy on this sharecropper's son
Mama's got the fever and the baby's sick too
Papa's uptown soakin' up that brew
Just out of prison, says he ain't going back
Ain't a bloodhound in Georgia that can follow his
tracks.

(Repeat Chorus)

We bought a new mule, brought him up from down
south
He'll kick the chew of tobacco right out of your mouth
Water in the well nearly out of sight
Can't take a bath on a Saturday night. (Repeat Chorus)

Our crops are all wilted, no rain day or night
Preacher's here for dinner, we ain't got a bite
Eleven in the family, ten Daughters and a son
Mama just told us there'd be another one.

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