

Ramblin' Jack Elliot

"Tyin' Knots In The Devil's Tail"

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I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' round
I'm just a wandrin' worker, I roam from town to town.
The police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road
A hot and dusty road that a million feet done trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the share, and always I was poor
My crops I laid into the banker's store;
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look round, it's mighty plain to see
The world is such a great and a funny place to be;
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

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