

# Bruce Springsteen, I Ain't Got No Home

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' 'round  
Work when I can get it, I roam from town to town  
The police make it hard, boys, wherever I may go  
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farmin' shares and always I was done  
My debts they was so many they wouldn't go around  
Drought got my crops and Mr. Banker's at my door  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Six children I have raised, they're scattered and they're gone  
And my darling wife to heaven she has flown  
She died of the fever upon the cabin floor  
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn  
I been workin' mister since the day that I was born  
I worry all the time like I never did before  
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Well, now I just ramble 'round to see what I can see  
This wide wicked world is a funny place to be  
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor  
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I'm stranded on this road that goes from sea to sea  
A hundred thousand others are stranded here with me  
A hundred thousand others, yes, a hundred thousand more  
I ain't got no home in this world anymore