Jim Croce, The Migrant Worker

Pickin' wasn't easy Kept you brown and thin Been a child for every season That the fruit was on the limb

Pack the truck, Maria Tell the kids we're off again Cross a dozen states or more We'll teach 'em what we can

Teach 'em what we can We can't do more The land is good But still the livin's poor

Harvest in September Drought in mid-July January's peeking Through a white lace gypsy sky

March rolls into April Then plant and pray for rain Sweat like hell in August Run the circle once again

acRun the circle once again And then once more The land is good But still the livin's poor

Oregon in August Michigan in May Tryin' to make enough To keep my family on its way And buy the pickin' boss a drink To keep working every day You know it isn't honest But you do it any way

Do it anyway to keep alive Do it anyway to keep alive