

Woody Guthrie, Dust Can't Kill Me

That old dust storm killed my baby,
But it can't kill me, Lord
And it can't kill me.

That old dust storm killed my family,
But it can't kill me, Lord
And it can't kill me.

That old landlord got my homestead,
But he can't get me, Lord,
And he can't get me.

That old dry spell killed my crop, boys,
But it can't kill me, Lord
And it can't kill me.

That old tractor got my home, boys,
But it can't get me, Lord
And it can't get me.

That old tractor run my house down,
But it can't get me down,
And it can't get me.

That old pawn shop got my furniture,
But it can't get me, Lord,
And it can't get me.

That old highway's got my relatives,
But it can't get me, Lord,
And it can't get me.

That old dust might kill my wheat, boys,
But it can't kill me, Lord
And it can't kill me.

I have weathered a-many a dust storm,
But it can't get me, boys,
And it can't kill me.

That old dust storm, well, it blowed my barn down,
But it can't blow me down,
And it can't blow me down.

That old wind might blow this world down,
But it can't blow me down,
It can't kill me.

That old dust storm's killed my baby,
But it can't kill me, Lord
And it can't kill me.