Dusty Old Road
Woody Guthrie

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again
Of the place that I lived on the wild, windy plains
In the month called April, county called Gray
And here's what all of the people there say

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder
It dusted us over, an' it covered us under
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun
Straight for home all the people did run, singin'

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
I've got to be driftin' along

We talked of the end of the world, and then
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word
And then these words would be heard

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along

Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed
Instead of marriage, they talked like this

Honey, so long, been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' our home
And I've got to be driftin' along

Now, the telephone rang an' it jumped off the wall
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call
He said, "Kind friend, this may be the end
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin"

The churches was jammed and the churches was
packed
An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black
Preacher could not read a word of his text
An' he folded his specs an' he took up collection, said

So long, been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along