**dusted again**

*nOVEMBER 6, 2011*

dust bowl in the 30’s way back when

dust bowl got them oakie souls

eighty years their tortured

ghosts have tossed and roamed

look like the dust has come again

back once more with

the fateful wind

or so i am told

one more time it’s coming round

young folks with no jobs nor homes

--- foreclosing on us all

never rained for 90 days

dusters came sure a shock

no water nor no grass to grate

had to shoot the stock

trying hard to work a bit

shovel hoe or pick a crop

nor no chance to hit a lick

wish that dust would stop

had to road it move about

i tell you we been hurt a lot

not much good for no account

since we was dusted out

we been dusted

we are dusted

stuck deed along the round

can’t rights sleep with

kids a crying

i’m so hungry daddy joad

hardly seems like justice

to have to bear this load

we always worried the land

worked from sun to sun

always up by sun up

hit it on the run

now them banks have took it

cause government says they can

looks like we are done

they got them guns and ----

pinkerton sheriff and deputy man

still i have to wonder why

times like these have come

rich just keep on getting richer

never care what for

sheriff with the park and the call

while hungry kids and mothers

moan

fat cats dancing to the sound

the fiddler plays while the city burns

while wind of need greed and poverty

twist and turn

the jester what hangs and

sways with no sound

save quiet sobs of misery

on the other side of town

try breaks stock options bonus

money at the top

nothing coming down

turn away and pass us by

watching poor folks

starve and die

been that way

through the ages

been that way by

will likely be that way a spell

cant rights take much money

kids with no shoes

nor britches

sleeping in the ditches

babies bellys empty swell

more hungry mouths

than one can tell

all she write

out sourced to china

india and south

can’t never get no pay no work

that’s what it’s all about

that’s why we hurt

some how it still seems

so unfair

can someone tell me why

life never falls out square

the music of the people

always seems to

fade and die

their mothers sob and crack

grown men break and cry

no matter how hard we try

to earn a piece of bread at night

they just keep it all

yet they say it’s just and right

cause it is the law