

Mean Talking Blues

Woody Guthrie

I'm the meanest man that ever had a brain
All I scatter is aches and pains
I'm carbolic acid and a poison face
And I stand flat-footed in favor of crime and disgrace
If I ever done a good deed, I'm sorry of it I'm mean in the East, mean in the West
Mean to the people that I like the best
I go around a-causin' lot of accidents
And I push folks down and I cause train wrecks
I'm a big disaster, just goin' somewhere's to happen
I'm an organized famine studyin', now I can be a little bit meaner
I'm still a whole lot too good to suit myself, just mean I ride around on the subway trains
Laughin' at the tight shoes dealin' you pain
And I laugh when the car shakes from side to side
I laugh my loudest when other people cry
Can't help it, I was born good, I guess
Just like you or anybody else
But then I just turned off mean I hate ev'rybody don't think like me
And I'd rather see you dead than I'd ever see you free
Rather see you starved to death than see you at work
And I'm readin' all the books I can to learn how to hurt
Daily misery, spread diseases, keep you without no vote
Keep you without no union Well, I hurt when I see you gettin' 'long so well
I'd ten times rather see you in the fires of hell
I can't stand to fixed
See you there all fixed up in that house so nice
I'd rather keep you in that rotten hole with the bugs and the lice
And the roaches and the termites
And the sand fleas and the tater bugs And the grub worms and the stingaree's
And the tarantulas, and the spiders, child's of the earth
The ticks and the blow-flies, these is all of my little angels
That go 'round helpin' me do the best parts of my meanness
And mosquiter's Well, I used to be a pretty fair organized feller
Till I turned a scab and then I turned off yellin'
Fought ev'ry union with teeth and toenail
And I sprouted a six-inch stinger right in the middle of the tail
And I grewed horns
And then I cut 'em off, I wanted to fool you
I hated union ever'where, 'cause God likes unions and I hate God Well, if I can get the fat to hatin' the lean
That'd tickle me more than anything I've seen

Then get the colors to fightin' one another
And friend against friend, and brother and sister against brother
That'll be just itEverybody's brains a-boilin' in turpentine
And their teeth fallin' out all up and down the streets
That'll just suit me fine
'Cause I hate ever'thing that's union
And I hate ever'thing that's organized
And I hate ever'thing that's planned
And I love to hate and I hate to love
I'm mean, I'm just mean

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