

Spendin' Cabbage

Blackfoot

Yeeeeeee-yeah-yeah ahaWell mama, ridin down this highway, Oh highway 95
Sometimes I dont know if Im even dead or aliveAnd that is why, that is why I was born a ramblin fool
And I got me no spendin cabbage
And I sure do think this old world is cruelSeems like I been here such a long time before
Used to be a free man, could knock on any womans doorAnd that is why, that is why I was born a ramblin fool-
ooo-ool
And I got me no spendin cabbage
Sure do think this old world is cruelPlay it for me one time
Ha, ha, haYes, all youall talkin to meWell you work yourself on sundown, workin like a dog
Bring your money home and your mama sez its gone
So whats the use in workin your fingers to the bone
When your children dont even love you,
Lord, when youre goneTake my time this time and get it right
Till my feet are spreadin dem wings, time to take flightThat is why, that is why Im still a ramblin fool
Im such a fool
And I got me no spendin cabbage
Sure do think this old world is cruelYeahAnd I got me no spendin gee dye, ah ha huh
Sure do think this old world is cruel
And I got me no spendin cabbage
Sure do think this old world is cruel

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