

Welfare Line

Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, Waylon Jennings,

Oh, the line at the welfare line is way outta line
All the folks in the street, in the cold, in the heat, it's a crime
Looking like a line or mourners stretching down the block and around the corner
Yes, the line at the welfare line is way outta line Well they say cutting AFDC isn't too race
All those welfare moms getting fat on all that cash
Well, I heard a welfare mother's son say
"When I grow up, I'm gonna get me a gun
and I'm off to Sacramento in a flesh" Now all the folks who used to call us "welfare bums"
Now are on that line mooching cigarettes and sniffing for crumbs
And as sure as the sky is blue sooner or later it's gonna be me or you
Cause what comes around is familiar when it comes Now the poorest folks I know, just to eat
Have to short the landlord and not pay the heat
For the crime or being poor
They get a three-day notice and a sheriff at the door
Yeah, the line at the welfare line is way outta line Oh, the line at the welfare line is way outta line
For a meal or a taste, or a bite, it's a waste of time
For the want of cash to borrow, they'll tell you
"Sorry boy, come back tomorrow,"
In a game designed to drive you out of your mind! Oh, the line at the welfare line is way outta line
All the folks in the street, in the cold, in the heat, it's a crime
Looking like a like of mourners
Stretching down the block and around the corner
Yes, the line at the welfare line
The line, like the rate of crime
The line, like a creeping vine
Oh, the line at the welfare line is way outta line!

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