

# Spendin' Cabbage

## Blackfoot

Yeeeeeee-yeah-yeah aha Well mama, ridin down this highway, Oh highway 95  
Sometimes I dont know if Im even dead or alive And 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 cruel Seems like I been here such a long time before  
Used to be a free man, could knock on any womans door And 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 cruel Play it for me one time  
Ha, ha, ha Yes, all youall talkin to me Well 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 gone Take my time this time and get it right  
Till my feet are spreadin dem wings, time to take flight That 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 cruel Yeah And 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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