

# Hard Row to Hoe

[Whiskey Myers](#)

I steadily stumble, walking around at night  
I'm too mean to die  
I'm too numb to write  
Now I'm out here  
Just searching for my soul So Lord help me now  
It's a hard row to hoe I used to have me a woman  
Aw but I can't be true  
All that late night rambling bound to put the damn pressure on you  
Yea she's still around  
But she left a long time ago  
So Lord help me now  
Cause it's a hard row to hoe And the weeds always high  
And the air is as dry as a bone  
And a mule and a plow  
It ain't no good now  
When it's gone, long gone  
I've been through that high water  
The fire and the snow So Lord help me now  
Cause it's a hard row to hoe There's hands in my pockets  
They're trying to take my change  
One little last piece of the pie  
Is all that's left when it hits my plate  
Yea they'll plunder ya crops for every seed you sow  
So Lord help me now  
Lord help me now, oh Lord  
Won't you please help me now  
Cause it's a hard row to hoe  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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