

The Migrant Worker

Jim Croce

Pickin' wasn't easy
Kept you brown and thin
Been a child for every season
That the fruit was on the limbPack the truck Maria
Tell the kids, we're off again
Cross a dozen states or more
We'll teach 'em what we canTeach 'em what we can
We can't do more
The land is good
But still the livin's poorHarvest in September
Drought in mid July
January's peeking
Through a white lace gypsy skyMarch rolls into April
Then plant and pray for rain
Sweat like hell in August
Run the circle once againRun the circle once again
And then once more
The land is good
But still the livin's poorOregon in August
Michigan in May
Tryin' to make enough
To keep my family on its wayAnd buy the pickin' boss a drink
To keep working every day
You know it isn't honest
But you do it anywayDo it anyway
To keep alive
Do it anyway to keep alive

Songwriters

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