

There's a Pot a Brewin

The Little Ones

Ol' morning crimson dawn
...there's a creek now on the floor
Do the paupers sleep tonight?
Do the children read or write? There's a pot a brewin'
A beat-up cup for fillin'
Now the paper is saying that are polls are shifting Our train's ahead
and its patrons have been so mislead
Judges play gypsy roles
cherry pickin' while the gentleman falls Aching prophets scurry south
Tangled up in all their vows
They can hear us from the street
It's a shame we can't retreat You see the road is seasoned
with the bows of treason
Painted wagons are gleamin'
while the dust is settling Our train's ahead
and its patrons have been so mislead
Judges play gypsy roles
cherry pickin' while the gentleman falls There's a pot a brewin!

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