

Spendin' Cabbage

Blackfoot

Yeeeeeeee-yeah-yeah aha

Well mama, ridin' down this highway, Oh highway 95
Sometimes I don't know if I'm 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 woman's 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 you'all talkin' to me

Well you work yourself on sundown, workin' like a dog

Bring your money home and your mama sez its gone
So what's the use in workin' your fingers to the bone
When your children don't even love you,
Lord, when you're 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 I'm still a ramblin' fool
I'm 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