

# Ain't No More Cane

Delbert McClinton

Ain't no more cane on the Brazos  
Oh, oh, oh, oh...  
It's all been ground down to molasses  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...

You shoulda been on the river in 1910  
They were driving the women just like they drove the men

Go down Old Hannah, don'cha rise no more  
Don't you rise up 'til Judgment Day's for sure

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Captain, don't you do me like you done poor old Shine  
Well ya drove that bully 'til he went stone blind

Wake up on a lifetime, hold up your own head  
Well you may get a pardon and then you might drop dead

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