

# Knockin' Lost John

The Band

I went down to Duffy's bar with depression on my mind  
Just to blow off a little steam and try to unwind  
Times were getting tough with no relief in sight  
Last straw I lost my job, next straw your life

Knock on, knockin' lost John  
The great depression was going strong  
Hard times comin' on  
Long gone, knockin' lost John

Born on the south side, got my schoolin' at the pool hall  
Saturday night we get back to back, Sunday mornin', wall to wall  
Never seen nothing like it, people jumpin' out of windows and going mad  
That's not half as bad as losin' what you never had

Back in 1929, it was livin' hell  
Crime was on the rise when the bottom fell  
Keepin' poverty pocket high upon the hill  
Back door, you lock it, they'll break it still