I Ain't Got No Home

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(Tune: "I Ain't Got No Home" by Woody Guthrie)

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round. My address is wherever I happen to lay down. The police, they make it hard, everywhere I go, And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I'm living in a tent, I pitch it where I can, Until the cops say "move along," with another camping ban. Sometimes I end up sleeping on someone else's floor, 'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I used to have a place that I could call my own,
But then the landlord raised the rent and forced me from my home.
Got fired from my job--that left me sick and poor.
Now I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Tried living in a shelter, that didn't work for me. One time I got pneumonia, then it was T.B. I nearly lost my life, I ain't doin 'that no more, Now I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I keep all my belongings in this gunny sack, Or in this canvas duffel bag I carry on my back, Or in this shopping cart I took from a Safeway store, "Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore.



I Ain't Got No Home (continued)

Last summer it got hot, so hot I almost fried.
This winter it got cold, so cold I nearly died.
Sometimes it's just not safe to be living out of doors,
But I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

A lifetime ago now, I signed up for the Corps. In Iraq and Afghanistan I did a couple tours. I lost a lot of pals, I still don't know what for, Now I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Each day I walk the streets, tryin to keep out of the rain. I stand on street corners askin' people for spare change. Most times they look away, tryin' to ignore, That I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I really hate to beg or be stinkin' up the place, But I'd appreciate it if you'd look me in the face. Someday it could be you, who knows what life has in store. Then you won't have a home in this world anymore.

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