

SO LONG, ITS GOOD O KNOW YOU Woodie Guthrie

... I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again

Of the place that I lived on the wild, windy plains
In the month called April, county called Gray
And here's what all of the people there say

... So long, it's been good to know yuh

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along

... A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder

It dusted us over, an' it covered us under
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun
Straight for home all the people did run, singin'

... So long, it's been good to know yuh

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
I've got to be driftin' along

... We talked of the end of the world, and then

We'd sing a song an' then sing it again
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word
And then these words would be heard

... So long, it's been good to know yuh

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along

... Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked

They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark
They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed
Instead of marriage, they talked like this

... Honey, so long, been good to know yuh

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' our home
And I've got to be driftin' along

... **Now, the telephone rang an' it jumped off the wall**

That was the preacher, a-makin' his call
He said, "Kind friend, this may be the end
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin"

... **The churches was jammed and the churches was packed**

An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black
Preacher could not read a word of his text
An' he folded his specs an' he took up collection, said

... **So long, been good to know yuh**

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've got to be driftin' along