Nazareth, Busted

My bills are all due and the baby needs shoes
And I'm busted
Cotton is down to a quarter a pound
But I'm busted
I got a cow that went dry and a hen that won't lay
A big stack of bills that gets bigger each day
The county's gonna haul my belongings away
'Cause I'm busted.

I went to my brother to ask for a loan 'Cause I was busted I hate to beg like a dog without his bone But I'm busted My brother said there ain't a thing I can do My wife and my kids are all down with the flu And I was just thinking about callin' on you And I'm busted.

Well I am no thief but a man can go wrong
When he's busted
The food that we packed that last summer is gone
And I'm busted
The fields are all bare and the cotton won't grow
Me and my fam'ly got to pack up and go
But I'll make a living just where I don't know
'Cause I'm busted.

Words and music by Harlan Howard (copyright 1962 tree publishing co.,inc.) international copyright secured all rights reserved.