

I'D RATHER NOT BE ON RELIEF

Lester Hunter  
Shafter, 1938

We go around all dressed in rags  
While the rest of the world goes neat,  
And we have to be satisfied  
With half enough to eat.  
We have to live in lean-tos,  
Or else we live in a tent,  
'For when we buy our bread and beans  
'There's nothing left for rent.

I'd rather not be on the rolls of relief,  
Or work on the W. P. A.,  
We'd rather work for the farmer  
If the farmer could raise the pay;  
Then the farmer could plant more cotton  
And he'd get more money for spuds,  
Instead of wearing patches,  
We'd dress up in new duds.

From the east and west and north and south  
Like a swarm of bees we come;  
The migratory workers  
Are worse off than a bum.  
We go to Mr. Farmer  
And ask him what he'll pay;  
He says, "You gypsy workers  
Can live on a buck a day."

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We'd rather work for the farmer  
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And he'd get more money for spuds,  
Instead of wearing patches,  
We'd dress up in new duds.

We don't ask for luxuries  
Or even a feather bed,  
But we're bound to raise the dickens  
While our families are underfed.  
Now the winter is on us  
And the cotton picking is done,  
What are we going to live on  
While we're waiting for spuds to come?

(cont'd)

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(cont'd)

Now if you will excuse me  
I'll bring my song to an end.  
I've got to go and chuck a crack  
Where the howling wind comes in.  
The times are going to better  
And I guess you'd like to know-  
I'll tell you all about it,  
I've joined the C. I. O.