

So Long It's Been Good to Know Yuh (Dusty Old Dust) by Woody Guthrie (1940)

D *D* *A7* *A7*
I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
D *D* *A7* *A7*
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains,
D *D7* *G* *G#dim7*
In the month called April, county called Gray,
D *D* *A7* *D*
And here's what all of the people there say:

D *D* *D* *D*
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
Em7 *A7* *A7* *D*
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
D *D* *G* *G#dim7*
So long, it's been good to know yuh.
D *D* *A7* *A7*
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,
A7 *A7* *A7* *D*
And I 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'

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:

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

I went to your fam'ly and asked them for you.
They all said, "Take her, oh take her, please do!"
"She can't cook or sew and she won't scrub your floor,;
So I put on my hat and tiptoed out the door, saying

The church was jammed and the church was packed
The pews were crowded from the front to the back
A thousand of friends waiting to kiss my new bride
But I was so anxious I rushed her outside, told her

I walked down the street to the grocery store.
It was crowded with people, both rich and both poor.
I asked the man ;how his butter was sold;
He said, "One pound of butter for two pounds of gold." I said

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friend, this may 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, it blowed so black.
Preacher could not read a word of his text,
An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection and said

D D A7 A7
I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
D D A7 A7
Of the people I knowed and the places I've been.
D D7 G G#dim7
Of some of the troubles that bothered my mind,
D D A7 D
And a lot of good people that I'm leaving behind

D D D D
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
Em7 A7 A7 D
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
D D G G#dim7
So long, it's been good to know yuh.
D D A7 A7
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,
A7 A7 A7 D
And I got to be driftin' along.