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## Weary Inside

George L. Hoffman

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# WEARY INSIDE

by *George L. Hoffman*

Old Drouth has done got me,  
An' he been pushin' so hard,  
Now he got both feet in my door;  
Oh, Lord, though I've tried  
To keep him outside,  
He jest keep pushin' some more!

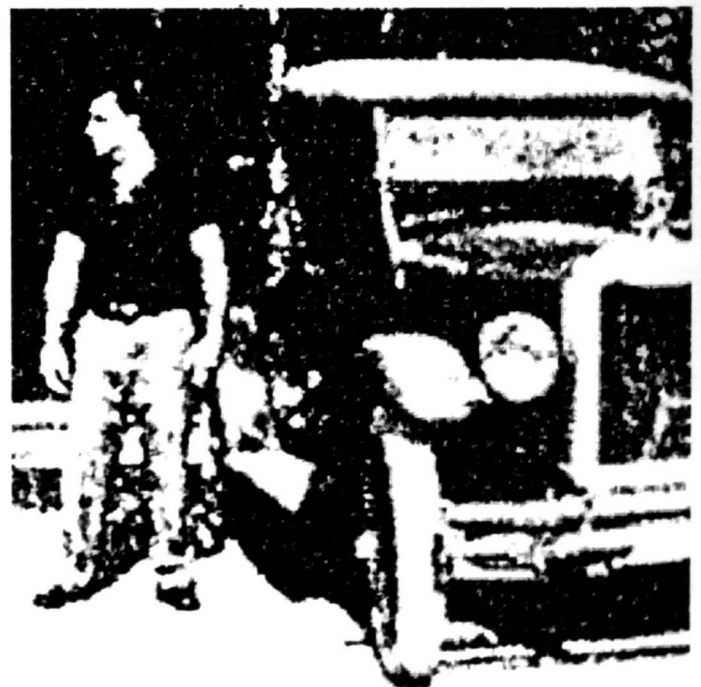
With his hot burnin' breath  
Blowin' out of the west,  
An' the sun in his empty sky,  
The rains won't come  
'Til the season's done,  
An' the cotton half knee-high!

The cornfiel' is brown,  
The leaves have all curled,  
The pastures are shriveled and dead,  
An' though I labor all day,  
There jest ain't no way  
To earn my pore family's cornbread.

The taxes ain't paid,  
The mortgage is due,  
All my credit is gone at the store,  
An', Lord, I hev tried  
'Til I'm so weary inside,  
I jest cain't try any more!

I'm gonna leave this ol' shack  
An' never look back.  
I won't even bother to close up the door;  
Let the hot burnin' wind  
Blow the yella sand in,  
Let the weeds grow up through the floor!

I'll crank up Ol' Ford  
An' head 'er out west;  
I'll get a job in a factory-store  
'Cuz, Lord, I hev tried  
'Til I'm so weary inside  
I jes cain't try anymore. □



computer illustration by *Dawn Hebert*

*GEORGE L. HOFFMAN* was born and reared on a farm near Custer City, Oklahoma. He graduated from Southwestern and taught in various schools in Oklahoma, Colorado, and Oregon. He is now retired and pursuing a writing career. His present address is 12565 SE 132nd, Clackamas, OR 97015, and he requests correspondence from anyone of those still surviving from that other time.