

# Songs of the Great Depression

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["Brother, Can You Spare a Dime."](#) lyrics by Yip Harburg, music by Jay **Gorney** (1931)

They used to tell me I was building a dream, and so I followed the mob,  
When there was earth to plow, or guns to bear, I was always there right on the job.  
They used to tell me I was building a dream, with peace and glory ahead,  
Why should I be standing in line, just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run, made it race against time.  
Once I built a railroad; now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?  
Once I built a tower, up to the sun, brick, and rivet, and lime;  
Once I built a tower, now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,  
Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum,  
Half a million boots went slogging through Hell,  
And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time.  
Why don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,  
Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum,  
Half a million boots went slogging through Hell,  
And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time.  
Say, don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?



["Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries."](#) lyrics by Lew Brown, music by **Ray Henderson** (1931)

People are queer, they're always crowing, scrambling and rushing about;  
Why don't they stop someday, address themselves this way?  
Why are we here? Where are we going? It's time that we found out.  
We're not here to stay; we're on a short holiday.

Life is just a bowl of cherries.  
Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious.  
You work, you save, you worry so,  
But you can't take your dough when you go, go, go.

So keep repeating it's the berries,  
The strongest oak must fall,  
The sweet things in life, to you were just loaned  
So how can you lose what you've never owned?  
Life is just a bowl of cherries,  
So live and laugh at it all.

Life is just a bowl of cherries.  
Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious.  
At eight each morning I have got a date,  
To take my plunge 'round the Empire State.  
You'll admit it's not the berries,  
In a building that's so tall;  
There's a guy in the show, the girls love to kiss;  
Get thousands a week just for crooning like this:  
Life is just a bowl of . . . aw, nuts!  
So live and laugh at it all!



**"We're in the Money," lyrics by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren (from the film Gold Diggers of 1933, 1933)**

We're in the money, we're in the money;  
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!  
We're in the money, that sky is sunny,  
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.  
We never see a headline about breadlines today.  
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye  
We're in the money, come on, my honey,  
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

Oh, yes we're in the money, you bet we're in the money,  
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!  
Let's go we're in the money, Look up the skies are sunny,  
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.  
We never see a headline about breadlines today.  
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye  
We're in the money, come on, my honey,  
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

