

## Hope for a New Tomorrow: The Protest Song Orgy®

*The following lyrics will be heard during the program.*

### ***God Bless America***

*Performed by Kate Smith (1939)*

*Written by Irving Berlin*

God bless America,  
Land that I love.  
Stand beside her  
And guide her  
Through the night with a light from above.  
From the mountains  
To the prairies  
To the oceans white with foam,  
God bless America,  
My home sweet home.

### ***This Land Is Your Land***

*Written and performed by Woody Guthrie  
(1940)*

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land,  
From California, to the New York Island,  
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream  
waters,  
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me that endless skyway.  
I saw below me that golden valley.  
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my  
footsteps,  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond  
deserts.  
All around me a voice was sounding,  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun comes shining and I was  
strolling  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust  
clouds rolling,

A voice was chanting and the fog was  
lifting.  
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

When the sun comes shining and I was  
strolling  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust  
clouds rolling,  
A voice was chanting and the fog was  
lifting.  
This land was made for you and me.

### ***I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill***

*Performed by Paul Robeson (1952)*

*Written by Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson*

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,  
Alive as you and me.  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."  
"I never died," says he. [x2]

"In Salt Lake City, Joe," says I,  
Him standing by my bed,  
"They framed you on a murder charge."  
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." [x2]

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe,  
They shot you, Joe," says I.  
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"  
Says Joe, "I didn't die." [x2]

And standing there as big as life  
And smiling with his eyes,  
Says Joe, "What they can never kill  
Went on to organize." [x2]

From San Diego up to Maine  
In every mine and mill,  
Where workers fight and organize,  
It's there you'll find Joe Hill. [x2]

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,  
Alive as you and me.  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."  
"I never died," says he. [x3]

***I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister***  
*Performed by Tom Rush (1963)*  
*Written by Jim Garland*

CHORUS:  
I don't want your millions, mister.  
I don't want your diamond ring.  
All I want is the right to live, mister.  
Won't you give me back my job again?

I don't want your Rolls-Royce, mister.  
I don't want your pleasure yacht.  
All I want is food for my children.  
Won't you give me back the job I got?

Now we worked to build this country,  
mister,  
While you enjoyed your life of ease.  
You've stolen all that we built, mister,  
And now our children, they starve and  
freeze.

Think me dumb, you won't, mister.  
Well, you call me blue, green, or red.  
This one thing I sure know, mister.  
Well, my hungry children, they must be fed.

CHORUS

***Citizen C.I.O.***  
*Performed by Tom Glazer, Josh White, and  
the Union Boys (1944)*  
*Written by Tom Glazer*

Where do you come from, brother?  
I come from the U.S.A.  
What are you doin', brother?  
I'm helping Uncle Sam in every way.

CHORUS:  
Well, tell me your name, brother, tell me  
your name,  
Tell me your name because I'd sure like to  
know.  
I'll tell you my name, yes, I'll tell you my  
name  
It's very plain, my name is Citizen C.I.O.

How you doin' lately, brother?  
Well, things are lookin' up okay.  
Tell me the reason, brother?  
The union fights my battles every day.

CHORUS

Do you love your country, brother?  
Yes, I love it more than I can tell.  
How come you joined the army, brother?  
I want to send those fascists straight to hell.

CHORUS

Mighty glad I met you, brother!  
Oh, gee, Bud, the same goes here!  
Stick around a long time, brother!  
You bet I will a hundred thousand years!

CHORUS

***Solidarity Forever***  
*Adapted and performed by the Almanac  
Singers (1955)*

CHORUS:  
Solidarity forever, solidarity forever,  
Solidarity forever, for the union makes us  
strong.

When the union's inspiration through the  
workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere  
beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the  
feeble strength of one?  
But the union makes us strong.

CHORUS

It is we who plowed the prairies, built the  
cities where they trade,  
Dug the mines and built the workshops,  
endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand outcast and starving 'mid the  
wonders we have made,  
But the union makes us strong.

CHORUS

They have taken untold millions that they  
never toiled to earn,  
But without our brain and muscle not a  
single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power, gain our  
freedom when we learn  
That the union makes us strong.

CHORUS

In our hands is placed a power greater than  
their hoarded gold,  
Greater than the might of atoms magnified a  
thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the  
ashes of the old,  
For the union makes us strong.

CHORUS

***Not Enough to Live on But a Little Too  
Much to Die (The Welfare Song)***  
*Written and performed by Mike Millius  
(1969)*

Well, the landlord came to my house,  
Man, he wasn't there to groove,  
Said, "You didn't pay your rent six months,  
My friend, you've got to move."  
So, I went down to the welfare folks  
To see what they'd do for me,  
They said, "Oh yes we'll pay your way,  
Just give us your dignity."  
And I said, "What am I entitled to?"

And they gave me this reply,  
"Not enough to live on  
But a little too much to die."

So I went back to my old lady,  
Man, I told her where I'd been,  
Out there giving stupid answers  
To all their stupid questions.  
Now, it seems they've got a little scheme  
By which you might survive,  
Just stay within your budget, baby,  
Good luck, and stay alive.  
But you'll need more than luck,  
'Cause even if you try,  
There's not enough to live on,  
But a little too much to die.

And a worker came to my house,  
Man, he was counting all my clothes.  
He asked how many kids I had  
Then he counted them by the nose.  
And he promised I'd get my check next  
week,  
I'd get it without fail,  
But that, of course, depends  
That it don't get lost in the mail.  
I said, "Does that happen often?"  
Well, he just blinked his eye.  
He said, "Not enough to live on  
But a little too much to die."

And the people are all in line,  
Man, they're going out the door,  
The man gave me number 903  
And then called forty-four.  
Oh baby, they're lucky I don't play the  
horses,  
'Cause I just can't get by,  
When it's not enough to live on,  
But a little too much to die.

***The Faucets Are Dripping***

*Written and performed by Malvina Reynolds (1963)*

CHORUS:

The faucets are dripping in old New York City,

The faucets are dripping, and oh, what a pity!

The reservoir's drying, because it's supplying

The faucets that drip in New York.

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,

He'd rather you move than to put in a washer,

The faucets are dripping, they sound in my ears,

The tap in the bathroom's been running for years.

CHORUS

There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen,

It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing.

The streams from the mountain, the pools from the sea,

All run from my faucet and down to the sea.

CHORUS

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,

You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs.

He takes in the rents, and he lives in Miami, Where faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere.

CHORUS

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content,

With every new tenant he raises the rent.

The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry,

There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die.

CHORUS

They're building some buildings and new Lincoln Centers,

It's sure working hell with the low-income renters.

They're jammed into rooms with the rat and the fly,

Where the faucets all drip and the floor's never dry.

CHORUS

***Paradise***

*Written and performed by Jim Ringer (1972)*

When I was a child, my family would travel Down to western Kentucky where my parents were born,

To a backwards old town that's often remembered

So many times that my memories are worn.

CHORUS:

And daddy, won't take you take me back to Muhlenberg County

Down by the Green River where Paradise lay?

I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in asking.

Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Sometimes we'd travel right down to Green River

And the abandoned old prison down by Avery Hill,

Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols,

But empty pop bottles was all we could kill.

CHORUS

Then the coal company came with the  
world's biggest shovel.  
They tortured the timber and stripped all the  
land.  
They dug for the coal 'til the land was  
forsaken,  
Then they wrote it all down to the progress  
of man.

#### CHORUS

When I die, let my ashes flow down to  
Green River,  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester  
Dam.  
I'll be five miles from Heaven with Paradise  
waiting,  
Just a half mile away from wherever I am.

#### CHORUS

#### *Deportee*

*Performed by Cisco Houston (c. 1950)*

*Written by Woody Guthrie*

The crops are all in and the peaches are  
rotting,  
The oranges are stacked in their creosote  
dumps.  
They're flying them back to that Mexico  
border  
To pay all their wages to wade back again.

#### CHORUS:

Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,  
Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria;  
You won't have your name when you ride  
the big airplane,  
And all they will call you will be  
"deportee."

My father's own father, he waded that river.  
They took all the money he made in his life.  
My brothers and sisters come working the  
fruit trees

And they rode on the trucks 'til they took  
down and died.

#### CHORUS

Well, some are illegal and some are not  
wanted.  
Our work contract's out and we've got to  
move on.  
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like  
thieves.

#### CHORUS

We died in your hills and we died on your  
deserts,  
We died in your valleys, we died on your  
planes,  
We died 'neath your trees and we died in  
your bushes.  
Both sides of that river, we died just the  
same.

#### CHORUS

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos  
canyon  
Like a fireball of lightning and shook all our  
hills.  
Who are all these friends who are scattered  
like dry leaves?  
The radio says, "They are just deportees."

#### CHORUS

Is this the best way we can grow our big  
orchards?  
Is this the best way we can grow our good  
fruit?  
To fall like dry leaves and rot on my topsoil  
And be known by no name except  
"deportee."

#### CHORUS

### ***Little Boxes***

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1963)*

*Written by Malvina Reynolds*

Little boxes on the hillside,  
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,  
Little boxes on the hillside,  
Little boxes all the same.  
There's a green one and a pink one  
And a blue one and a yellow one,  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky  
And they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses  
All went to the university,  
Where they all were put in boxes,  
Little boxes all the same.  
And there's doctors and there's lawyers  
And business executives,  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky  
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course  
And drink their martini dry,  
And they all have pretty children  
And the children go to school.  
And the children go to summer camp,  
And then to the university,  
Where they all get put in boxes,  
And they all come out the same.

And the boys go into business  
And marry and raise a family,  
And they all get put in boxes,  
Little boxes all the same.  
There's a green one and a pink one  
And a blue one and a yellow one,  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky  
And they all look just the same.

### ***Gonna Be an Engineer***

*Written and performed by Peggy Seeger  
(1970)*

When I was a little girl, I wished I was a  
boy,  
I tagged along behind the gang and wore my  
corduroy,  
Everybody said I only did it to annoy,  
But I was gonna be an engineer.  
Mama told me, "Can't you be a lady?  
Your duty is to make me the mother of a  
pearl.  
Wait until you're older, dear, and maybe  
You'll be glad that you're a girl."

Dainty as a Dresden statue.  
Gentle as a Jersey cow.  
Smooth as silk, gives creamy milk.  
Learn to coo, learn to moo,  
That's what you do to be a lady now.

When I went to school I learned to write and  
how to read,  
Some history, geography and home  
economy,  
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to  
need  
To while away the extra time until the time  
to breed,  
And then they had the nerve to ask, what  
would I like to be?  
I says, "I'm gonna be an engineer!"  
"No, you only need to learn to be a lady.  
The duty isn't yours, for to try to run the  
world.  
An engineer could never have a baby.  
Remember, dear, that you're a girl."

She's smart (for a woman).  
I wonder how she got that way?  
You get no choice, you get no voice,  
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb,  
And that's how you come to be a lady today.

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a  
conjugation,  
We were busy every night with loving  
recreation.  
I spent my day at work so he could get his  
education,  
Well, now he's an engineer.  
He says, "I know you'll always be a lady.  
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her  
life,  
Could an engineer look after or obey me?  
Remember, dear, that you're my wife."

Well, as soon as Jimmy got a job, I began  
again,  
Then, happy at my turret-lathe a year or so,  
and then:  
The morning that the twins were born,  
Jimmy says to them,  
"Kids, your mother was an engineer."  
"You owe it to the kids to be a lady,  
Dainty as a dishrag, faithful as a chow,  
Stay at home, you got to mind the baby,  
Remember, you're a mother now."

Well, every time I turn around it's  
something else to do,  
It's cook a meal, mend a sock, sweep a floor  
or two.  
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me  
want to spew,  
I was gonna be an engineer!  
Don't I really wish that I could be a lady?  
I could do the lovely things that a lady's  
s'posed to do,  
I wouldn't even mind, if only they would  
pay me,  
And I could be a person too.

What a price – for a woman?  
You can buy her for a ring of gold.  
To love and obey (without any pay),  
You get a cook and a nurse (for better or  
worse),  
You don't need a purse when the lady is  
sold.

Ah, but now that times are harder and my  
Jimmy's got the sack,  
I went down to the Vicker's, they were glad  
to have me back,  
But I'm a third-class citizen, my wages tell  
me that,  
And I'm a first-class engineer.  
The boss he says, "We pay you as a lady,  
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a  
man,  
With you I keep the profits high as may be,  
You're just a cheaper pair of hands."

You got one fault – you're a woman.  
You're not worth the equal pay.  
A bitch or a tart, you're nothing but heart,  
Shallow and vain, you got no brain,  
You even go down the drain like a lady  
today.

Well, I listened to my mother and I joined a  
typing pool,  
I listened to my lover and I put him through  
his school,  
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody  
fool  
And an underpaid engineer!  
I been a sucker ever since I was a baby,  
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother, and a  
"dear" –  
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady,  
Fight them as an engineer!

***What Did You Learn in School Today***  
*Written and performed by Tom Paxton*  
*(1963)*

What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
I learned that Washington never told a lie.  
I learned that soldiers seldom die.  
I learned that everybody's free,  
And that's what the teacher said to me.  
That's what I learned in school today.  
That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
I learned that policemen are my friends.  
I learned that justice never ends.  
I learned that murderers die for their crimes,  
Even if we make a mistake sometimes.  
That's what I learned in school today.  
That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
I learned our government must be strong.  
It's always right and never wrong.  
Our leaders are the finest men.  
And we elect them again and again.  
That's what I learned in school today.  
That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
What did you learn in school today,  
Dear little boy of mine?  
I learned that war is not so bad.  
I learned about the great ones we have had.  
We fought in Germany and in France.  
And some day I might get my chance.  
That's what I learned in school today.  
That's what I learned in school.

### **MTA**

*Performed by the Kingston Trio (1959)*  
*Written by Jacqueline Steiner and Bess*  
*Lomax Hawes*

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man  
named Charlie  
On a tragic and fateful day  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his  
wife and family,  
Went to ride on the MTA.

CHORUS:  
Well did he ever return, no he never  
returned,  
And his fate is still unlearned (what a pity).  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston.  
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall  
Square station  
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
When he got there, the conductor told him  
"one more nickel."  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

### CHORUS

Now all night long Charlie rides through the  
station  
Crying, "What will become of me?  
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea  
Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

### CHORUS

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay  
Square station  
Every day at quarter past two  
And through the open window she hands  
Charlie a sandwich  
As the train comes rumblin' through.

### CHORUS

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think  
it's a scandal  
How the people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase, vote for George  
O'Brien!  
Get poor Charlie off the MTA!

Or else he'll never return, no he'll never  
return,  
And his fate is still unlearned (just like  
always).  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston,  
He's the man who never returned. [x3]

***Which Side Are You On? [Union version]***

*Performed by Pete Seeger (c. 1960)*

*Written by Florence Reece*

CHORUS:

Which side are you on, boys?  
Which side are you on?  
Which side are you on, boys?  
Which side are you on?

They say in Harlan County  
There are no neutrals there.  
You'll either be a union man  
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.

CHORUS

My daddy was a miner  
And I'm a miner's son.  
He'll be with you, fellow workers,  
Until this battle's won.

CHORUS

Oh, workers, can you stand it?  
Tell me how you can.  
Will you be a lousy scab  
Or will you be a man?

CHORUS

Come all of you, good workers,  
Good news to you I'll tell  
Of how the good old union  
Has come in here to dwell.

CHORUS

***Which Side Are You On?***

***[Civil Rights version]***

*Performed by the SNCC Freedom Singers  
(c. 1960)*

Oh brothers, can you hear me?  
Oh tell me if you can.  
Will you be an Uncle Tom  
Or will you be a man?

CHORUS

*Performed by Charles Noblett, Rutha  
Harris, and Cordell Reagon (1964)*

Come all you Negro people,  
Lift up your voices and sing.  
Will you join the Ku Klux Klan  
Or Martin Luther King?

CHORUS

***Woke Up This Morning with My Mind Set  
on Freedom***

*Performed by the SNCC Freedom Singers,  
led by Bernice Johnson (1963)*

Woke up this morning with my mind set on  
freedom, [x3]  
Hallelujah.

***We Shall Not Be Moved***

*Performed by the SNCC Freedom Singers,  
led by Rutha Harris (1963)*

We shall not be moved,  
We shall not be moved.  
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,  
We shall not be moved.

***Certainly, Lord***

*Performed by the CORE Freedom Singers  
(1963)*

Well have you been to the jail? Certainly,  
Lord. [x3]  
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

Well did they give you thirty days?  
Certainly, Lord. [x3]  
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

***I'm on My Way***

*Performed by the Alabama Christian  
Movement Choir, led by Mamie Brown  
(1963)*

I'm on my way to freedom land. [x3]  
I'm on my way, oh Lord, to freedom land.

If you don't go, don't hinder me. [x3]  
I'm on my way, oh Lord, to freedom land.

***If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus***

*Performed by Betty Mae Fikes and others  
(c. 1963)*

If you miss Governor Wallace,<sup>1</sup>  
You can't find him nowhere.  
Just come on over to the crazy house,  
He'll be resting over there.

If you miss Jim Clark,  
You can't find him nowhere.  
Just come on over to the graveyard,  
He'll be lying over there.

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<sup>1</sup> Two notorious anti-civil rights figures were George Wallace, governor of Alabama, and Jim Clark, sheriff of Selma, Alabama.

***This Little Light of Mine***

*Performed by Rutha Harris, Betty Mae  
Fikes, and others (1964)*

I've got the light of freedom, I'm gonna let  
it shine, [x3]  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

***Yes We Want Our Freedom***

*Performed by Cleo Kennedy and  
Charles Noblett (1967)*

Yes we want our freedom,  
Yes we want our freedom, children,  
Yes we want our freedom,  
We want our freedom and we want it  
now. [x3]

***Oh, Freedom***

*Performed by Hollis Watkins (1963)*

No segregation, no segregation,  
No segregation over me.  
And before I'll be a slave  
I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

***Oh, Freedom***

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1963)*

No more slavery, no more slavery,  
No more slavery over me.  
And before I'd be a slave  
I'd be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more weeping, no more weeping,  
No more weeping over me.  
And before I'd be a slave  
I'd be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

Oh, freedom, oh, freedom,  
Oh, freedom over me.  
And before I'd be a slave  
I'd be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

***If I Had a Hammer***

*Performed by Peter, Paul and Mary (1962)*

*Written by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger*

If I had a hammer,  
I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening,  
All over this land.  
I'd hammer out danger,  
I'd hammer out a warning,  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers  
and my sisters,  
All over this land.

If I had a bell,  
I'd ring it in the morning,  
I'd ring it in the evening,  
All over this land.  
I'd ring out danger,  
I'd ring out a warning,  
I'd ring out love between my brothers and  
my sisters,  
All over this land.

If I had a song,  
I'd sing it in the morning,  
I'd sing it in the evening,  
All over this land.  
I'd sing out danger,  
I'd sing out a warning,  
I'd sing out love between my brothers and  
my sisters,  
All over this land.

Well, I got a hammer,  
And I got a bell,  
And I got a song to sing, all over this land.  
It's the hammer of Justice,  
It's the bell of Freedom,  
It's the song about Love between my  
brothers and my sisters,  
All over this land.

***I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free***

*Performed by Nina Simone (1967)*

*Written by Billy Taylor*

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free.  
I wish I could break all the chains holding  
me.  
I wish I could say all the things that I should  
say,  
Say 'em loud, say 'em clear  
For the whole round world to hear.

I wish I could share the love that's in my  
heart,  
Remove all the bars that keep us apart.  
I wish you could know what it means to be  
me,  
Then you'd see and agree  
That every man should be free.

I wish I could give all I'm longing to give.  
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live.  
I wish I could do all the things that I can do.  
Though I'm way overdue,  
I'd be starting anew.

Well, I wish I could be like a bird in the sky.  
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly.  
I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea.  
Then I'd sing 'cause I'd know  
How it feels to be free.

***Keep Your Hands on the Plow***

*Performed by the Montgomery Gospel Trio  
(1961)*

Paul and Silas bound in jail,  
Had no one to go their bail.  
Keep your hands on the plow, hold on, hold  
on.  
Hold on, hold on.  
Keep your hands on the plow, hold on, hold  
on.

**Hold On**

*Performed by Josh White (1944)*

United Nations make a chain,  
Every link is freedom's name.  
Keep your hands on that gun, hold on.  
Hold on, Franklin D.,  
Hold on, Winston C.,  
Hold on, Chiang Kai-Shek,  
Hold on, Joseph Stalin.  
Keep your hands on that gun, hold on.

**Keep Your Eyes on the Prize**

*Performed by Sweet Honey in the Rock  
(2000)*

We've met jail and violence too,  
But God's love will see us through.  
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on, hold  
on.  
Hold on, hold on.  
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on, hold  
on.

**We Shall Overcome**

*Performed by Joe Hill and the Elm City  
Four (1950)*

We will overcome,  
We will overcome,  
We will overcome someday.  
Oh, down in my heart I do believe  
We will overcome someday.

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1963)*

We are not afraid,  
We are not afraid,  
We are not afraid today.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome someday.

*Performed by participants in a mass meeting  
(1964)*

God is on our side,  
God is on our side,  
God is on our side today.

Oh, deep in my heart I know that I do  
believe  
We shall overcome someday.

*Performed by the Freedom Singers (1963)*

We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand someday.  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We shall overcome someday.

*Performed by Mahalia Jackson (1963)*

We shall overcome one day,  
We shall overcome one day,  
We shall overcome, Lord, one day.  
If in our hearts we do believe,  
We shall overcome, Lord, one day.

We shall all have peace one day,  
We shall all have peace one day,  
We shall have peace, Lord, one day.  
If in our hearts we do believe,  
We shall all have peace, Lord, one day.

We shall all be free one day, Lord,  
We shall all be free one day, Lord,  
We shall all be free, Lord, one day.  
Lord, if in our hearts I do believe, Lord,  
We shall be free, Lord, one day.

**Say It Loud (I'm Black and I'm Proud)**

*Written and performed by James Brown  
(1969)*

Uh, with your bad self  
Say it louder (I got a mouth)  
Say it louder (I got a mouth)

Look a'here, some people say we got a lot of  
malice.

Some say it's a lotta nerve.  
I say we won't quit moving  
'Til we get what we deserve.  
We've been 'buked and we've been scorned.

We've been treated bad, talked about  
As just as sure as you're born.  
But just as sure as it take  
Two eyes to make a pair, huh,  
Brother, we can't quit until we get our share.

CHORUS:  
Say it loud,  
I'm black and I'm proud.  
Say it loud,  
I'm black and I'm proud, one more time.  
Say it loud,  
I'm black and I'm proud, huh.

I've worked on jobs with my feet and my  
hands,  
But all the work I did was for the other man.  
And now we demands a chance  
To do things for ourselves.  
We tired of beating our heads against the  
wall  
And working for someone else.

CHORUS

Ooowee, you're killing me.  
Alright uh, you're out of sight.  
Alright, so tough, you're tough enough.  
Ooowee uh, you're killing me, oow.

CHORUS

Now we demand a chance to do things for  
ourselves.  
We tired of beating our heads against the  
wall  
And working for someone else.  
A look a'here,  
One thing more I got to say right here:  
Now, we're people like the birds and the  
bees.  
We rather die on our feet,  
Than keep living on our knees.

CHORUS

### *Everyday People*

*Written and performed by Sly and the  
Family Stone (1968)*

Sometimes I'm right, and I can be wrong.  
My own beliefs are in my song.  
A butcher, a baker, a drummer and then  
Makes no difference what group I'm in.  
I am everyday people.

Then it's the blue ones  
Who can't accept the green ones  
For living with the black ones  
Tryin' to be a skinny one.  
Different strokes for different folks,  
And so on and so on and scooby dooby  
dooby,  
Ooh sha sha.  
We got to live together.  
I am no better and neither are you.  
We're all the same whatever we do.  
You love me, you hate me,  
You know me and then  
Still can't figure out the bag I'm in.  
I am everyday people.

There is a long-hair  
That doesn't like the short-hair  
For being such a rich one  
That will not help the poor one.  
Different strokes for different folks,  
And so on and so on and scooby dooby  
dooby,  
Ooh sha sha.  
We got to live together.

There is a yellow one  
That won't accept the black one  
That won't accept the red one  
That won't accept the white one.  
Different strokes for different folks,  
And so on and so on and scooby dooby  
dooby,  
Ooh sha sha.  
I am everyday people.

***For What It's Worth***

*Written and performed by Buffalo  
Springfield (1967)*

There's something happening here.  
What it is ain't exactly clear.  
There's a man with a gun over there  
Telling me I got to beware.  
I think it's time we stop, children, what's  
that sound,  
Everybody look what's going down.

There's battle lines being drawn.  
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong.  
Young people speaking their minds  
Getting so much resistance from behind.  
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound,  
Everybody look what's going down.

What a field day for the heat:  
A thousand people in the street  
Singing songs and carrying signs,  
Mostly say, "Hurray for our side."  
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound,  
Everybody look what's going down.

Paranoia strikes deep.  
Into your life it will creep.  
It starts when you're always afraid.  
Step out of line, the men come and take you  
away.  
We better stop now, what's that sound.  
Everybody look what's going down.

***What's Going On***

*Written and performed by Marvin Gaye  
(1971)*

Mother, mother,  
There's too many of you crying.  
Brother, brother, brother,  
There's far too many of you dying.  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today, yeah.

Father, father,  
We don't need to escalate.  
You see, war is not the answer  
For only love can conquer hate.  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today.

Picket lines and picket signs,  
Don't punish me with brutality,  
Talk to me, so you can see  
Oh, what's going on,  
What's going on,  
Yeah, what's going on,  
Ah, what's going on.

***Signs***

*Written and performed by Five Man  
Electrical Band (1970)*

And the sign said, "Long-haired freaky  
people need not apply,"  
So I tucked my hair up under my hat and I  
went in to ask him why.  
He said, "You look like a fine upstanding  
young man, I think you'll do."  
So I took off my hat, I said, "Imagine that,  
huh, me working for you."

CHORUS:

Sign, sign, everywhere a sign,  
Blocking out the scenery, breaking my  
mind.  
Do this, don't do that, can't you read the  
sign?

And the sign said, "Anybody caught  
trespassin' will be shot on sight."  
So I jumped on the fence and I yelled at the  
house, "Hey, what gives you the right  
To put up a fence to keep me out but to keep  
Mother Nature in?  
If God was here, he'd tell you to your face,  
'Man, you're some kind of sinner.'"

CHORUS

Now hey you, mister, can't you read?  
You've got to have a shirt and tie to get a  
seat.  
You can't even watch, no, you can't eat.  
You ain't supposed to be here.

The sign said, "You've got to have a  
membership card to get inside."

The sign said, "Everybody welcome, come  
in, kneel down and pray."  
And when they passed around the plate at  
the end of it all, I didn't have a penny to  
pay.  
So I got me a pen and a paper, and I made  
up my own little sign.  
I said, "Thank you, Lord, for thinking about  
me. I'm alive and doing fine."

CHORUS [x2]

***The Times They Are A-Changin'***  
*Written and performed by Bob Dylan (1963)*

Come gather 'round, people,  
Wherever you roam,  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown,  
And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone.  
If your time to you is worth saving,  
Then you better start swimming  
Or you'll sink like a stone,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

*Performed by Peter, Paul and Mary (1965)*

Come writers and critics  
Who prophesize with your pen,  
And keep your eyes wide,  
The chance won't come again.  
And don't speak too soon,  
For the wheel's still in spin,  
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'.  
For the loser now will be  
Later to win,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen,  
Please heed the call.  
Don't stand in the doorway,  
Don't block up the hall.  
For he that gets hurt  
Will be he who has stalled.  
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'.  
It'll soon shake your windows  
And rattle your walls.  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand.  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command.  
Your old road is rapidly agin'.  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn,  
The curse it is cast.  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past.  
The order is rapidly fadin'.  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'.

***Blowin' in the Wind***  
*Written and performed by Bob Dylan (1963)*

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must the white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannon  
balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
How many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his  
head,  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
How many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he  
knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

### ***Ballad of October 16<sup>2</sup>***

*Written and performed by Pete Seeger and  
the Almanac Singers (1941)*

It was on a Saturday night and the moon was  
shining bright,  
They passed the conscription bill.  
And the people they did say for many miles  
away  
'Twas the President and his boys on Capitol  
Hill.

Oh, Franklin Roosevelt told the people how  
he felt.  
We damn near believed what he said.  
He said, "I hate war, and so does Eleanor  
But we won't be safe 'til everybody's dead."

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<sup>2</sup> October 16, 1940, was registration day for the first  
peacetime draft in U.S. history.

### ***Billy Boy***

*Written and performed by Josh White and  
the Almanac Singers (1941)*

Will you go to the war, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Will you go to the war, charming Billy?  
It's a long ways away, they are dying every  
day.  
He's a young boy and cannot leave his  
mother.

Can you use a bayonet, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Can you use a bayonet, charming Billy?  
No, I haven't got the skill to murder and to  
kill.  
He's a young boy and cannot leave his  
mother.

### ***The Willing Conscript***

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1964)*

*Written by Tom Paxton*

Oh Sergeant I'm a draftee and I've just  
arrived in camp.  
I've come to wear the uniform and join the  
martial tramp.  
And I want to do my duty, but one thing I do  
implore  
You must give me lessons, sergeant, for I've  
never killed before.

To do my job obediently is my only desire.  
To learn my weapon thoroughly and how to  
aim and fire.  
To learn to kill the enemy and then to  
slaughter more,  
I'll need instruction, sergeant, for I've never  
killed before.

Now there are rumors in the camp about the  
enemy.  
They say that when you see him, he looks  
just like you and me.  
But you deny it, Sergeant, and you are a  
man of war.  
So you must give me lessons, for I've never  
killed before.

Now there are several lessons that I haven't  
mastered yet.  
I haven't got the hang of how to use the  
bayonet.  
If he doesn't die at once, am I to stick him  
with more?  
Oh, I hope you will be patient, for I've never  
killed before.

And the hand grenade is something that I  
just don't understand.  
You've got to throw it quickly or you're apt  
to lose your hand.  
Does it blow a man to pieces with its wicked  
muffled roar?  
I've got so much to learn because I've never  
killed before.

Well, I want to thank you, Sergeant, for the  
help you've been to me.  
You've taught me how to kill and how to  
hate the enemy,  
And I know that I'll be ready, when they  
march me off to war,  
And I know that it won't matter that I've  
never killed before. [x2]

***Where Have All The Flowers Gone?***  
*Performed by the Kingston Trio (1962)*  
*Written by Pete Seeger*

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Young girls picked them every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone to young men every one

When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Gone for soldiers every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Gone to flowers every one  
When will we ever learn?  
When will we ever learn?

***Old Man Atom***  
*Written and performed by Sam Hinton*  
*(1950)*

Well, I'm gonna preach you all a sermon  
about Old Man Atom,  
And I don't mean the Adam-in-the-Bible's  
Adam,  
No, I don't mean the Adam that Mother Eve  
mated,  
No, I mean the thing that science liberated.  
The thing that Einstein says he's scared of,  
And when Einstein's scared, brother, I'm  
scared.

Well, if you're scared of the A-Bomb, here's  
what you've got to do,  
You've got to gather all the people in the  
world with you,  
'Cause if we don't get together and do it,  
well,  
The first thing you know we'll blow this  
world plumb to  
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini.

Now life used to be such a simple joy,  
The cyclotron was just a super toy,  
And folks got born, they'd work and marry,  
And "atom" was a word in the dictionary.  
And then it happened.  
And the science boys from every clime,  
They all pitched in with overtime,  
And before they knew it the job was done  
And they'd hitched up the power of the  
gol-durn sun  
And put a harness on Old Sol.  
Splittin' atoms, while the diplomats was  
splittin' hairs.  
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini.

But the atom's international, in spite of  
hysteria,  
Flourishes in Utah, also Siberia.  
And whether you're white, black, red or  
brown,  
The question is this, when you boil it down:  
To be or not to be!  
That's the question.  
No, the answer to it all isn't military datum,  
Like "Who gets there fustest with the  
mostest atoms,"  
No, the people of the world must decide  
their fate,  
We got to stick together or disintegrate.  
We hold these truths to be self-evident  
That all men may be cremated equal.  
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, lordy up the flue,  
Alamogordo, Bikini, it could happen to you.

Yes, it's up to the people, 'cause the atom  
don't care.  
And you can't fence him in, he's just like  
the air,  
And he doesn't give a hoot about any  
politics  
Or who got what into whatever fix  
'Cause all he wants to do is just sorta set  
around  
And have his nucleus bombarded by  
neutrons.

So the moral is this, just as plain as day,  
That Old Man Atom is here to stay.  
He's gonna stick around, that's clear to see,  
But ah, my dearly beloved, are we?  
So listen folks, here's my thesis:  
Peace in the world, or the world in pieces.  
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini.

### ***The Civil Defense Sign***

*Written and performed by Mark Spoelstra  
(1962)*

#### **CHORUS:**

When you see this sign it's time to go,  
This sign, this sign.  
You'll know it's time to go when the siren  
starts to blow.  
Remember the Civil Defense sign.

This sign won't save you and me,  
This sign, this sign,  
But it's a hole for the souls  
Of your friends and mine,  
Remember the Civil Defense sign.  
My town's got more signs than yours,  
More signs, more signs,  
I've got more band-aids,  
More ice cubes and more iodine,  
Just in case it hurts some friend of mine.

#### **CHORUS**

I won't be the one to die,  
To die, to die.  
Of course a certain percentage  
Just has to go,  
But I won't be the one to die.  
Make the missiles so daddy will have a job,  
A job, a job.  
When the missiles start to fly,  
We can all day down and die,  
Then daddy won't have to work any more.

CHORUS

***Mack the Bomb***

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1963)  
Adapted from music and lyrics by Kurt Weill  
and Marc Blitzstein ("Mack the Knife")*

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear,  
And he shows them pearly white.  
And the AEC<sup>3</sup> has figures  
But it keeps them out of sight.

When the shark bites with his teeth, dear,  
Scarlet billows start to spread.  
Strontium 90 shows no color,  
But it leaves you just as dead.

Strontium 90 leaves no clue, dear,  
It's not like thalidomide.  
If the baby is deformed, dear,  
You just blame the other side.

Strontium 90 leaves no trace, dear,  
No one knows who gets the knife.  
You can always say that background  
Radiation took the life.

In your milk on Monday morning  
Comes an extra little lick.  
Well, the taste is just the same, dear,  
But the Geiger counters click.

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear,  
And he shows them pearly white.  
And the AEC has figures  
But they keep them out of sight.

***Down by the Riverside***

*Performed by Peter, Paul and Mary (1998)*

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
Down by the riverside. [x3]  
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
Down by the riverside,  
Study war no more.

CHORUS

I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more. [x2]  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more. [x2]

I'm gonna walk with that Prince of Peace,  
Down by the riverside. [x3]  
I'm gonna walk with that Prince of Peace,  
Down by the riverside,  
Study war no more.

CHORUS

I'm gonna lay down that atom bomb  
Down by the riverside. [x3]  
I'm gonna lay down that atom bomb,  
Down by the riverside,  
Study war no more.

CHORUS [x2]

***The Ballad of the Green Berets***

*Written and performed by Ssgt. Barry Sadler  
(1966)*

Fighting soldiers from the sky,  
Fearless men who jump and die,  
Men who mean just what they say,  
The brave men of the Green Beret.

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<sup>3</sup> Atomic Energy Commission.

***I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag***  
*Written and performed by Country Joe and  
the Fish (1967)*

Yeah, come on all of you, big strong men,  
Uncle Sam needs your help again.  
He's got himself in a terrible jam  
Way down yonder in Vietnam.  
So put down your books and pick up a gun,  
We're gonna have a whole lotta fun.

**CHORUS:**

And it's one, two, three,  
What are we fighting for?  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,  
Next stop is Vietnam;  
And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the pearly gates,  
Well, there ain't no time to wonder why,  
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast;  
Your big chance has come at last.  
Gotta go out and get those Reds –  
The only good Commie is the one who's  
    dead  
And you know that peace can only be won  
When we've blown 'em all to kingdom  
    come.

**CHORUS**

Well, come on Wall Street, don't move  
    slow,  
Why man, this is war au-go-go.  
There's plenty good money to be made  
By supplying the Army with the tools of the  
    trade,  
Just hope and pray that if they drop the  
    bomb,  
They drop it on the Viet Cong.

**CHORUS**

Well, come on mothers throughout the land,  
Pack your boys off to Vietnam.  
Come on fathers, don't hesitate,

Send 'em off before it's too late.  
Be the first one on your block  
To have your boy come home in a box.

**CHORUS**

***Kill For Peace***

*Written and performed by the Fugs (1966)*

Kill, kill, kill for peace. [x2]  
Near or Middle or very Far East,  
Far or Near or very Middle East,  
Kill, kill, kill for peace. [x2]

If you don't like the people  
Or the way that they talk,  
If you don't like their manners  
Or they way that they walk,  
Kill, kill, kill for peace. [x2]

If you don't kill them  
Then the Chinese will.  
If you don't want America  
To play second fiddle,  
Kill, kill, kill for peace. [x2]

***Lyndon Johnson Told a Nation***

*Written and performed by Tom Paxton  
(1965)*

I got a letter from L.B.J.  
It said, "This is your lucky day,  
It's time to put your khaki trousers on.  
Though it may seem very queer,  
We've got no jobs to give you here,  
So we are sending you to Vietnam."

**CHORUS:**

Lyndon Johnson told the nation,  
"Have no fear of escalation.  
I am trying everyone to please.  
Though it isn't really war,  
We're sending fifty thousand more,  
To help save Vietnam from Vietnamese."

I jumped off the old troop ship  
And sank in mud up to my hips.  
I cussed until the captain called me down.  
“Never mind how hard it’s raining,  
Think of all the ground we’re gaining,  
Just don’t take one step outside of town.”

CHORUS

Every night the local gentry  
Slip out past the sleeping sentry,  
They go out to join the old VC.  
In their nightly little dramas  
They put on their black pajamas  
And come lobbing mortar shells at me.

CHORUS

We’d go round in helicopters  
Like a bunch of big grasshoppers  
Searching for the Viet-cong in vain.  
They left a note that they had gone,  
Had to get down to Saigon,  
Their government positions to maintain.

CHORUS

Well, here I sit in this rice paddy,  
Wonderin’ about Big Daddy,  
And I know that Lyndon loves me so.  
Yet how sadly I remember  
Way back yonder in November  
When he said I’d never have to go.

CHORUS

***Hell No, I Ain’t Gonna Go***

*Written and performed by Matt Jones and  
Elaine Laron (1967)*

CHORUS:

Uptight! [x2] That’s right! [x2]  
I ain’t gonna go. [x2] Hell no! [x2]

I ain’t goin’ to Vietnam,  
I ain’t burnin’ my brothers to serve the man.

CHORUS

I ain’t goin’ to Vietnam,  
The Viet-cong is just like I am,  
Uptight, uptight, uptight!

Let’s run it down, Brother Brown,  
Tell every cat just where it’s at,  
I’ve had enough of Charlie’s stuff.  
If he messes with me I’m gonna get rough.

CHORUS

I ain’t going to Vietnam  
’Cause the U.S. Army is the Ku Klux Klan.

CHORUS

I ain’t going to Vietnam,  
I got business in Harlem, Watts, and  
Birmingham,  
That’s right, that’s right, that’s right.

I ain’t gonna go. [x2] Hell no! [x2]  
I ain’t gonna go. [x2] Hell no! [x2]

***Eve of Destruction***

*Written and performed by Barry McGuire  
(1965)*

The Eastern world, it is exploding,  
Violence flarin’, bullets loadin’.  
You’re old enough to kill, but not for votin’.  
You don’t believe in war, but what’s that  
gun you’re totin’,  
And even the Jordan River has bodies  
floatin’.

CHORUS:

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend,  
Ah, you don’t believe  
We’re on the eve of destruction.

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to  
say?  
Can't you feel the fears I'm feelin' today?  
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin'  
away,  
There'll be no one to save, with the world in  
a grave,  
Take a look around ya, boy, it's bound to  
scare ya, boy.

#### CHORUS

Yeah, my blood's so mad feels like  
coaglatin',  
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'.  
I can't twist the truth, it knows no  
regulation.  
Handful of senators don't pass legislation  
And marches alone can't bring integration  
When human respect is disintegratin'.  
This whole crazy world is just too  
frustratin'.

#### CHORUS

Think of all the hate there is in Red China,  
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama.  
You may leave here for four days in space,  
But when you return, it's the same old place,  
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and  
disgrace.  
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a  
trace.  
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't  
forget to say grace

#### CHORUS

#### *Ohio*<sup>4</sup>

*Written and performed by Crosby, Stills &  
Nash (1970)*

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drumming,  
Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it,  
Soldiers are cutting us down,  
Should have been done long ago.  
What if you knew her  
And found her dead on the ground?  
How can you run when you know?

#### *Vietnam*

*Written and performed by Jimmy Cliff  
(1970)*

Hey  
Vietnam [x7].

Yesterday I got a letter  
From my friend  
Fighting in Vietnam,  
And this is what he had to say:  
"Tell all my friends  
That I'll be coming home soon.  
My time'll be up some time in June.  
Don't forget," he said,  
"To tell my sweet Mary,  
Her golden lips as sweet as cherries."

And it came from  
Vietnam [x7].

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<sup>4</sup> Four students were shot and nine wounded at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, on May 4, 1970. Also known as the Kent State Massacre, the shootings were the culmination of four days of student demonstrations against the American invasion of Cambodia, announced by President Nixon on April 30th.

It was just the next day  
His mother got a telegram.  
It was addressed from Vietnam.  
Now mistress Brown, she lives in the  
    U.S.A.,  
And this is what she wrote and said:  
“Don’t be alarmed,”  
She told me the telegram said,  
“But mistress Brown, your son is dead.”

And it came from  
Vietnam [x7].  
Somebody please stop that war now!

It was just the next day  
His mother got a telegram.  
It was addressed from Vietnam.  
Now mistress Brown, she lives in the  
    U.S.A.,  
And this is what she wrote and said:  
“Don’t be alarmed,”  
She told me the telegram said,  
“But mistress Brown, your son is dead.”

And it came from  
Vietnam [x7].  
Somebody please stop that war now!  
Vietnam [x7].

**War**  
*Written and performed by Edwin Starr*  
(1970)

CHORUS:  
War...huh...yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing.  
War...huh...yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing...say it again y’all  
War..huh...look out...  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing...listen to me, ohhhhh ...

War! I despise,  
’Cause it means destruction of innocent  
    lives,  
War means tears to thousands of mothers’  
    eyes,  
When their sons gone to fight and lose their  
    lives.

CHORUS

*Performed by Bruce Springsteen (1986)*

CHORUS

Peace, lovin’, understanding, tell me,  
There must be some place for these things  
    today.  
They say we must fight to keep our freedom,  
But Lord knows there’s got to be a better  
    way.

CHORUS

**Born in the U.S.A.**  
*Written and performed by Bruce Springsteen*  
(1984)

Born down in a dead man’s town,  
The first kick I took was when I hit the  
    ground.  
You end up like a dog that’s been beat too  
    much  
’Til you spend half your life just covering  
    up.

CHORUS:  
Born in the U.S.A. [x4]

I got in a little hometown jam  
And so they put a rifle in my hands,  
Sent me off to Vietnam  
To go and kill the yellow man.

CHORUS

Come back home to the refinery.  
Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me."  
I go down to see the V.A. man.  
He said, "Son, don't you understand."

CHORUS

I had a buddy at Khe Sahn  
Fighting off the Viet Cong.  
They're still there, he's all gone.  
He had a little girl in Saigon.  
I got a picture of him in her arms.

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary,  
Out by the gas fires of the refinery,  
I'm ten years down the road,  
Nowhere to run, ain't got nowhere to go.

I'm a long gone Daddy in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.  
I'm a cool rocking Daddy in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.

***This Land Is Your Land***

*Performed by Bruce Springsteen (1997)*  
*Written by Woody Guthrie (1940)*

I roamed and rambled and I followed my  
footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond  
deserts,  
And all around me a voice was calling,  
It said, "This land was made for you and  
me."

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land,  
From California, to the New York Island,  
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream  
waters,  
This land was made for you and me.

*Performed by Pete Seeger (1963)*

CHORUS [x2]