

FRONTPAGE

David Rovics Songbook (2004 edition)  
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# Introduction and Notes on Using This Songbook

june, 2004

Dear reader,

The idea of having a songbook is that people can learn these songs and sing them themselves. It used to be that if people wanted to hear some music, they had to pick up an instrument and play it themselves. Before records, the “music biz” was all about sheet music. These days, as far as I can tell, songbooks aren’t nearly as popular as CDs, but I like the idea of having one to encourage people to play music themselves. Usually the process involves learning lots of songs other people wrote before perhaps venturing into songwriting yourself. From my experience, this is a good process. And when I’m learning other people’s songs I always appreciate it if someone’s taken the time to write down the stuff in some form. It makes learning ‘em easier, whether you’re an advanced picker or not.

My transcriptions here are pretty basic. Just the chords, words and melodies. I’m doing it this way partly because I wouldn’t be able to notate anything much more intricately than this, and also because I never liked to deal with trying to read more complicated notation than this when learning a song myself. If I want to figure out more complex stuff that the guitarist is doing, for example, at a certain point I’m better off just listening and imitating in the oral tradition. I figure if that’s the case for me, and considering that most people probably have even less formal musical education than me, probably most other people would just be annoyed by any efforts at more complex notation, like trying to notate exactly what I’m doing on the guitar, etc.

However, some stuff bears further general explanation, beyond the little notes that accompany some of the songs, explaining one thing or the other peculiar to that song. Namely, all the alternate tuning stuff. Some of the songs, such as “Palestine” and “Occupation,” are difficult for me to put chords to because what I’m doing on the guitar is picking along with the melody most of the time, in an open tuning that lends itself to that sort of thing. With most of the other songs I do in open tunings you could, if you’re chicken, just do ‘em in standard tuning and they’ll sound OK. But if you want to experiment with the open tunings I’m using, it’s not so hard.

I’ve never seen a good book on explaining open tunings, or any kind of standard way of saying what chord you’re doing when you’re playing something in an open tuning, so I’m going to explain this in some detail here. When I refer to “low” or “high” I’m referring to pitch. (Sorry if I’m boring anyone.)

**Dropped D:** This is when you just tune the low E string down a whole step, to a D. Songs like “After the Revolution” are in this tuning. When you play a D chord in this tuning, you start with the low D, using all six strings. For E minor, you finger it like a normal E minor but then you put a finger on the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the low D string. Most chords in open tunings involve few fingers on the fretboard, and 5 or 6 strings, which is why these tunings are great for real reverberating, powerful chords.

**DADGAD:** This is the most common tuning I use aside from standard. Everything has a suspended feel to it, and there are so many fifths and big-sounding intervals like that, so it sounds really intense, too. Depending on what you do beyond the basic chords, with your noodling around, it can be either major or minor. The basic chords I'm doing in DADGAD are really neither or both, and if you do these songs in standard tuning you might do one or the other depending on the song, but most of the songs are more major. (Such as "Promised Land," "Resistance," "The Key," and "Who Would Jesus Bomb.")

So to get into DADGAD you tune the low and high E strings down to a D, and you tune the B string down to an A. (So when you're fingering the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the G string, it's the same note as the open A string right next to it.) In DADGAD, my version of a D chord is to have my first finger on the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the G string. What I call an A chord involves playing the top five strings, with my first finger on the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the middle D string. To play a G chord, I have my third and fourth fingers on the 5<sup>th</sup> fret of the low D and A strings. E minor is fingered just like it is in Dropped D tuning. B minor is fingered like it is in standard, but without fretting the high A and D strings.

**Double dropped D, or DADGBD:** The only song in the songbook in this tuning is "The Face of Victory," but there are lots more you could do with this tuning, it's really cool. What I'm calling a D chord is fingered like a D in standard, only with the high D string open. As with all the open tunings, there is an insistent, droning quality to it, with so many of the same notes ringing out all the time.

In this tuning, having my third finger on the 3<sup>rd</sup> fret of the B string is one of the elements providing the droning quality. To finger what I call Asus (A suspended) in this tuning, keep that third finger on the 3<sup>rd</sup> fret of the B string and put your first finger on the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the middle D string. Csus is just like that but adding your second finger to the 3<sup>rd</sup> fret of the A string.

That's about it for my explanation of tunings. For those folks wondering whether I have anything in tab, I don't, but I'd really encourage those folks just to learn to read music, because it's really barely more complicated than tablature but much more versatile. Everything you need to know to understand this songbook other than what I've mentioned here can be found in an "intro to guitar playing" book by Mel Bay or some other such publisher. There you'll find the rudiments of reading music (all you need for this stuff) and a description of all the chords in standard tuning that you need to worry about for this stuff. When I write something like Am/G that means you're fingering the first chord while playing the bass note of the second chord.

Keep noodling, you'll go far. If you notice any mistakes or you have any questions or comments on any aspect of these songs or anything else, feel free to drop me a line. If you go to [www.davidrovics.com](http://www.davidrovics.com) you'll find MP3s of most of these songs available for free download, info on ordering CDs that these songs are on, info on my upcoming tours, etc. Send me an email and I'll put you on my email list so you can hear about developments with all that.

Hope to see you on the road and in the streets!

David Rovics

# After the Revolution

David Rovics

It was a time I'll al-ways re - mem - ber I could ne-ver for -  
get How re - a - li - ty came down a - round us Like some wes-term mo - vie  
set And when the dust all set-tled The sun shone so bright A  
great calm took o - ver - us Like it was all gon-na be all right  
That's how it felt to be a - live  
Af - ter the re - vo - lu - tion

Note: I do this in Dropped D tuning (see intro for more on that). During the last A7 chord there's a walk-up and walk-down based on A7 which I didn't try to notate here.

1. It was a time I'll always remember  
Because I could never forget  
How reality fell down around us  
Like some Western movie set  
And once the dust all settled  
The sun shone so bright  
And a great calm took over us  
Like it was all gonna be alright  
That's how it felt to be alive  
After the revolution
2. From Groton to Tacoma  
On many a factory floor  
The workers talked of solidarity  
And refused to build weapons of war  
No more will we make missiles  
We're gonna do something different  
And for the first time  
Their children were proud of their parents  
And somewhere in Gaza a little boy smiled and  
cried  
After the revolution

3. Prison doors swung open  
 And mothers hugged their sons  
 The Liberty Bell was ringing  
 When the cops put down their guns  
 A million innocent people  
 Lit up in the springtime air  
 And Mumia and Leonard and Sarah Jane Olson  
 Took a walk in Tompkins Square  
 And they talked about what they'd do now  
 After the revolution
4. The debts were all forgiven  
 In all the neo-colonies  
 And the soldiers left their bases  
 Went back to their families  
 And a non-aggression treaty  
 Was signed with every sovereign state  
 And all the terrorist groups disbanded  
 With no empire left to hate  
 And they all started planting olive trees  
 After the revolution
5. George Bush and Henry Kissinger  
 Were sent off to the World Court  
 Their plans for global domination  
 Were pre-emptively cut short  
 Their weapons of mass destruction  
 Were inspected and destroyed  
 The battleships were dismantled  
 Never again to be deployed  
 And the world breathed a sigh of relief  
 After the revolution
6. Solar panels were on the rooftops  
 Trains upon the tracks  
 Organic food was in the markets  
 No GMO's upon the racks  
 And all the billionaires  
 Had to learn how to share  
 And Bill Gates was told to quit his whining  
 When he said it wasn't fair  
 And his mansion became a collective farm  
 After the revolution
7. And all the political poets  
 Couldn't think of what to say  
 So they all decided  
 To live life for today  
 I spent a few years catching up  
 With all my friends and lovers  
 Sleeping til eleven  
 Home beneath the covers  
 And I learned how to play the banjo  
 After the revolution

# Alaska

David Rovics

C G C  
Her hair is straight and long Like the -

F C  
fish-ing docks be - low Her face is

G C F  
pale and soft Like the gent - ly fal - ling

G F G C  
snow Her legs run like the wind

F C  
Whip-ping through the moun-tains Her

F G C F  
eyes shed tears of gold Like the prec-ious

G Em  
run-ning foun - tain *And some - day*

F C Em  
*If I take - a no - tion I'll slip a - way A -*

F C  
*cross the fro - - - - zen o - cean*

1. Her hair is straight and long  
Like the fishing docks below  
Her face is pale and soft  
Like the gently falling snow  
Her legs run like the wind  
Whipping through the mountains  
Her eyes shed tears of gold  
Like the precious running fountain

*And someday  
If I take a notion  
I'll slip away across the frozen ocean*

2. Her heart beats deep and slow  
As the hibernating brown  
She sparkles as she moves  
Like some ancient angel's gown  
And I will be with her  
From the Tongass to the Tundra  
And we'll watch the breezes blow  
From Glennallen to Cordova

*(Chorus)*

3. And in the summer months we'll walk  
'Neath the sun at midnight  
And as the evening grows  
We'll bank the stove by moonlight  
And when the morning comes  
I'll drink of your sweet sorrow  
I'll lay there in your arms  
With not a care about tomorrow

*(Chorus)*

# All The Ghosts That Walk This Earth David Rovics

D

I'll tell you what hap-pened I was

G

walk-ing down - town Mak-ing some-thing for

D G

May Day Pound-ing the ground

D

Some kid pulled a trig - ger

G

And then I was dead 'Cause

D

that's what hap - pens When a shot - gun blows off your

G A

head I was just twen-ty - four

G

Much too young to die My rea-son for

A G

liv - ing I did-n't know why

D

I had no time to show What my life could be

A A/F# G  
 worth Now I'm just a -  
 A G Em D  
 no - ther Of all the ghosts that walk this earth

Note: I do this in DADGAD (see intro).

1. I'll tell you what happened  
 I was walking downtown  
 Making something for May Day  
 Pounding the ground  
 Some kid pulled a trigger  
 And then I was dead  
 'Cause that's what happens  
 When a shotgun blows off your head  
 I was just 24  
 Much too young to die  
 My reason for living  
 I didn't know why  
 I had no time to show  
 What my life could be worth  
 Now i'm just another  
 Of all the ghosts that walk this earth

2. Yes, I wander the world  
 And I see all the others  
 The dead and forsaken  
 My sisters and brothers  
 All of us wondering  
 What are we doing here  
 Just stuck on this planet  
 Who knows how many years  
 In Auschwitz or Baghdad  
 It's always the same  
 Forgotten and restless  
 No one calling their name  
 I visit my old friends  
 They make love and give birth  
 While I'm just another  
 Of all the ghosts that walk this earth

3. And I wish I could show you  
 All the places I've been  
 Where the flowers grow wild  
 Where the napalm meets skin  
 I wish I could trade it  
 And be back in my life  
 Maybe we'd live in China  
 Maybe you'd be my wife  
 Maybe I would feel something  
 Not just angry and sad  
 Always just wishing  
 For the life that I had  
 But I just watch you and your lover  
 In such glorious mirth  
 For I'm just another  
 Of all the ghosts that walk this earth

# The Alligator Song

David Rovics

Ev'-ry - bo - dy's get - ting can - cer At a ge - o - me - tri - cal  
 rate May - be it's some - thing you drank or breathed  
 May - be it's some - thing you ate Per - haps this does - n't con -  
 cern you "Hey we've all got - ta go some - time But may - be I can tell you  
 some - thing to make you change your mind  
 al - li - ga - tor dicks are shri - ve - ling up and soon they'll all be through The  
 al - li - ga - tor dicks are shrink - ing fast and it will hap - pen to you  
 It will hap - pen to you boys It will hap - pen to you The  
 al - li - ga - tor dicks are shriv - el - ing up And it will hap - pen to you

Note: There's a weird chord in here. I'm calling it F# Diminished. You finger it just like a D7, but use your 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> fingers for the "D7" part of the chord, and put your 1<sup>st</sup> finger on the 1<sup>st</sup> fret of the D string.

1. Everybody's getting cancer  
At a geometrical rate  
Maybe it's something you drank or breathed  
Maybe it's something you ate  
Perhaps this doesn't concern you  
Hey, we've all gotta go sometime  
But maybe I can tell you something  
To make you change your mind

*The alligator dicks are shriveling up  
Soon they'll all be through  
Yeah, the alligator dicks are shrinking fast  
And it will happen to you  
It will happen to you, boys  
It will happen to you  
The alligator dicks are shriveling up  
And it will happen to you*

2. They're an indicator species  
Like canaries in the mine  
They're the first to kick the bucket  
When things might otherwise seem fine  
So let's be frank and honest  
As the situation begs  
Boys, what are you gonna do  
About that thing between your legs

*(Chorus)*

3. I'm not beating around the bush  
I'm making you a promise  
Say goodbye to Long Dong Silver  
Hello to Tiny Thomas  
You can forget about Viagra  
Boys, what I mean is  
It's all a matter of minutiae  
When you've got a half-inch penis

*(Chorus)*

4. PCBs in the water  
Pesticides in the ground  
Radiation in the wind  
There's poison all around  
So if you care about your love life  
And that good old whoop-dee-doo  
You've got to stop pollution, boys  
That's what I'm telling you

*(Chorus)*

# Ballad of a Cluster Bomb

David Rovics

Em D Em

I was born bet-ween fac-to-ry walls And I was con-

D Em

ceived a-mong the i-vo-ry halls And in this world I

D Em D Em

knew my role I went to work with a sin-gle goal I...

1. I was born  
Between factory walls  
And I was conceived  
Amongst the ivory halls  
And in this world  
I knew my role  
I went to work  
With a single goal
2. I traveled the earth  
To far-off lands  
From the Asian jungles  
To the African sands  
I flew in planes  
Of camouflage green  
Before I settled  
Upon this scene
3. Like a shooting star  
I came to rest  
And this farmer's field  
Is where I nest  
Just watching the seasons  
Come and go  
Watching the long grass  
Grow and grow
4. Years go by  
And I lay here still  
For my purpose is clear  
For me to fulfill  
The sun was out  
It was the middle of May  
When the farmer's three children  
Came out to play
5. They ventured near  
I lay in wait  
One unknowing step  
Sealed their fate  
One thousand shards  
Of plastic rose  
From where I lay  
And through their clothes
6. Into their bodies  
The shrapnel sank  
Here in this field  
By a river bank  
The blood poured down  
Shone in the sun  
And one cluster bomblet's  
Job was done

# Battle of Blair Mountain

David Rovics

G C  
 Nine-teen twen-ty-one was the year Seems like yes-ter-day to  
 G  
 me Lem-me tell you 'bout what hap-pened then Back in the  
 D7 C G  
 mine coun - try We were fight-ing hard To build a un-ion 'Cause at  
 D7 C G  
 for - ty cents a ton There was no way to feed a fam - 'ly When the  
 D7 G C  
 min - ing day was done *We're march-in' on to*  
 G C D7 Am  
 Min-go Ten thou-sand men and count - in' Here in the hills of West Vir -  
 C Csus D7 G  
 gin - ia *At the Bat-tle of Blair Moun-tain*

1. 1921 was the year  
 Seems like yesterday to me  
 Let me tell you about what happened then  
 Back in the mine country  
 We were fightin' hard to build a union  
 'Cause at forty cents a ton  
 There was no way to feed a family  
 When the minin' day was done
2. The strike had lasted for a year  
 When they shot down Smilin' Sid  
 He was a lawman who stood up for us miners  
 That's the only crime he ever did  
 A hundred miners locked up with no trial  
 There in Mingo-town  
 But the last straw came in Sharples  
 When the gunned the women down

*(Chorus)*  
*We're marchin' on to Mingo*  
*Ten thousand men and countin'*  
*Here in the hills of West Virginia*  
*At the Battle of Blair Mountain*

3. We shouted through the hillsides  
In every union hall  
We're marchin' on to Mingo  
Teach them a lesson, once and all  
We commandeered every freight train  
To the Kentucky line  
Took every car that crossed our path  
And all the guns and ammo we could find
  
4. The union leaders tried to stop us  
Mother Jones told us to turn back  
But we had learned ourselves from the gun thugs  
There's a time to talk and a time to attack  
We had no leader, we didn't need one  
We all knew the way through Logan County  
And we all knew once we got there  
We're gonna hang Sheriff Chapin from a sour apple tree

*(Chorus)*

5. For three days and nights we fought them  
the front was ten miles wide  
All the cops and scabs in West Virginia  
Were there on the other side  
They dropped explosives from their airplanes  
Such a thing you never saw  
They shot us with machine guns  
It was the operator's law
  
6. We dug trenches and wore helmets  
That we brought from the Argonne  
All the way from France to Logan  
We fought from dusk to dawn  
President Harding sent in the Army  
And we left our line to them  
But the hills of West Virginia  
Will long remember when

*(Chorus)*

# Behind That Gate

David Rovics

The judge con-des - cend-ed to the peo-ple Said you  
peace - ful pro - tes-tors are de - cep-tive And to the i - deas  
of the ter-ror-ists I know you are re - cep-tive  
So we've But we're here at Fort  
Ben - ning Please ex - cuse me when I  
state That if you're look - ing here for  
wea - pons You'll find them be - hind that  
gate If you're look - ing here for  
wea-pons You'll find them be - hind that gate

1. The judge condescended to the people  
Said you peaceful protesters are deceptive  
And to the ideas of the terrorists  
I know you are receptive  
So we've got to throw away the Fourth Amendment  
Keep those protesters on the run  
'Cause we found sandwich wrappers  
Next we might just find a gun

*We're here at Fort Benning  
Please excuse me when I state  
That if you're looking here for weapons  
You'll find them behind that gate  
If you're looking here for weapons  
You'll find them behind that gate*

2. But you say some of them are anarchists  
They are wearing black  
While you're loading up the warplanes  
To go attack Iraq  
And we're getting searched here by your wands  
As we stand for human rights  
Outside a terrorist training camp  
Just within your sniper rifle sights

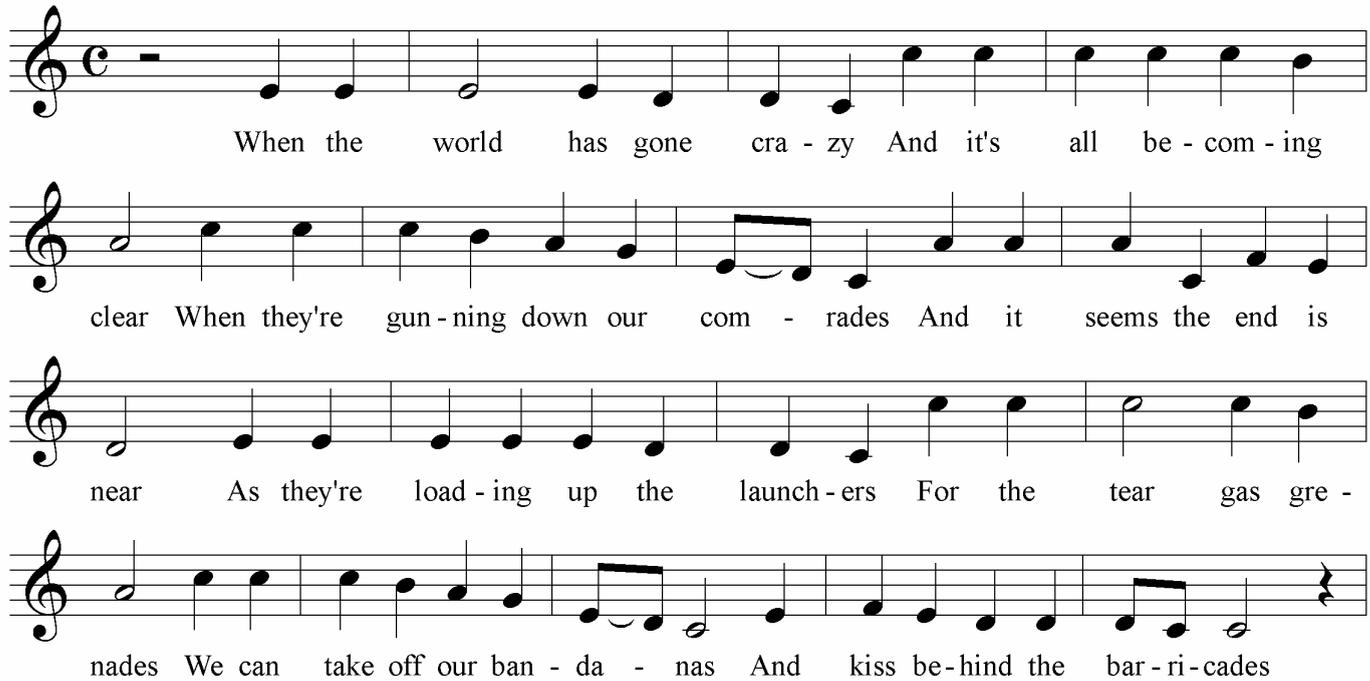
*(Chorus)*

3. Yes it's a strange situation  
But it could certainly get stranger  
Now you're looking over here  
For a sign of danger  
'Cause people here are conspiring to trespass  
Yeah, you know what you saw  
So you think that leaves you no alternative  
But to declare martial law

*(Chorus)*

# Behind the Barricades

David Rovics



When the world has gone cra - zy And it's all be - com - ing  
clear When they're gun - ning down our com - rades And it seems the end is  
near As they're load - ing up the launch - ers For the tear gas gre -  
nades We can take off our ban - da - nas And kiss be - hind the bar - ri - cades

1. When the world has gone crazy  
And it's all becoming clear  
When they're gunning down our comrades  
And it seems the end is near  
As they're loading up the launchers  
For the tear gas grenades  
We can take off our bandanas (for a moment)  
And kiss behind the barricades
2. They will try to break our spirit  
And at times they may succeed  
But our love for the world  
Is stronger than their greed  
When the building is surrounded  
And hope begins to fade  
In my final hour  
A kiss behind the barricades
3. When it's madness all around  
You can see this at a glance  
We will cry and we will sing  
And we will laugh and we will dance  
As they shout their marching orders  
Beneath the helicopter blades  
We will seize the moment  
For a kiss behind the barricades
4. As the movement grows  
There will be hills and bends  
But at the center of the struggle  
Are your lovers and your friends  
The more we hold each other up  
The less we can be swayed  
Here's to love and solidarity  
And a kiss behind the barricades

Note: I do this song *a cappella*. I've notated it here as if it had a steady rhythm, but when I sing the song I tend to pause liberally and often in between lines. This kind of thing works fine when you're not trying to hold down a rhythmic guitar part or (egads) playing with a band.

# Benton Harbor

David Rovics

What if you were born there And you knew how things used to  
be Watch-ing your fa-ther come home each day From the fac-to-  
ry What if you had watched the ships come in And you  
thought things might al-ways be that way What if you had watched it  
all dis - ap - pear When you a - woke one day

Note: Dropped D (see intro).

1. What if you were born there  
And you knew how things used to be  
Watching your father come home each day  
From the factory  
What if you had seen the ships come in  
And you thought it might always be that way  
And what if you watched that all disappear  
When you awoke one day
2. What if you knew where your landlord lived  
On the other side of the river  
In the resort town where you clean the floors  
Would you feel your lips quiver  
What if it was your brother who had the nerve  
To date a white man's daughter  
What if you found him with rope marks on his neck  
Lying in the water

3. What if you'd been in prison for ten years of your life  
For the crime of being black and poor  
What if every time opportunity knocked  
It was a policeman at your door  
What if no one you knew had ever been to college  
But everyone had been to jail  
What if you knew those drugs were planted by the cops  
Could you feel the cold steel rail
  
4. What if it was yesterday and you were there  
And you saw the high-speed chase  
And you watched the cop car hit him, saw him fall  
Saw the look upon his face  
What if you were a witness and you watched the cops  
Kick him in the head  
What if he was your friend and you knew him well  
And you watched him lying dead
  
5. What if you had a wake and right there  
You could hear the sirens' blare  
What if they called you criminals and yelled into their bullhorns  
While you were blinded by the floodlight's glare  
What if someone lit a match and the wind blew the flame  
At the abandoned foundry  
Hours from the dawn in the darkness of the night  
Through the fire what could you see
  
6. What if you were in Benton Harbor  
On those hot nights in June  
Would you have joined your neighbors in the burning of the cop cars  
Beneath the summer moon  
What if you were a city that has been abandoned  
Would you just crumple beneath the load  
Would you die in silence  
Or might you just explode

# Best Democracy Money Can Buy

David Rovics

I can't stand the news It's al-ways the same old  
 song A - no - ther cor - por - ate scan - dal An - oth - er sto - ry of  
 bad gone wrong An - oth - er cor - por - ate bail - out  
 An - oth - er piece of the pie But it's the best de -  
 mo - cra - cy mo - ney can buy

1. I can't stand the news  
 It's always the same old song  
 Another corporate scandal  
 Another story of bad gone wrong  
 Another corporate bailout  
 Another piece of the pie  
 It's the best democracy money can buy
2. They rigged the elections  
 And only millionaires can play  
 And you've got to be cynical  
 You got to look into the camera  
 and say  
 "I'm serving the public"  
 When you know it's a corporate lie  
 But it's the best...
3. Yeah there they go  
 Fighting for oil  
 'Cause there the profits lie  
 Beneath that foreign soil  
 And they don't know what they'll do  
 When the wells run dry  
 But it's the best...
4. They're filling the prisons  
 Their latest industry  
 Which lines their pockets  
 And helps us all be free  
 'Cause you gotta do something  
 with the unemployed  
 If they won't move to Shanghai  
 And it's the best...
5. They're patenting life  
 Selling our genes  
 They would patent oxygen  
 If they had the means  
 They'll patent their drugs  
 And some will get you high  
 And it's the best...
6. But we've got two parties  
 Maybe someday we'll have three  
 Maybe Tweedledumber  
 Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
 But one thing's fairly certain  
 It won't be you or I  
 'Cause it's the best...
7. And when it's finished  
 And they've finally achieved  
 The most corporate dollar-ocracy  
 That could ever be believed  
 The Martians will come to visit  
 our graves  
 And when they go back to the sky  
 They'll say it was the best...

Note: Dropped D (see intro).

# The Bicycle Song

David Rovics

Ev' - ry - bo - dy's won - der - ing what they're gon - na do  
 Ev' - ry - thing's a mess and folks are feel - ing blue If your  
 trou-bles got you down so much you can't a - bide Just get on that  
 bi - cy - cle and ride *Yeah, get on that bi - cy - cle and*  
*ride 'Neath the sun - ny skies or be - side the o - cean*  
*tide Just ride, ride, ride, ride, ride*

1. Everybody's wondering what they're gonna do  
 Everything's a mess and folks are feeling blue  
 If your troubles get you down so much you can't  
 abide  
 Get on that bicycle and ride

*Yeah, get on that bicycle and ride*  
*'Neath the sunny skies or along the oceanside*  
*Just ride, ride, ride, ride, ride*

2. They're doing it in Eugene, Havana and Shanghai  
 Even folks in Boston-town are giving it a try  
 Throwing out their gastanks, the clean air by their  
 side  
 Get on that bicycle and ride

*(chorus)*

3. It's good for your heart and it's good for your brain  
 When those fluorescent lights are driving you  
 insane  
 Your toes'll tingle in your shoes, when to the pedal  
 they're applied  
 Just get on that bicycle and ride

*(chorus)*

4. If you're having troubles with your lovers, the  
 tandem's made for that  
 You'll work together wonderfully or else you'll just  
 go splat  
 Gonna shut down Main Street, make the bike paths  
 far and wide  
 And get on that bicycle and ride

*(chorus)*

# The Bluegrass Fiddler of London

David Rovics

C F C

I was wan-d'rin' a-round feel-ing lost

D7 G G7 C

Won-der-ing what to do Tour-ists ev-'ry-

Am G G7 C

where With no time to spare I was feel-ing lone-some and blue

1. I was wading around feeling lost  
Wondering what to do  
Tourists everywhere  
With no time to spare  
I was feeling lonesome and blue

2. I looked around in the paper  
For the sights to see  
It seemed a little absurd  
I thought, oh my word  
I'm going to a jamboree

*She's the bluegrass fiddler of London  
Up north in Kentish Town  
For the music that's so fine  
Head on up to the Vine  
For a taste of that old-time sound*

3. Now I got nothing against the punk rockers  
The hot-town women with the belly-button rings  
But when I just got to let loose  
I hop on the caboose  
To listen to that old fiddle sing

*(chorus)*

4. Soon I'll head back to Massachusetts  
Though I'll be sorry to part  
Now I loved that beans and toast  
But what I'll remember most  
Was how that fiddle warmed my lonely heart

*(chorus)*

# Bomb Ourselves

David Rovics

The Pres-i-dent got on T - V and there was na - ry a dry  
eye he said he loved his coun - try mom and ap - ple pie He  
said he was a proud man and he liked his home - fries grilled and as for  
coun - tries har - bor - ing ter - ror - ists those peo - ple should be killed He  
said we'd send our bomb - ers to deal with rogue states and all those ev - il  
peo - ple will have to meet their fates So it was with some trep - i - da - tion that I  
looked up to the skies 'cause I was driv - ing past Fort Ben - ning when I  
came to re - a - lize That I guess we're gon - na have to bomb Co - lum - bus  
Geor - gia home of the in - fa - mous S - O - A 'Cause they train the  
death squads of Co - lom - bi - a who com - mit a mas - sa - cre

ev - 'ry day Ci - vi - li - ans are their tar - gets folks  
 just like you and me I guess that makes them  
 ter - ror - ists an - y i - di - ot must a - gree

1. The President got on TV and there was nary a dry eye, he said he loved his country and mom and apple pie  
 He said he was a proud man and he liked his home fries grilled, and as for countries harboring terrorists,  
 those people should be killed  
 He said we'd send our bombers to deal with rogue states and all those evil people would have to meet their  
 fates  
 So it was with some trepidation that I looked up to the skies, 'cause I was driving past Fort Benning when I  
 came to realize  
 That I guess we're gonna have to bomb Columbus, Georgia, home of the infamous SOA  
 'Cause they train the death squads of Colombia who commit a massacre every day  
 Civilians are their targets, folks just like you and me  
 I guess that makes them terrorists, any idiot must agree
  
2. And I was heading further south for a vacation to spend some time hanging on the beach  
 Soaking up some sun and playing volleyball with all my troubles out of reach  
 And then I saw Brothers to the Rescue flying in the clouds above my head  
 And I thought this trip might not be too restful if tomorrow I am dead  
 'Cause I guess we're gonna have to bomb Miami, with all those insurgents running loose  
 Killing Cubans at the Bay of Pigs and elsewhere, they say they've got some kind of excuse  
 But isn't terror terror irregardless if your victim is a fan of Karl Marx  
 So let's bring on the cluster bombs and napalm, kill off some people, fish and sharks
  
3. Well I thought I would head north, go someplace where I might feel safe  
 These thoughts all seemed a bit unsettling, I was feeling a bit like a lost waif  
 It was then I thought I'd move to Costa Rica, though such a thing seemed terribly uncouth  
 Because I suddenly realized with horror, the terrifying clear and present truth  
 I guess we're gonna have to bomb Washington, DC, 'cause terrorists are lurking all around  
 Sending soldiers, guns and money wherever death squads and dictators may be found  
 So let's appreciate the situation, take your Orwell off the shelves  
 If we are to listen to our President then we're gonna have to bomb ourselves

# By The Time They Nuke DC David Rovics

I want to write this song      Be-cause it should be writ - ten  
 now      And these words should be bet - ween us      As far a -  
 head as time will al - low      For once the suit - case  
 has ex - plod - ed      In this coun - try some call  
 free      Thoughts like these might not be to - ler - a - ted  
 By the time they nuke DC

1. I want to write this song  
 Because it should be written now  
 And these thoughts should be between us  
 As far ahead as time will allow  
 For once the suitcase has exploded  
 In this country some call free  
 Thoughts like these might not be tolerated  
 By the time they nuke DC

2. By the time they nuke DC  
 Will it be too late to wonder  
 If there might have been another path  
 Than that of rape and plunder  
 When the mushroom cloud is rising  
 And it's all revenge and unity  
 Who will ask these questions  
 By the time they nuke DC

3. By the time they nuke DC  
 And there are millions lying dead  
 From the radioactive wasteland  
 Will more angry words be said  
 Who will recall the empire  
 The years of global tyranny  
 The millions slaughtered by our bombers  
 By the time they nuke DC

4. By the time they nuke DC  
 Will the rulers think again  
 Before they push the button  
 To kill a billion women and men  
 Must we wait to find out  
 Or might we change history  
 Will we stop the madness  
 Before they nuke DC

# Cannabis Café

David Rovics

I wish I was up in Van - cou - ver At the  
Can - na - bis Ca - fe Smok - ing good old sen - se -  
me - lia At the be - gin - ning of the day  
But here I am in New York Ci - ty Hid - ing  
out in Cen - tral Park Get - ting kid - napped by the  
po - lice To - day some - time be - fore dark

*I wish I was up in Vancouver  
At the Cannabis Cafe  
Smoking good old sensemelia  
At the beginning of the day*

1. But here I am in New York City  
Hiding out in Central Park  
Getting kidnapped by the police  
Today sometime before dark

*But I wish I was up in Vancouver...*

2. The judge looked down upon me, frowning  
He said, "kid, get on your way  
"Just don't start out your morning  
"With espresso and a j"

*I said I wish I was up in Vancouver...*

3. I hitched a ride out to Portland  
Caught one up to B.C.  
Took a bus over to Hastings Street  
To have a bowl with my coffee

*Now I'm up in Vancouver...*

# Children of Jerusalem

David Rovics

Did you see them pray - ing Watch the Ar - my march - ing  
in As they clubbed old wo - men Did you see the gen - eral  
grin Watch the stones fly And the sni - pers tak - ing aim  
On Sha - ti - la's birth - day It's a cal - cu - la - ted game *And they're*  
*gun - ning down the child - ren of Je - ru - sa - lem*

1. Did you see them praying  
And the Army marching in  
As they clubbed old women  
Did you see the general grin  
Watch the stones fly  
And the snipers taking aim  
On Shatila's birthday  
It's a calculated game  
*They're gunning down the children of Jerusalem*
2. Did you hear the screaming  
See the horror on his face  
As he hid for cover  
In a tiny, unprotected space  
Did you hear his father pleading  
"There is a child here"  
Trying to protect his son  
Who yelled in terror and in fear  
*That they're gunning down the children of Jerusalem*

3. Did you feel the wind blow  
From the helicopter blades  
Did you smell the tear gas  
See the demolition raids  
Did you see the rockets  
And the dum-dum bullets fly  
Did you feel the horror  
To watch one more young boy die  
*As they're gunning down the children of Jerusalem*

4. Did you see the roadblocks  
Letting nobody go past  
Watch the blood flow  
As time is running fast  
See someone's brother  
Taking his last breath  
So close to the hospital  
But closer still to death  
*And they're gunning down the children of Jerusalem*

5. Did you hear the fatcats  
Say "It's not what it appears  
"It's an armed uprising  
"A realization of our fears  
"Do you hear them chanting  
"That this is their homeland  
"They want what's ours  
"And we've got to make a stand  
*"So we're gunning down the children of Jerusalem"*

6. Some want power  
And it seems the world's theirs to give  
Some just want peace  
And a decent place to live  
Some talk of destiny  
And what their God has willed  
And a mother weeps  
That her nine-year-old's been killed  
*They're gunning down the children of Jerusalem*

# Contras, Kings and Generals

David Rovics

Mis-siles fly-ing in the Third World Towards a peo-ple  
strand-ed on their knees Bombs fal-ling o-ver Bagh-dad  
Kil-ling child-ren who are starv-ing by de - grees  
There are those of us who'd ques-tion What's the goal and what's the  
cost One mil - lion dead mal - nour-ished  
child - ren A U. - N. - sanc-tioned ho - lo - cost

1. Missiles flying in the Third World  
Towards a people stranded on their knees  
Bombs falling over Baghdad  
Killing children who are starving by degrees  
There are those of us who'd question  
What's the goal and what's the cost  
One million dead, malnourished children  
A U.N.-sanctioned holocaust
2. Missiles flying in the Third World  
From Hanoi to Wounded Knee  
Bombs falling over Baghdad  
And each one shouts, "democracy"  
Contras, kings and generals  
Brandish stars and stripes  
From Rangoon to Los Angeles  
Selling oil, guns and crack pipes
3. Missiles flying in the Third World  
And each one will kill a child  
Bombs falling over Baghdad  
And hunger and death is running wild  
We had to destroy the city  
In order to save it  
To help this jungle grow  
First we had to pave it
4. Missiles flying in the Third World  
But fits and starts are everywhere  
From the mountains of Chiapas  
To the streets of Central Square  
Empires fall  
This one will, too  
So here's to the day  
When this one is through

# Deadhead In Prison

David Rovics

G C

It was all a - bout liv - ing And the good

G

things of the earth It was all a - bout

Am C D

lov - ing This cra - zy ac - ci - dent of birth

C

It was all a - bout trav' - ling

G

And hear - ing those shoe bells ring It was

Am C

all a - bout danc - ing and hear - ing the fat man

D Em

sing *And it's like a bad trip in hell*

C

*Strand - ed and broke*

G

*Twen - ty years in this cell It's like a*

D

*life up in smoke*

1. It was all about living  
And the good things of the earth  
It was all about loving  
This crazy accident of birth  
It was all about traveling  
And hearing those shoe-bells ring  
It was all about dancing  
And hearing the fat man sing

*And it's like a bad trip in hell  
Stranded and broke  
Twenty years in this cell  
It's like a life up in smoke*

2. Once I sought visions  
With a sweet gypsy tribe  
It was about feeling  
The pulse of a vibe  
And sure I smoked kind bud  
And I did windowpane  
And I soaked up the beauty  
Of the warm summer rain

*(Chorus)*

3. I slept in the shadows  
Of Golden Gate Park  
Watched the moon shine  
Felt the breeze in the dark  
The whole world was mine  
But I lived for a song  
Now I'm stuck in this cell  
And all the good days are gone

*(Chorus)*

# The Death of David Chain

David Rovics

Tom Brokaw got on T - V And re - peated the Big  
Lie See the mill all board-ed up Hear the sym - pa - the - tic sigh He  
summed it up suc - cinct - ly Wish these vic - ious words "It's your  
pay-check or your pla-net The log-gers or the birds"

1. Tom Brokaw got on TV  
And repeated the Big Lie  
See the mill all boarded up  
Hear the sympathetic sigh  
He summed it up succinctly  
With these vicious words  
"It's your paycheck or your planet  
The loggers or the birds"
2. Pete Wilson and his cronies  
Were nowhere to be found  
They said "Big Timber is our business  
And to the dollar we are bound"  
Their absence was a message  
"We'll turn a blinded eye  
Don't expect us to give a damn  
If anyone should die"
3. Charles Hurwitz told the nation  
"The battle lines are drawn  
These eco-terrorists won't stop  
'Til all your jobs are gone"  
His PR team worked overtime  
To build up every wall  
"These bomb-throwers and tree-spikers  
Just want to kill you all"
4. A man stood with a chainsaw  
Knowing only what he knew  
Every lesson that he learned  
Said it's either me or you  
His saw lanced through the redwood  
Many hateful words he said  
And several seconds later  
David Chain was lying dead
5. Now some will call this man a killer  
Some will call this man a thug  
Some will cover it with lies  
And try to sweep it 'neath the rug  
But from Oakland to Fortuna  
Sacramento to D.C.  
There is murder in the air  
And there are killers running free

# Death of Rachel Corrie

David Rovics

When she sat down in the dirt In front of your ma-chine A-love-ly  
wo-man dressed in red You in mi-li-ta-ry green If you had  
met her in Je-ru-sa-lem You might have asked her on a date But  
here you were in Ga-za Rol-ling towards the gate

1. When she sat down in the dirt  
In front of your machine  
A lovely woman dressed in red  
You in military green  
If you had met her in Jerusalem  
You might have asked her on a date  
But here you were in Gaza  
Rolling towards the gate
2. As your foot went to the floor  
Did you recall her eyes  
Did her gaze remind you  
That you've become what you despise  
As you rolled on towards this woman  
And ignored all the shouts to stop  
Did you feel a shred of doubt  
As you watched her body drop
3. And as your Caterpillar tracks  
Upon her body pressed  
With twenty tons of deadly force  
Crushed the bones within her chest  
Could you feel the contours of her face  
As you took her life away  
Did you serve your country well  
On that cool spring day
4. And when you went back across the Green Line  
Back to the open shore  
Did you think that this was just another day  
In a dirty war  
And when you looked out on the water  
Did you feel an empty void  
Or was it just one more life you've taken  
One more home destroyed

# Drink of the Death Squads

David Rovics

C G

Coke came to Co - lom - bi - a Seek - ing low - er wag - es They

C

got just what they came for But as we turn the pag - es We find the

F C Am

work - ers do not like the sound Of their child - ren's hun - gry cries So they

G G7

said "we'll join the u - nion" They be - gan to or - ga - nize (So)

F G C

(Coke) The ba - by drinks it in his bot - tle When the wa - ter ain't no

Am F G C

good The dog drinks it But he don't know if he

Am F G C Am

should Some folks say It's the nec - tar of the gods But

G F C

Coke is the drink of the death squads

1. Coke came to Colombia  
 Seeking lower wages  
 They got just what they came for  
 But as we turn the pages  
 We find the workers didn't like the sound  
 Of their children's hungry cries  
 So they said we'll join the union  
 And they began to organize
  
2. So Coke called up a terrorist group  
 Called the AUC  
 They said "we've got some problems  
 At the factory"  
 So these thugs went to the plant  
 Killed two union men  
 Told the rest, "you leave the union  
 Or we'll be back again"
  
3. Now Coke did not complain  
 About this dirty deed  
 Why give workers higher wages  
 When Coke is all they really need  
 They phoned the AUC  
 Said "thanks, without you we'd go broke  
 And to show our appreciation  
 Here's one hundred cases of Coke"

*The baby drinks it in his bottle  
 When the water ain't no good  
 The dog drinks it  
 But he don't know if he should  
 Some folks say  
 It's the nectar of the Gods  
 But Coke is the drink of the Death  
 Squads*

4. Well the workers wouldn't take  
 This situation lying down  
 Some went up to Georgia  
 Said "look what's happened to our town  
 You American workers got downsized  
 And as for us we just get shot  
 And those of us who survive  
 Our teeth begin to rot"

*(Chorus)*

5. Well now that's the situation  
 What are you gonna do  
 'Cause death squads run Colombia  
 And they're paid by me and you  
 We can let Coke run the world  
 And see what future that will bring  
 Or we can drink juice and smash the state  
 Now that's the real thing

*(Chorus)*

# DU

David Rovics

My name's Mik - ha - lo I like to play with shi - ny  
toys I'm just a child Like oth - er lit - tle boys  
What's leu - ke-mi - a Won't some - bo - dy tell  
Is it as pret - ty As this lit - tle bul - let shell

1. My name's Mikhailo  
I like to play with shiny toys  
I'm just a child  
Like other little boys  
What's leukemia  
Won't somebody tell  
Is it as pretty  
As this little bullet shell

2. My name is Hanan  
I'll be dead within a year  
But if I could speak  
And if somehow you could hear  
I'd ask some questions  
Maybe some that you could answer  
Like what's uranium  
And why was I born with cancer

3. I'm Juanita  
For me, life's been short and strange  
Born with no arms  
Here beside the bombing range  
They call it DU  
The stuff that made my life this way  
And my parents were arrested  
At the protest yesterday

4. I have no name  
On this military base  
Born and died here  
A child without a face  
To serve his country  
My father went off to war  
And it followed him home  
Back to the Mississippi shore

5. I am your baby  
The poisoned children of the earth  
And I will haunt you  
Wherever you give birth  
In the war zones  
Whichever side you're on  
Because the dust is never settled  
Once the battle's dead and gone

6. Yes, I'm the future  
Of a planet on it's knees  
Radiation  
Sickness and disease  
I'm all the armies  
I'm the life that couldn't be  
And when you see another baby  
Think of me  
When you see another baby  
Think of me

# The Dying Firefighter

David Rovics

I saw the plane hit the build - ing The  
flames and the bil - low - ing smoke I saw the  
glass me - tal pa - per and stone  
Ev - 'ry - thing shat - tered and broke  
I was there with my peo - ple En - gine  
Com - pa - ny Twen - ty - four  
We marched in - to the build - ing Got as  
far as the thir - ty - fifth floor

Note: When I write Am/F# or Am/G, what I mean is you finger the A minor chord with the second note (in this case F# or G) in the bass. (So for the whole song you play the same A minor chord, with a changing bass line.)

1. I saw the plane hit the building  
The flames and the billowing smoke  
I saw the glass, paper, metal and stone  
Everything shattered and broke  
I was there with my people  
Engine Company 24  
We rushed into the building  
Got as far as the 35th floor
2. The black smoke and the heat was like nothing  
I'd seen in all of my years  
With each step in that blazing inferno  
You could feel destiny near  
In the midst of the falling girders  
The sheet rock and God knows what else  
I tried to find the survivors  
Those who made it to the stairwells
3. I carried the wounded to safety  
If that's what you might call the street  
With bodies and concrete and metal  
All crashing down by your feet  
As #2 was collapsing  
When only ten floors still stood  
Everything was falling around me  
Like it was made out of cardboard and wood
4. It was just then I heard someone  
Trapped underneath the debris  
I started pulling at something  
And that's when the fire got me  
I was pinned 'neath the rubble  
And the flames were licking my coat  
And the pain, the unbearable agony  
And then that was all that she wrote
5. But I just wish I could tell you  
Before I am taken away  
That I've seen a lot of this world  
And there's something that I gotta say  
I don't believe in politics  
I believe in the human race  
I believe in the goodness of people  
In New York or some far-away place
6. I believe in my daughter  
And I believe in my wife  
And may nobody's father be taken  
To avenge the loss of my life  
People may call me a brave man  
And this may very well be  
But the firefighters of Kabul  
Are just as brave men as me

# Evening News

David Rovics

The ci-ties are full of cri-mi-nals And all of them are Black They'll  
 shoot you for your shoes Or to get a lit-tle crack But the po-lice are pro-tec-ting us  
 Lock-ing up these thugs Mak-ing us all saf-er By be-ing tough on drugs *It's*  
*hard to be-lieve But I know it's true I saw it on the eve-ning news*

1. The cities are full of criminals  
 And all of them are Black  
 They'll shoot you for your shoes  
 Or to get a little crack  
 But the police are protecting us  
 Locking up these thugs  
 Making us all safer  
 By being tough on drugs

2. There was a truck bomb in Baghdad  
 Blew up the UN  
 These fanatics do not have a care  
 For innocent women and men  
 They don't like civilization  
 It's just destruction that they crave  
 There is no rhyme or reason  
 For the way that they behave

*(Chorus)*  
*It's hard to believe*  
*But I know it's true*  
*I saw it on the evening news*

3. There's a war on in Colombia  
 And it's all about cocaine  
 And the FARC is running drugs  
 From Mexico to Maine  
 It's an ugly situation  
 But soon it will be whipped

We just need to send along  
 More helicopter gunships

*(Chorus)*

4. There was a suicide bomber in Jerusalem  
 Blew himself up on a bus  
 He was a funny-looking Muslim  
 Not like one of us  
 He didn't like the Jews  
 And he says that God is great  
 Don't know what his problem is  
 He's just so full of hate

*(Chorus)*

5. Evil men are plotting  
 To blow up Washington, DC  
 'Cause they don't like freedom  
 And democracy  
 They're fans of the Dark Ages  
 They are all around  
 They're marching from the desert sand  
 And coming to your town

*(Chorus)*

# Face of Victory

David Rovics

D Asus

I lost my job and joined the Ar - my To get an e - du - ca - tion And

Csus D

I most sure - ly did Want - ed to have some kind - a stea - dy job

Asus Csus D

Lead a de - cent life Sup - port me and my wife and kid First

G D G

I was based in Te - xas Then it was off to Ger - ma - ny Then they sent us to I -

Asus D Asus

raq So ma - ny ru - ined buil - dings So ma - ny burned up bo - dies

Csus D Asus Csus D

Twis - ted rail - road track We were

Asus Csus

sent off to Fa - lu - ja Told to keep the peace A - midst such hun - ger and des -

D Asus Csus

pair I was on - ly twen - ty - one I did - n't have a clue What I was do - ing

D G D

there Now they say the war is o - ver And I'm back at home

G Asus F D

Here in the land of the free *And you're look - ing at the face of vic - to - ry*

1. I lost my job and joined the army  
To get an education  
And I most surely did  
Wanted to have some kinda steady job  
Lead a decent life  
Support me and my wife and kid  
First I was based in Texas  
Then it was off to Germany  
Then they sent us to Iraq  
So many ruined buildings  
So many burned up bodies  
Twisted railroad track  
We were sent off to Fallujah  
Told to keep the peace  
Amidst such hunger and despair  
I was just nineteen  
I didn't have a clue  
What we were doing there  
Now they say the war is over  
And I'm back at home  
Here in the land of the free  
And you're looking at the face of victory

2. Patrolling thru Fallujah  
Driving on the rubble  
Shattered pavement and shattered glass  
They sent us on the search for weapons  
We looked in every basement  
Never found a single barrel of gas  
And when we saw the cities looted  
While we watched the oil pipelines  
It all began to seem so clear  
We were fighting for Exxon  
And dying for Chevron  
That's what we were doing here  
They told us we'd be welcomed  
As troops of liberation  
And once again they lied  
We got shot at every day  
Everywhere we went  
A bunch of my buddies died  
A rocket launcher hit my tank  
Started up a fire  
Blew my legs right off of me  
And now you're looking at the face of victory

Note: Double dropped D  
(see intro).

3. They sent me back to Michigan  
Put some plastic on my stumps  
Sent me on my way  
And now I roll on down the city streets  
Looking at the people  
While they turn their eyes away  
Down at the Burren  
They were talking about the government  
And how it's all a ruse  
And I get a little madder  
Every time I see the president  
Smirking on the evening news  
And I think of how they duped me  
And so many more good people  
And I think of the price we paid  
The rich keep getting richer  
And the bastards are already scheming  
About the next nation they want us to invade  
And I just keep on thinking  
About this situation  
I think of Oklahoma City  
Yeah, you're looking at the face of victory

# The Flag Desecration Rag

David Rovics

G  
They tried to pass an a - mend - ment in the U. - S. Cong -

C  
ress Seems these thugs have some grie - vance to re -

G  
dress They said we all must pledge al - le - giance 'Cause that is what they

Am  
need We may not de - se - crate their sym - bol of hy - po - cri - sy and

F G C  
greed *But the flag is just a rag* Yeah the

F G C F  
*flag is just a rag* Just a worn out

G C  
ti - red dir - ty blood - soaked rag

1. They tried to pass an amendment in the U.S. Congress  
Seems these thugs have some grievance to redress  
They said we all must pledge allegiance, 'cause that is what they need  
We may not desecrate their symbol of hypocrisy and greed

*But the flag is just a rag  
The flag is just a rag  
Just a worn-out, tired, dirty, blood-soaked rag*

2. Pledge allegiance to the symbol, well how about the deed  
Allegiance to democracy or blind authority  
It's a flag of war from L.A. to Vietnam  
It desecrates itself each time the Air Force drops a bomb

*(Chorus)*

3. Like they say in Mexico, "Yankee Go Home"  
Uncle Sam and his club thinks the world's there to roam  
And to make the point well they do the traditional thing  
Light a match and let freedom ring

*(Chorus)*

4. So burn it, stomp it, tear it up or at least hang it upside-down  
Tie it to your foot and drag it on the ground  
Let everybody know how many lives are gone  
'Cause of idiots who said, "My country right or wrong"

*(Chorus)*

# From Kabul to Khartoum

David Rovics

A G A D

From Gua - te - ma - la to Ko - re - a To the

G A Bm G A

tun-nels be - neath Ha-noi From Tul - sa to El Cho -

D G A

ril - lo - - Fat Man to Lit - tle Boy

G A D

We're gon - na bomb our way to free - dom With the

G A Bm G

cruise mis - siles of jus - tice And the spent shells

A D G A

of de - mo - cra - cy Oh say can you see

1. From Guatemala to Korea  
To the tunnels beneath Hanoi  
From Tulsa to El Chorillo  
Fat Man to Little Boy

2. We fought them in Nicaragua  
And upon the Cuban shore  
Killed Khaddafi's daughter  
See what the *fatwa's* got in store

*We're gonna bomb our way to freedom  
With the cruise missiles of justice  
And the spent shells of democracy  
Oh, say, can you see*

3. From Kabul to Khartoum  
Where Allah's martyrs bled  
To the Iraqi desert  
Two hundred thousand people dead

(Chorus)

4. From the School of the Assassins  
To Argentina's dirty war  
From Arizona to Nevada  
We'll nuke our way to heaven's door

(Chorus)

Note: I play this in dropped D tuning.

# Ghost Dance Lullaby

David Rovics

*Sleep, sleep long may you*  
*slum-ber 'Neath the moon-light's beam*  
*In the night Your hard times will be*  
*o-ver In the val-leys of your dreams*  
*Close your eyes and let the night wash you in-to it's warm em-*  
*brace Feel the stars bathe you and the cool bree-zes*  
*blow soft-ly u-pon your face For once you're a-*  
*sleep the owl will fly down from its perch on the moon*  
*It will out-stretch its ta-lons and take our house on a trip past the*  
*lake's laugh-ing loons O-ver ci-ties we'll roam and in-to the*

moun-tains where we'll trav - el so far and so high Past  
 smoke-stacks and high-ways and flick - er - ing lights to the snow - capped  
 peaks of nigh And there we will stay with our fam'-lies and  
 lov-ers while we a - wait the scene down be - low Be - neath us the world  
 bus-tles but up in the moun-tains it's just us and the snow

*Sleep, sleep, long may you slumber*  
*'Neath the moonlight's beam*  
*In the night your hard times will be over*  
*In the valleys of your dreams*

1. Close your eyes and let the night wash you into its warm embrace  
 Feel the stars bathe you and the cool breezes blow softly upon your face  
 For once you're asleep the owl will fly down from its perch on the moon  
 It will outstretch its talons and take our house on a trip past the lake's laughing loons  
 Over cities we'll roam and into the mountains where we'll travel so far and so high  
 Past smokestacks and highways and flickering lights to the snowcapped peaks of night  
 And there we will stay with our families and lovers while we await the scene down below  
 Beneath us the world bustles but up in the mountains it's just us and the snow

*So sleep...*

2. And when the time comes a great flood will wash all of the cities away  
 While we're up in the mountains biding our time the deserts will turn into plains  
 The farms will grow forests, the wheat turned to grass and the earth will quake with the sound  
 Of the buffalo herds that storm through the land, covering earth all around  
 And the air will be fresh as the running streams and the birds all around will take flight  
 And the sky will be filled with migrating flocks to make day turn into night  
 And we'll come down from the mountains and live in the towns or travel along on the plains  
 With a new start to take and a new world to make, free of these civilized stains

*So sleep...*

# Global Warming Song

David Rovics

C G  
Folks are fac - ing off With frowns u - pon their fa - ces In Ky -

C F C  
o - to and the Hague And all kinds of o - ther plac - es The oil wells are

G C  
pump - ing And the re - gis - ters are ring - ing And there are those who dare to

F F sus  
ques - tion What kind of fu - ture this is bring - ing

F G C  
And they say more stu - dy is re - quired We've

Am F G F  
got to make sure we un - der - stand the si - tu - a - tion What if we

G C Am F G C  
save the world And it a - ffects the rate of in - fla - tion

F sus D A D  
(Bridge) But let's look on the bright side and stop all this whin - ing Don't we love to

G D A  
be where the warm sun is shin - ing Now folks in Lon - don can cry with e -

G A  
la - tion No need to fly to Bar - ce - lo - na For - your ex - pen - sive va - ca - tion

1. Folks are facing off  
With frowns upon their faces  
In Kyoto and the Hague  
And all kinds of other places  
The oil wells are pumping  
And the registers are ringing  
And there are those who dare to question  
What kind of future this is bringing

2. The ocean tides are rising  
And you'll have to learn to swim  
If you live in Calcutta or Miami  
Things are looking mighty grim  
The facts are all in order  
And the experts all agree  
Except, that is, for those  
Working for the energy companies

*And they say more study is required  
We've got to make sure  
                  we understand the situation  
What if we save the world  
And it affects the rate of inflation*

3. Meanwhile the temperatures are sweltering  
From Turkey to Nebraska  
Property rates are going up  
In Iceland and Alaska  
Everybody's sweating  
In a worldwide heat wave  
And Exxon-Mobile's looking  
For some forest land to pave

*And they say more study is required...*

4. Yes, the weather's getting crazy  
And it's a good time to be alive  
If you really like tornadoes  
Or watching hurricanes arrive  
'Cause the storms are multiplying  
And the winds are blowing faster  
While our leaders are lamenting  
Another "natural" disaster

*(Bridge)  
But let's look on the bright side  
And stop all this whining  
Don't we love to be  
Where the warm sun is shining  
Now folks in London  
Can cry with elation  
No need to fly to Barcelona  
For an expensive vacation*

5. Antarctica is melting  
And the ozone hole is growing  
But maybe we should trust the men  
At Siemens and at Boeing  
They're doing research with our taxes  
And they're looking to the stars  
Perhaps more nuke plants are the answer  
How 'bout a colony on Mars?

*They say more study is required...*

6. Yes, if you listen to the fatcats  
There's just nothing to be done  
But the answers are as simple  
As the wind and the sun  
And if there's hope for life on earth  
We've got to seize the day  
And then we won't have to listen  
To any foolish people say

*More study is required...*

Note: From the sheet music it would appear that the bridge follows the chorus – it doesn't. As in other cases, the thing here is to follow the order of the verses as they appear here in the text section where the verses are numbered. So as on this page, it's verse 1/verse 2/chorus/verse 3/chorus/verse 4/bridge/verse 5/chorus/verse 6/chorus.

# Glory and Fame

David Rovics

G C Em D G

I pulled the stones for the

em - per - or Stacked 'em up and made that wall I thought a

moun - tain lasts for - e - ver but the rain must al - ways fall (I)

Tell me who am I

Do you know my name Will I lie for - got - ten or a - rise

In glo - ry and fame (I)

1. I pulled the stones for the emperor, stacked 'em up and made that wall  
I thought, a mountain lasts forever but the rain must always fall  
I worked the mines in Chile for conquistador  
Died there in the pitshaft, joined my family with the ore  
I tapped the trees for Leopold, and then he took my hands  
The sap sailed to Brussels and my blood stained the lands  
I cut down the sugar cane on the islands off the coast  
Oh but the sweet taste of freedom is the stuff that I love most

*Tell me who am I  
Do you know my name  
Will I lie forgotten  
Or arise in glory and fame*

2. I fought with Poncho Villa, stood with him side by side  
When the Bluecoats took the land, I thought how long is freedom's ride  
I was there at Haymarket with the martyrs eight  
For striking in Chicago, death would have to be my fate  
I cut the timber in Centralia, nearly broke my back  
Tried to organize a union and they tied me to the tracks  
I fought in Barcelona, kept the fascists there at bay  
Then when Hitler's tanks came rolling, I knew we couldn't stay

*(Chorus)*

3. I mined the ore in Arizona, last of the Navajo  
Got that radium a-glowin' then it was time for me to go  
I marched in South Africa, found myself in Sharpeville  
Once the police came and went I was lying oh so still  
I campaigned for Allende for a nation without fear  
Didn't look behind me for the day I'd disappear  
I spoke at Tiananmen to revive the revolution  
Didn't think for Deng Xiaoping, rolling tanks were his solution

*(Chorus)*

4. I grew the mangos in Somalia for the people in the west  
And when the price of fruit went down, I went down starving with the rest  
I worked the plant in Bangkok, breathed the dusty air  
When the cotton started burning, I knew my life would not be spared  
The cops beat me in Los Angeles but I would not be scared  
When they sent the Army in, I thought next time we'll be prepared  
Yes I've been yearning for a new day, all the world wide  
Some day my time will come and you will have to step aside

*(Chorus)*

Note: Each verse is made of up four repeating sections (and after each verse follows a chorus).

# Good Kurds, Bad Kurds

David Rovics

C G C

Sad - dam Hus-sein gassed the Kurd-ish peo-ple Killed

F C F

thou - sands in a sin-gle day And twelve long years

C G C

lat - er Un-cle Sam said "you can't treat you Kurds that way

F C

And fur - ther - more all Kurds are free - dom fight - ers Who'd re -

F G C

sist this I - raq - i ty - ran - ny - - - And - Un - cle Sam will give them

F G

guns and may - be some - times am - mu - ni - tion So the brave Kurds can

G7 F

fight un - til they're free" Yes ge - o - po - li - tics is con -

C G C

*fu - sing* *In fact it can be quite ab - surd*

C7 F C

*Es - pe - cial - ly if you va - lue your free - dom*

Am G F C

You live in Tur - key and you are a Kurd

1. Saddam Hussein gassed the Kurdish people  
Killed thousands in a single day  
And twelve long years later  
Uncle Sam said "you can't treat your Kurds this way  
"And furthermore all Kurds are freedom fighters  
"Who's resist this Iraqi tyranny  
"And Uncle Sam will give them guns and maybe sometimes ammunition  
"So the brave Kurds can fight until they're free"

2. Meanwhile in southeastern Turkey  
The Turkish Army had a unique plan  
We'll go in and burn down three thousand villages  
Get rid of what they call Kurdistan  
Well some of these pesky Kurds decided  
That they would rather fight instead of die  
So Uncle Sam said, "You are terrorists  
"Because Turkey is our ally"

*Geopolitics is confusing  
In fact, it can be quite absurd  
Especially if you value your freedom  
You live in Turkey and you are a Kurd*

3. Yes, when Iraqi Kurds are massacred  
We say this is genocide  
OK, we armed the Army through the eighties  
But now we proudly take the Kurdish side  
But in Turkey it's an internal matter  
And for us to get involved would be wrong  
So we'll sell some tanks and 'copters to Ankara  
And hope these poor folks can get along

*Yes, geopolitics is confusing  
And you can't take the Yankees at their word  
At least that's distinctly how it looks  
If you live in Turkey and you're a Kurd*

4. So when they talk about American interests  
And it somehow seems that they're not yours  
Going all over the world  
Bombing countries and starting up wars  
You'd better leave it to the experts  
Go on back to your Playstations  
'Cause our foreign policy only makes sense  
To CEO's of multinational corporations

'Cause geopolitics is confusing  
And if you feel like you're not being heard  
Just imagine how much worse it could be  
If you lived in Turkey and you were a Kurd

# Hang A Flag In The Window David Rovics

We want a saf - er coun - try And it's in God we  
 trust So we'll bomb you dur - ing Ra - ma - dan Turn your world in - to  
 dust But pull up on your boot - straps Stand on your own two feet As we  
 blow them off with clus - ter bombs Dis - guised as some - thing to eat  
 So hang a flag in the win - dow All hail to the  
 chief Follow the lead - er And sus - pend your dis - be - lief Our  
 coun - try right or wrong You know what to do Sing God  
 bless A - me - ri - ca That red white and blue

1. We want a safer country  
And it's in God we trust  
So we'll bomb you during Ramadan  
Turn your world into dust  
But pull up on your bootstraps  
And stand on your own two feet  
While we blow them off with cluster bombs  
Disguised as something to eat
2. We stand for freedom  
And prosperity  
So we'll bomb your schools and hospitals  
And make sure you live in misery  
All you evildoers  
And your children and your wives  
With our B-52's we'll show you  
How we value civilian lives
3. Give us your hungry, your restless  
We'll show you democracy  
A military trial  
Or detention indefinitely  
We'll have homeland security  
Thomas Ridge all hail  
We may not find the terrorists  
But we can throw the left in jail
4. And we will all be safe  
And we shall have no fears  
Once our retinas have been scanned  
And all the walls have ears  
And we're all in good hands  
When the FBI is in the know  
We're sure they'll look after us  
Just like they did with COINTELPRO  
  
*So hang a flag in the window  
And all hail to the chief  
Follow the leader  
And suspend your disbelief  
Our country right or wrong  
You know what to do  
Sing God bless America  
Oh that red, white and blue*
5. When facing anyone with boxcutters  
We'll say put up your dukes  
As we spend fifty billion  
On bombers and nukes  
We're a beacon of light  
And just to make the point  
We'll cut taxes on the rich  
And throw the poor into the joint
6. Yes we'll bail out the airlines  
Put on your green fedoras  
And for all the laid-off workers  
We've got maquiladoras  
Yes capitalism will save us  
For have you ever seen a  
More convincing proof  
Than Enron and Argentina  
  
*(Chorus)*
7. The Axis of Evil  
We'll bomb 'em down the skids  
There'll be no more terrorists  
Once we kill their kids  
People may starve  
And economies may crumble  
But those folks'll just  
Have to learn to be more humble
8. And give us your money  
Debt repayments with aplomb  
While we scour the map  
For some targets left to bomb  
And as another city falls  
Upon our sacred American soil  
At least we got our Daisy Cutters  
And that Alaskan oil  
  
*(Chorus)*

# Henry Ford Was A Fascist

David Rovics

C F

Ford built tanks for the Na - zis and the Na - zis used those tanks To

G C

gun down lots of sol - diers in the U. - S. Ar - my ranks Yes

F C Am

Hen - ry Ford was a fas - cist and a nas - ty one was he

G C

He'd build tanks for an - y - one for the pro - per fee

1. Ford built tanks for the Nazis  
And the Nazis used those tanks  
To kill off lots of soldiers  
In the U.S. Army ranks  
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
And a nasty one was he  
He'd build tanks for anyone  
For the proper fee
2. Henry Ford spoke to his lackeys  
And he said, "isn't this great?"  
"We'll attack our enemies  
"And we'll retaliate!"  
Henry Ford was a fascist  
And a cunning liar, too  
A brownshirt with a swastika  
Draped in red, white and blue
3. Henry Ford spoke to his workers  
And he said, "you dare not strike!"  
"You must be patriotic  
"And take on my Third Reich!"  
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
And he had not a care  
About the dying soldiers  
That made him a billionaire
4. Ford built tanks for the Nazis  
And he built many more  
To kill off lots of peasants  
In Peru and Salvador  
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
I heard that when he died  
The last words to leave his lips  
Was "*arbeit macht frei*"
5. The dollar was his icon  
On whichever shore  
And Henry's only motto  
Was "make money and make war"  
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
That's all I have to say  
I will spit on Henry's rotting grave  
Until my dying day

# Here At The End of the World

David Rovics

Stand-ing here on a high-way Turned in - to a lake

Born on this pla - net that I did - n't make The ice - caps are

melt - ing You can mea - sure the rise Of the poi - soned o - ceans

Here all the lies Of the po - li - ti - cal pun - dits And cor - por - ate

crooke Their ac - count - ants and sci - en - tists Cook - ing the books With

hard - ly an ink - ling Of what it's a - bout Wed - ded to

pro - fit In flood and in drought *I'm talk - ing to*

*you From here at the end of the world*

1. Standing here on a highway  
Turned into a lake  
Born on this planet  
That I didn't make  
The ice caps are melting  
You can measure the rise  
Of the poisoned oceans  
Hear all the lies  
Of the political pundits  
And corporate crooks  
Their accountants and scientists  
Cooking the books  
With hardly an inkling  
Of what it's about  
Wedded to profit  
In flood and in drought  
I'm talking to you  
From here at the end of the world

2. Standing here on the bayou  
Amidst mountains of soil  
Washed off from the farmland  
And covered in oil  
One ton every acre  
Lost every year  
And along with the pesticides  
It ends up right here  
Millions of miles  
Of chemical wheat  
Challenging all  
To try to compete  
And lay waste to your country  
Like we've done to ours  
Let them eat coffee  
Sugar, coca and flowers  
I'm talking to you  
From here at the end of the world

3. And here in the city  
Shrouded in smoke  
Ten million people  
This morning awoke  
To a future of cancer  
Industrial disease  
So let's build some more suburbs  
And buy SUV's  
Let's cut down the mountains  
And burn all the coal  
And put all the money  
In a humungous bowl  
They'll call it progress  
And they'll blame it on you  
To end life as we know it  
To enrich the few  
I'm talking to you  
From here at the end of the world

4. Yes I speak to you now  
From an occupied place  
You might call it your home  
Or a terrorist base  
They'll send your sons and your daughters  
To make sure that it's theirs  
While they sit in their mansions  
On their plush leather chairs  
And everyone's waiting  
For us to decide  
From dust we were born  
And in dust we reside  
Will we realize the commons  
Is to shepherd and share  
Here in this war zone  
Called land, water and air  
Yes I'm talking to you  
From here at the end of the world

# Hiroshima

David Rovics

C  
Ten thou-sand child-ren Played in the play -  
G F sus  
ground Swing-ing on swings  
Did-n't hear the sound Of the sin - gle  
C G  
plane That flew o - ver head  
F sus  
The third shift work-ers Were just go - ing to bed  
C  
There was a flash of light And a  
G F sus  
rum - bl - ing noise Gone in an ins - tant  
Par - ents girls and boys  
C  
Hi - ro - shi - ma  
G F sus  
Hi - ro - shi - ma

1. Ten thousand children played in the playground  
Swinging on the swings, didn't hear the sound  
Of the single plane that flew overhead  
The third shift workers were just going to bed  
There was a flash of light and a rumbling noise  
And gone in a instant, parents, girls and boys
  
2. Ten thousand mothers were boiling rice  
A thousand prisoners of war were rolling their dice  
Hoping they'd survive this terrible storm  
When each young man in his uniform  
Vanished in the air in the blink of an eye  
One moment they lived, the next they all died  
*Hiroshima, Hiroshima*
  
3. Ten thousand chickens were sitting on eggs  
Beaks in their wings, resting their legs  
Ten thousand farmers were looking at their fields  
Planning the harvest, guessing at yields  
Dreaming of life after the war  
The next second they weren't living no more  
*Hiroshima, Hiroshima*
  
4. Ten thousand lovers made lover to each other  
Each one of them thinking there might not be another  
Living so long with death everywhere  
Much more than one person alone can bear  
But there wasn't time for a final kiss  
Who could've known it would end like this  
*Hiroshima, Hiroshima*
  
5. A hundred thousand people were living their lives  
Grandparents, children, fathers and wives  
Now they're just shadows on the street  
In such a quick burst of incredible heat  
Now listen to them talk about doing it again  
From whence came the souls of these terrible men  
*Hiroshima, Hiroshima*

# I Have Seen The Enemy

David Rovics

Em Em/F# Em/G  
He has no feel-ings for the dead He's just cal-ling out for more

C D7 Em  
Ex-xon-Mo-bil likes it So he's hap-py to make war He'll send your child to

Em/F# Em/G C  
die Some-where far a-cross the sea Bomb-ing Af-ghan vil-lag-es in the

D7 Em Em/F# Em/G  
name of li-ber - ty He says you're with us or a - gainst us And he is keep-ing

C D7  
score His a-gents are all o-ver They might be break-ing down your door He

Em Em/F# Em/G C  
lives for death He is the e - vil ax - is And I am sick of

D7 Em  
theo-ry Let's talk a - bout prax - is 'Cause I have seen the

Em/F# Em/G C  
e - ne-my He's right there in the

Em Em/F# Em/G  
spot-lights And if this song were a rif - le

C D7 Em  
I would have him in my sights

1. He has no feelings for the dead  
He's just calling out for more  
ExxonMobil likes it  
So he's happy to make war  
He'll send your child to die  
Somewhere far across the sea  
Bombing Afghan villages  
In the name of liberty  
He says you're with us or against us  
And he is keeping score  
His agents are all over  
They might be breaking down your door  
He lives for death  
He is the evil axis  
And I am sick of theory  
Let's talk about praxis

*I have seen the enemy  
He's right there in the spotlights  
And if this song were a rifle  
I would have him in my sights*

2. He's found his *raison d'etre*  
He is the global cop  
With peace he'd lose his purpose  
So the fight will never stop  
He'll always find the villain  
That's the nature of the game  
He'll always be at war  
In fact, it's his middle name  
He's got a master plan  
It's called global domination  
A new world under God  
And one massive corporation  
He says he's fighting for our safety  
He's an expert at disguises  
But security for him  
Is when the Dow Jones rises

*(Chorus)*

3. And let me tell you something  
With each ball that he's cuing  
This old friend of bin Laden  
Knows exactly what he's doing  
It's a family tradition  
To win at any cost  
Never mind the lies  
Or all the lives that must be lost  
And let me tell you something else  
This song is not a gun  
And it will cause harm to no one  
When all is said and done  
'Cause it's just words, and we need action  
So let me clearly state  
This is the time to change the world  
Because soon enough may be too late

*(Chorus)*

Note: There are a bunch of "walk-ups" of the bass line variety that I do in the guitar part. So when I say Em/F# and Em/G what I'm referring to is an E minor chord where the bass line goes from the open E to F# to G. So what's constant is your third finger on the second fret of the D string. First you play E minor, then put your second finger on the second fret of the E string so that the bass line walks up to F# (while keeping your third finger on the second fret of the D string), then for Em/G you can use your pinky to finger the G.

# I Remember Warsaw

David Rovics

Em  
First they oc - cu - pied our coun - try

C  
Then they spread their vic - ious lies

D  
Ev - il pro - pa - gan - da Filled our ranks with

F  
dou - ble - deal - ing spies They cor - doned

C  
off a re - ser - va - tion Built a wall all a -

G  
round it Drove us all in - to this ghet - to

Am  
And our ci - ty'd ne - ver be As the Na - zi's found it

C  
I re - mem - ber War - saw

D  
We stood side by side The Star of Da - vid

C  
flew a - bove the ghet - to

G  
There we lived and there we died

D  
Em

1. First they occupied our country  
Then they spread their vicious lies  
Evil propaganda  
Filled our ranks with double-dealing spies  
They cordoned off a reservation  
Built a wall all around it  
Packed us all into this ghetto  
And our city'd never be as the Nazis found it
2. At first no one believed it  
Just what horrors lay in store  
The sound of boots upon the staircase  
Of leather gloves upon the door  
Some of us they sent to labor  
To slave for them to the last breath  
Most of us they sent to Auschwitz  
Half a million people sent to a pointless, early  
death
3. There were those of us who worked with them  
A desperate effort to survive  
Even when our numbers were so few  
Maybe sixty thousand left alive  
And people said we had no chances  
By then we all knew they were right  
It was 1943  
And we, the walking dead, made up our minds  
to fight

*I remember Warsaw  
We stood side by side  
The Star of David flew above the ghetto  
There we lived and there we died*

4. We cleansed the ghetto of their agents  
Dug a maze of tunnels underground  
We begged the Allies, give us weapons  
But empty words were all we found  
So we saved each precious bottle  
Made bombs of rags and gasoline  
And in this script of mindless carnage  
We waited in the shadows for the final scene

5. It was the month of April  
The SS came marching in  
Singing songs to praise Der Fuehrer  
And all his Aryan kin  
To see the shock upon their faces  
We'd show the world on this day  
We'd not go like sheep off to the slaughter  
With the last blood running through our hearts  
we'd make the devils pay

*(Chorus)*

6. We had taken our positions  
With each escape route planned  
We rained down molotovs upon them  
With each retreat another stand  
Yes, we killed the Nazi bastards  
They lay dying by the score  
We made each scarce bullet count  
And as the fascist demons ran we killed some  
more
7. For one full month the battle raged  
And the word spread all around  
That it wasn't over  
'Til every building had been levelled to the  
ground  
I am the ghost of the apocalypse  
And these few words I have to tell  
Let it never be forgotten  
That for four long weeks we fought and we  
stood up before we fell

*(Chorus)*

# I Wanna Go Home

David Rovics

D

I was born a re-fu - gee And I don't know if I'll e-ver

A

see The old farm - house I heard a - bout But it's where I be -

D G

long There is no doubt 'Cause my whole fam - 'ly Is from that

D

farm And we ne - ver did No-bo - dy harm And if you're con -

A G

fused by what you've heard Lem-me boil it down to a sin - gle

D A G

word I wan-na go home I wan-na go home

1. I was born a refugee  
 And I don't know if I'll ever see  
 The old farmhouse I've heard about  
 But it's where I belong, there is no doubt  
 'Cause my whole family is from that farm  
 And we never did nobody harm  
 And if you're confused by what you've heard  
 Let me boil it down to a single word

(Chorus)  
 I wanna go home...

2. And I have heard my grandpa say  
 That on the street most every day  
 The neighbors' kids would kick a ball  
 With my dad when he was small  
 We were Christians, they were Jews  
 But it was no big deal, religious views

So it was strange when at the point of a gun  
 Across the river we had to run

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

(Chorus)

3. We had *dabkeh*, we had songs  
 And we all knew where we belonged  
 We grew crops, life was good  
 There in the land where Jesus stood  
 Now we're scattered everywhere  
 But there's no peace anywhere  
 I'm just searching for some kind of sign  
 For some way back to Palestine

(Chorus)

# If I Die Tomorrow

David Rovics

If I die to - mor - row May - be in a speed - ing car You  
know I like to tra - vel With my note - book and gui - tar But there's too ma - ny cars out  
there Not e - nough train tracks I tried flap - ping my wings But I  
just can't get the knack Don't talk to me of ac - ci - dents In this great de -  
mo - cra - cy A - me - ri - ca will be the death of me

1. If I die tomorrow  
Maybe in a speeding car  
You know I like to travel  
With my notebook and guitar  
But there's too many cars out there  
Not enough train tracks  
I tried flapping my wings  
But I just don't have the knack  
Don't talk to me of accidents  
In this great democracy  
America will be the death of me
2. If I die tomorrow  
My body blown apart  
By some child with a shotgun  
Raging fire in his heart  
Killed in some concrete jungle warzone  
By some kid who never learned to write  
Raised by desperation  
And surviving the long night  
In the wrong place at the wrong time  
In this land of opportunity  
America will be the death of me
3. If I die tomorrow  
From a pipe bomb beneath my seat  
Or from drowning in the bathtub  
Or choking on a piece of meat  
You can rest assured  
I did not mean to slip upon the grass  
It was no one that I knew  
Who rammed the plunger up my ass  
It's just that I was told  
To speak freely  
America will be the death of me
4. But I may not die tomorrow  
And my death will not give pause  
To the coroner who may say  
That I died of natural cause  
Lungs black from breathing city air  
Cancer coursing through my veins  
I'll be glowing in the dark  
From the radiation rains  
So here's a toast to Uncle Sam  
And to mortality, and to  
America, which will be the death of me

# In One World

David Rovics

Am F  
In nine-teen for - ty eight I fled my vil - lage The

G Am  
Stern Gang drove my fam - 'ly from the lands We ran

F G  
In - to the des - ert Where I've spent these de - cades

Am F C  
liv - ing by my hands Life in Hai - fa was - n't ea - sy

G  
But so much bet - ter than this hell - hole with the sol - diers and barbed

Am F  
wire And the clos - ures and the hun - ger The hu - mi - li -

G Am  
a - tion and the check - points The mach - ine gun fire *And each day I...*

F C  
*...say* In one world In one vil - lage In one

G Am  
home Let us live to - ge - ther

1. In 1948 I fled my village  
The Stern Gang drove my family from the lands  
We ran into the desert  
Where I've spent these decades living by my hands  
Life in Haifa wasn't easy  
But so much better than this hellhole with the soldiers and barbed wire  
And the closures, and the hunger  
The humiliation and the checkpoints, the machine gun fire  
And each day I wonder after Haifa  
The home that we abandoned when the Zionists had won  
Is there a family with a child  
Does it's father love it as I loved my only son  
Before the soldiers shot him down  
Riddled him with bullets in his back and in his head  
Home in Haifa, in my house  
Does someone's father know the pain there is in an empty bed
  
2. In 1960 I fled my country  
Left the Tigris River for this foreign place  
I had to leave home, I didn't want to  
But they were rounding up the leftists and the papers had my face  
And my son, a student leader  
On the streets of Baghdad was nowhere to be found  
So I walked through the mountains  
Just the shirt upon my back, knowing not where I was bound  
Now here I am, this town of Haifa  
In this little house, but at least I'm still alive  
And each night I wonder how is Baghdad  
Would I recognize my friends if any did indeed survive  
It took a long time, but I made a home here  
And I wished my son could be here in this town upon the shore  
I was with my wife, it was the Sabbath  
When an old Arab couple knocked upon our door
  
3. We asked them in, gave them tea  
For that's what you do with strangers, and we could see they meant no harm  
They told their story, we told ours  
Us of our life in Baghdad, them of their family farm  
And of this house, which they once lived in  
Where once they raised a family, long before their hair turned grey  
Of their son, and the troopers  
And of ours, who we cry for every day  
So much in common, so much gone bad  
So much running, and never coming home  
You can hear the cards falling down  
See the faces of the children, forever forced to roam  
And here we were, in this house  
Fearing that tomorrow would be just like yesterday  
So much resentment, so much at stake  
And I really don't remember who was the first to say

*In one world  
In one village  
In one home  
Let us live together*

# International Terrorists

David Rovics

F G Am  
In - ter - na - tion - al ter - ror - ists are schem - ing They

F G Am F  
want to bring the plan - et to its knees They're hid - ing in their

G F Am F  
bunk - ers and they're plot - ting With bombs and guns and bi - o - lo - gi - cal dis -

E F G Am  
ease An - y means to reach their ends is worth pur - su - ing

F G Am F  
If lives are lost that's the way it goes It's the game of

G F Am F E  
world do - mi - na - tion The stakes are high as ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows

1. International terrorists are scheming  
They want to bring the planet to it's knees  
They're hiding in their bunkers and they're plotting  
With bombs and guns and biological disease  
Any means to reach their ends is worth pursuing  
If lives are lost then that's the way it goes  
It's the game of world domination  
The stakes are high as everybody knows
  
2. International terrorists are flying in their jets  
Looking for the city they want to hit today  
For all of the injustice in the world  
They are going to make somebody pay  
They'll make sure their people will support them  
Through the use of their powerful cartel  
If you are to prosper this is their decision  
Whether you will starve or else live well
  
3. And the international terrorists are busy  
Trying to win your heart and mind  
They're making news and writing press releases  
So that you can have your thoughts defined  
And they say that they're the voice of reason  
And they want to keep the world free  
And they will villify, disappear and torture  
Anyone who would dare disagree
  
4. The international terrorists are many  
Every color, size and shape and height  
Some are only small and local bullies  
Content to bomb a building in the night  
While some are in each pocket of the world  
Looking for a nation to attack  
They're training in their bases somewhere near you  
And they're flying in the skies above Iraq
  
5. The IMF is the name of their cartel  
And CNN's their propaganda arm  
And if they don't brainwash and starve you into line  
They'll make damn sure all your people come to harm  
They'll decimate and carpet-bomb your country  
With a million mercenaries and machines  
Striking fear into the people of the world  
The US Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines

# IRV

David Rovics

Poor Al Gore com - plained most bit - ter - ly The Greens had stole the vote from the  
 De - mo - cra - tic Par - ty The e - lec - tion was lost 'cause of that three per - cent And  
 now you just look at how the whole thing went You say you want the e - lec - tions to be  
 free and fair Let's just see how much free - dom you can bear  
*I - R - V It rhymes with de - mo - cra - cy I - R - V*  
 Let's hear it for a third par - ty

1. Poor Al Gore complained most bitterly  
 The Greens had stole the vote from the  
 Democratic Party  
 The election was lost 'cause of that three percent  
 And now you look at how the whole thing went  
 You say you want the elections to be free and  
 fair  
 Well then let's see how much freedom you can  
 bear

*(Chorus)*  
*I - R - V*  
*It rhymes with democracy*  
*I - R - V*  
*Let's hear for a third party*

2. Give me a second, I'll tell you how it works  
 If you're tired of choosing between two jerks  
 If the tally doesn't go the way you hopefully  
 reckoned  
 Your first choice then becomes your second  
 And if the so-called Democrats don't like the  
 news  
 They can't blame us next time they lose

*(Chorus)*

3. It may not bring us paradise  
 But perhaps a little competition might be nice  
 But you know they're worried about domino  
 effects  
 We get this, what might be next  
 Pretty soon we might set a new norm  
 When we pass campaign finance reform

*(Chorus)*

# Jenin

David Rovics

G D/F# Em  
Child what will you re - mem - ber

D G  
When you re - call your six - teenth year The

D/F# Em  
hor - rid sound of he - li - cop - ter gun - ships The

D G C  
rum - ble of the tanks as they drew near As the world

G  
went a - bout it's bus - 'ness And I burned a - no - ther

D/F# Em G D/F#  
tank of gas - o - line The Dow Jones lost a cou - ple

Em C Dsus G  
points that day While you were cry - ing in the Ci - ty of Je - nin

1. Oh, child, what will you remember  
When you recall your sixteenth year  
The horrid sound of helicopter gunships  
The rumble of the tanks as they drew near  
As the world went about it's business  
And I burned another tank of gasoline  
The Dow Jones lost a couple points that day  
While you were crying in the City of Jenin
  
2. Did they even give your parents warning  
Before they blew the windows out with shells  
While you hid inside the high school basement  
Amidst the ringing of church bells  
As you watched your teacher crumble by the doorway  
And in England they were toasting to the Queen  
You were so far from the thoughts of so many  
Huddled in the City of Jenin
  
3. Were you thinking of the taunting of the soldiers  
Or of the shit they smeared upon the walls  
Were you thinking of your cousin after torture  
Or Tel Aviv and it's glittering shopping malls  
When the fat men in their mansions say that you don't want peace  
Did you wonder what they mean  
As you sat amidst the stench inside the darkness  
In the shattered City of Jenin
  
4. What went through your mind on that day  
At the site of your mother's vacant eyes  
As she lay still among the rubble  
Beneath the blue Middle Eastern skies  
As you stood upon this bulldozed building  
Beside the settlements and their hills so green  
As your tears gave way to grim determination  
Among the ruins of the City of Jenin
  
5. And why should anybody wonder  
As you stepped on board  
The crowded bus across the Green Line  
And you reached inside your jacket for the cord  
Were you thinking of your neighbors buried bodies  
As you made the stage for this scene  
As you set off the explosives that were strapped around your waist  
Were you thinking of the City of Jenin

# The Jewel of Bucharest

David Rovics

C G C  
Af - ter half your life spent in the bread - lines

F C  
Watch - ing the world turn In a dress of

C/B Am7 Am7/G F  
red po - ly - es - ter So ma - ny im - por - tant things to

G F G C  
learn Like ne - ver to be in a hur - ry

F Am  
Life is what you make it And if you

C C/B Am7 Am7/G F  
get a chance to tra - vel You'd be a fool

G F G  
not to take it And that's how I met

C F Am  
you Like a bird out of her nest

C C/B Am7 Am7/G  
Five thou - sand miles from your home - land - - -

F G C  
The - jewel of Bu - cha - rest

1. After half your life spent in the breadlines  
Watching the world turn  
In a dress of red polyester  
So many important things to learn  
Like never to be in a hurry  
Time is what you make it  
And if you get a chance to travel  
You'd be a fool not to take it  
And that's how I met you  
Like a bird out of her nest  
Five thousand miles from your homeland  
The jewel of Bucharest

2. Yes, it's such a long way  
From your father's factory  
To these lonely strip malls  
And a foreign university  
And that's how I found you  
So far across the sea  
Making sense out of the madness  
With your wistful poetry  
And it's such a pleasure  
To have your head upon my chest  
My sweet Latin lover  
The jewel of Bucharest

3. Outside in New Haven  
The wind it blows so cold  
Inside the smell of cabbage  
Is like a story seldom told  
For the comfort of this bed  
And the blanket that you made  
No treasure trove of platinum  
Would be rich enough to trade  
Ah, there might be many ways  
To have my soul caressed  
But please grant me one more evening  
With the jewel of Bucharest



1. Let me tell you about a lady  
Known as grandma to me  
She died back in 1982  
She liked to tell stories  
Of how things used to be  
Just like other old ladies do

2. She talked about her neighbors  
Muslims and Christians  
Arabs, Britons and Jews  
They'd come over for dinner  
In her house in Jaffa  
And they'd talk about business and news

3. We got along fine  
A long time ago  
Before everything started to change  
I never imagined  
Back in those days  
I'd end up here on this firing range

*(Chorus)*

*There on a string around her neck  
Dangling in front of her heart  
The key to her home  
The key to her people  
The key to her world blown apart*

4. I recall the days well  
1948  
The year of the Catastrophe  
With machine guns and torches  
They drove us away  
To the land of the refugee

5. We all thought it would pass  
But the decades dragged on  
And my heart turned to flame  
To those who live in my home  
Where is your conscience  
Do you feel the remorse and the shame

*(Chorus)*

6. Now after two generations  
I and her grandchildren say  
The key is theirs and mine  
And all over the world  
We cry for Al-Awda  
Home in Palestine

7. Maybe we will prevail  
But come what may  
As empires fall and rise  
Nothing will change  
The memory  
Of the tears in my grandmother's eyes

*(Chorus)*

# King David

David Rovics

C Em D

All of my life I've heard the sto - ries How ma - ny

Em

thou - sands of times How the king - dom was lost and we

G D

had to pay pen - ance For our fore - fa - ther's crimes

C G

How we'd seen such op - pres - sion wan - der - ed the world

D C

While em - pires rose and fell But one day

Dsus Em

we'd have peace When we re - turned to Is - ra - el

1. All of my life I've heard the stories  
How many thousands of times  
How the kingdom was lost and we had to pay penance  
For our forefathers crimes  
How we'd seen such oppression, wandered the world  
While empires rose and fell  
But one day we'd have peace  
When we returned to Israel
  
2. And we died in the pogroms, we died in the Crusades  
We died for some prince to save face  
Killed by the Russians, killed by the Catholics  
Killed for the Aryan race  
But none of that changes what happened before  
Or the unspeakable things that you do  
'Cause King David was a butcher  
And so are you
  
3. 'Cause I've been to your jails, I've spoken with ghosts  
I've heard the unending calls  
And I've seen your machine guns slaughtering children  
Behind your high ghetto walls  
And just like your friend Mr. De Klerk  
One day you will admit it is true  
That King David was a butcher  
And so are you
  
4. And you can hide behind money, you can hide behind history  
You can hide behind Capitol Hill  
And all the king's riches and all the king's rabbis  
And the king's orders to kill  
And you can say I'm a fascist or I think like an Arab  
You can call me a self-loathing Jew  
But King David was a butcher  
And so are you
  
5. You can shake your head slowly, you can walk out in anger  
You can say that you don't understand  
Or in righteous rage you can get in your jet fighter  
And conquer some more holy land  
But I have to say this because I care for our future  
Because I know the things that you do  
Because King David was a butcher  
And so are you

# Korea

David Rovics

Am Gsus  
Fif-ty years a - go to - day we stood in rub - ble The

Fsus G  
sun rose each morn - ing through the smoke Your

Am Gsus  
planes flew a - bove us look - ing for some - thing left to bomb Our

Fsus G Am  
fac - to - ries our schools lied ra - vaged and broke And now you won - der why there is this

Gsus Fsus  
an - ger As - we re - mem - ber all too clear - ly a

G Am  
time that we once knew When ev - 'ry home and ev - 'ry dam and so

Gsus Fsus  
ma - ny ma - ny peo - ple Were flat - tened to the ground for the

C Gsus  
things you had to do When Ko - re - a was just a - no - ther name For bombs

Fsus C  
fal - ling from the sky And home was just a - no - ther

Gsus Fsus G  
word For this place where peo - ple die

1. Fifty years ago today we stood in rubble  
The sun rose each morning through the smoke  
Your planes flew above us looking for something left to bomb  
Our factories, our schools lied ravaged and broke  
And now you wonder why there is this anger  
As we remember all too clearly a time that we once knew  
When every home and every dam and so many, many people  
Were flattened to the ground by the things you had to do

*(Chorus)*

*When Korea was just another name  
For bombs falling from the sky  
And home was just another word  
For this place where people die*

2. Fifty years ago today you killed my mother  
I've lived my whole life and I never knew  
The love she might have given, the joy she might have felt  
To sit in the garden where her grandchildren grew  
And now you wonder why we might feel attacked  
You wonder at the stand our leaders take  
But it was you, I remember, who gave us this lesson  
Of the sound of a city when it breaks

*(Chorus)*

3. Fifty years ago today you killed my father  
He was shooting at your planes when he died  
Just one of how many million dead soldiers  
Fighting and falling side by side  
And now you wonder at what you call an evil axis  
You throw words that someday will explode  
We remember the last time you said these things  
When crater was another word for road

*(Chorus)*

# Love Song for the Cops

David Rovics

G D G

Wake up in the morn-ing Give the kids a smack Make

C G

sure to blame your wife for ev - 'ry soc - ial grace you lack By the

C G D Em

time you get to work Your face is sign - post red You're

C G D G

stressed out from the mo - ment You get out of bed Ah, but

C G

you're a real man Built up brick by brick You've got

C D

is - sues with your e - mo - tions But you can solve them with a stick You re -

G C G C

sent all those a - bove And be - low your so - cial class But you can show them how you

G D G C G

feel so well By kick - ing their ass Oh, the cops, the cops, those

D G D C

won - der - ful sops Aren't they just a bar - rel of fun The cops, the

G D Em C D G

cops, the cream of the crops Show - ing us just how de - mo - cra - cy is run

1. Wake up in the morning, give the kids a smack  
Make sure to blame your wife for every social grace you lack  
By the time you get to work your face is sign-post red  
You're stressed out from the moment you get out of bed  
But you're a real man, built up brick by brick  
You've got issues with your emotions but you can solve them with a stick  
You resent all those above or below your social class  
And you can tell them how you feel so well by kicking their ass

*Oh the cops, the cops, those wonderful sops  
Aren't they just a barrel of fun  
The cops, the cops, cream of the crops  
Showing us just how democracy is run*

2. There you go, waddling down the street  
Looking to fill that empty space with something greasy to eat  
Maybe a donut or a meatball sub  
Or some random hippie that you beat with your club  
You thought you'd have respect as a man in blue  
But isn't it sad to find that nobody likes you  
You've got a shiny badge with nothing to show  
But you can solve all your problems, blow by blow

*(Chorus)*

3. And when the day is over and you've beat your last punk  
Time to go back to the suburbs to the bar and get drunk  
Hang out in the back and count the day's fine  
And stick it up your nose, line by line  
In your tender moments you wonder if there mustn't be more  
Than serving the rich and beating on the poor  
But then you come to your senses and you spit with a curse  
"If I can't have it better I'll make sure they'll have it worse"

*(Chorus)*

# Make It So

David Rovics

D

In the twen-ty-fourth cen-tu-ry Ev'-ry-thing is peach-y

keen Ev'-ry-bo-dy has e-nough All the re-pli-ca-tors re-pli-cate all

G

kinds of cool stuff You can wan-der all a-cross the un-i-verse No

D

quad-rant is too far off to tra-verse Ex-plor-a-tion is hu-man-i-ty's high-est

goal They've dis-co-vered all kinds of pla-nets They're real-ly on a

A G

roll How can we get there from here We've lost our way I fear

D A

Oh, cap-tain won't you show us where to go Make it so

G D

Make it so Oh, make it so

Note: I usually play this in open D tuning (DADF#AD).

1. In the 24th century  
Everything is peachy keen  
Everybody has enough  
The replicators replicate all kinds of cool stuff  
You can wander all across the universe  
No quadrant is too far off to traverse  
Exploration is humanity's highest goal  
They've discovered all kinds of planets, they're really on a roll  
How can we get there from here  
We've lost our way, I fear  
Oh, captain, won't you show us where to go  
Make it so, make it so, oh, make it so

2. In the 24th century  
Men and women live in harmony  
There's peace and justice within the human race  
All shapes and colors floating happily through space  
People run around in trios and in pairs  
Occupy their time with wild, inter-species love affairs  
Ancient history recalls the world wars  
When the rich were rich and the poor were poor  
Gotta sprout wings over this brink  
Will we rise or will we sink  
Captain won't you show us where to go  
Make it so, make it so, oh, make it so

3. In the 24th century  
Even the air is clean  
On the earth sparkling waters run  
All the little kids are having lots of fun  
Petrochemicals are a relic of the past  
All the little hovercrafts are built to last  
There's not a smokestack in the sky  
Just little birdies flying happy and high  
I'm trying to predict through the haze  
Yeah I'm still waiting for those good old days  
Captain won't you tell us where to go  
Make it so, make it so, oh, make it so

# Merry Christmas, Mr. Meyers

David Rovics

It was a sun - ny Christ - mas Eve On Nine - ty - Third  
Street Peo - ple shop - ping on the Ave Good friends and mi - ly to  
greet (Ro - ger...) One more mur - der in Chi - ca - go In Chi -  
ca - go's dir - ty war Mer - ry Christ - mas Mis - ter Mey - ers  
Watch out those are po - lice - men at your door

1. It was a sunny Christmas Eve  
On 93rd Street  
People shopping on the Ave  
Good friends and family to greet

2. Roger Meyers was forty-four years old  
Sitting in an easy chair  
His two young grandchildren  
And his sister were upstairs

3. Outside he heard a knocking  
And someone ringing on the bell  
Just what would happen next  
How could any sane man tell

*One more murder in Chicago  
In Chicago's dirty war  
Merry Christmas, Mr. Meyers  
Watch out -- those are policemen at  
your door*

4. Someone's trigger hand was restless  
Itching to attack  
Hey, that guy matches our description  
He's a man and he's black

5. Before the door was fully open  
Two gunshots rang out  
Through the wood into the person  
And the children cried and shouted

*(Chorus)*

6. They said they were looking for a burglar  
He stole someone's diamond ring  
But lying in a pool of blood  
Roger didn't know a thing

7. After half an hour  
An ambulance arrived  
Looked at poor Roger Meyers  
Said it looks like this guy died

*(Chorus)*

# Mi Amor

David Rovics

C G F

Mi a - mor as you pause be - side the li - lacs I

G C

watch you take them in - - - You start the morn - ing like a

G F G C

pray - er That's the way your days be - gin And if

F C F G

I could be a pe - tal Which you touch be - fore you go Then

C F G C

with this branch I'll scratch the dirt And that's the seed I'll sow

1. Mi amor, as you pause beside the lilacs  
I watch you take them in  
You start the morning like a prayer  
That's the way your days begin  
And if I could be a petal  
Which you touch before you go  
Then with this branch I'll scratch the dirt  
And that's the seed I'll sow
2. Mi amor, as you dive beneath the water  
I watch it cascade down your chest  
You rise upon the wave  
As if it's molded to your breast  
If I could be a stream that feeds this lake  
Which might rise to kiss your face  
Then I will wind my way between these rocks  
So I might settle in this place
3. Mi amor, as you glide beside the clouds  
I feel the wind beneath your wings  
With such ease you take this gift  
That your friend, la luna brings  
And I hope that in my lungs  
There might be the strength one day  
That you might gather other sparrows  
And chase the crows away
4. Mi amor, the sound that rises from your belly  
Is one I've heard before  
It reaches deep behind these walls  
And I want to live some more  
And if I might write a verse  
That you choose to sing one afternoon  
Then I'll gladly wile away the hours  
Searching for the tune

# Minimum Wage Strike

David Rovics

When I a - woke one morn - ing There was a feel - ing  
in the air - - - Ev' - ry - thing was qui - et Things were  
diff' - rent ev' - ry - where The Wob - bl - ies were - back a - gain  
With Joe Hill at the mike *When all the*  
mi - ni - mum wage work - ers went on strike

1. When I awoke one morning  
 There was a feeling in the air  
 Everything was quiet  
 Things were different everywhere  
 The Wobblies were back again  
 With Joe Hill at the mike  
*When all the minimum-wage workers  
 went on strike*
  2. There was no one flipping burgers  
 All the grills were cold  
 Onion rings were in their bags  
 Fries were growing mold  
 There were no baristas at Starbucks  
 Asking, "how many shots would you like?"  
*When all the...*
  3. There was no one pumping gasoline  
 No one driving from town to town  
 No one at the registers  
 All the highways were shut down  
 The cars were stuck in their garage  
 Businessmen on bikes  
*When all the...*
  4. The fruit was falling off the trees  
 No one to load the trucks  
 Corn was rotting on the stalk  
 No farm hands to shuck  
 The workfare workers were hanging at home  
 Spending the day with their tykes  
*When all the...*
  5. Yuppie parents were housebound  
 Their nannies left the job  
 Wal-Mart workers said enough  
 Of our labor has been robbed  
 The Foot Locker was locked up  
 The boss had to take a hike  
*When all the...*
- (Repeat first verse)

# Minnesota Gezstapo

Words by David Rovics  
Music by David Rovics and Rich Caloggero

The musical score consists of six staves of music. Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are written below the notes, and chord markings (Am, G, F, E) are placed above the staves. The lyrics are: "The ges - ta-po's on the march in Min-ne - so - ta To make the world safe for Mon-san - to Goose - step-ping down the streets of Min - ne - a - po - lis Spread-ing fear and ter - ror as they go Break-ing in - to homes on false pre - tens-es Tear-ing up what - ev - er's in their way Mak-ing threats, swing-ing clubs and spray - ing tear gas Re - peat-ing what their cor - por - ate mas - ters say".

1. The gestapo's on the march in Minnesota  
To make the world safe for Monsanto  
Goose-stepping down the streets of Minneapolis  
Spreading fear and terror as they go  
Breaking into homes on false pretenses  
Tearing up whatever's in their way  
Making threats, swinging clubs and spraying tear gas  
Repeating what their corporate masters say
2. And the gestapo's on the march in Portland  
To make the city safe for Nike Town  
If you're not wearing the right clothing  
The gestapo will pick you out and take you down  
With barricades around the city center  
Eyes peeled through the cold and damp  
They say they're watching for those anarchists from Eugene  
So they turn the city to an armored camp
3. The gestapo's on the march in New York City  
And Wall Street's packed with hordes of men in blue  
Three thousand miles from Seattle  
But that's just where the gestapo takes its cue  
From DC to Philly to Los Angeles  
The gestapo is following their line  
It's a military tactic known as blitzkrieg  
Well-known from the Hudson to the Rhine
4. Some battles will be won and some we'll lose  
But all around the globe it's the same fight  
From the farmers of Kerala to the landless in Brazil  
To the elves pulling crops up in the night  
Yes if we will stay and stand together  
As our numbers grow in every little town  
The machine needs the people to keep running  
And it's we the people who can shut it down

# Morning at Minnehaha

David Rovics

C G C

It's six o'clock and the air is filled with good things

F C G

The scent of eggs and coffee drifts upon the wind Not

F C Am F

far away the sacred fire burns One sentry's shift is

G F C F

over And another one begins *And it's morning at the*

G C G

*Min-ne-ha-ha Free State A little strip of stolen native*

Am F G C

*land On the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi*

Am F G C

*It's right here the Men-do-ta make their stand The Men-*

G C F

do-ta people lived along this river Fished among its

C G F

waters And hunted on the plain Now they are a people with no

C Am F G C

home-land And they say here beside the river they'll remain

1. It's 6 o'clock and the air is filled with good things  
The scent of eggs and coffee drifts upon the wind  
Not far away the sacred fire burns  
One sentry's shift is over and another one begins
  
2. People gathered from the four directions  
United by a love of life, pledged to stand or fall  
It's Wounded Knee and People's Park united  
Here will be born a homeland, not a highway to the mall

*It's morning at the Minnehaha Free State  
A little strip of stolen native land  
Along the banks of the Mississippi  
Right here the Mendota make their stand*

3. The Mendota people lived along this river  
Fish among its waters and hunted on the plain  
Now they are a people with no homeland  
And they say here beside the river they'll remain

*(Chorus)*

4. And when the cops and dozers come  
To carry off every face  
Will you come to Minnehaha  
Rise up, lock down and take their place?

*(Chorus)*

Note: Chords and melody for verse 4 is played like verse 3.

# Moron

David Rovics

Fran - coise Du - cros lost her job As Dir - ec - tor of Com - mu - ni -  
ca - tions She was re - pre - sent - ing Ca - na - da At a meet - ing of the NA - TO  
na - tions When she had the gall To say what was ve - ry  
clear Some - thing ev - 'ry - bo - dy knew Which they did - n't want to hear  
In the glo - bal ma - fi - a There's no doubt who's the Don But  
ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows That George Bush is a mo - ron

1. Francoise Ducros lost her job  
As Director of Communications  
She was representing Canada  
At a meeting of the NATO nations  
When she had the gall  
To say what was very clear  
Something everybody knew  
Which they didn't want to hear  
In the global mafia  
There's no doubt who's the Don  
But everybody knows  
That George Bush is a moron

2. Maybe you voted for him  
'Cause you like to shoot your gun  
Or perhaps you own an oil company  
And you're happy that he won  
But if that is the case  
You know you've got to take it on the chin  
And thank the Gods  
For the doctors of the spin  
'Cause if it weren't for soundbytes  
Then just like his Uncle Ron  
There'd be no one left who could deny  
That George Bush is a moron

3. Perhaps you protested  
And said it wasn't fair  
He didn't even win the vote  
He should not be in there  
But maybe you still have some dignity  
And you try to put on the best face  
'Cause you just can't come to grips  
It seems like it just shouldn't be the case  
It's as if there's this really stupid cop  
With a nuclear baton  
Not only is he evil  
But George Bush is a moron

4. Well perhaps you are hoping  
You can make it to the end  
Just a few more years  
And we'll be around the bend  
If the world is still standing  
And not yet blown up into pieces  
With a rally at the ballot box  
We can see that this nightmare ceases  
Until you look over your shoulder  
At what might happen when he's gone  
Once it captures your attention  
That Tom Daschle\* is a moron

*\*Insert here the name of whichever moron  
appears to be the Democrats'  
lead candidate.*

# My Daughter

David Rovics

C F G

She was pick-ing yel-low flow-ers Smil-ing at the

Am F C

sun-light Weav-ing stems to make a neck-lace

G Am C

Work-ing hard to get it all right She reached out to

F G Am

trade it For the bread her ma-ma brought her

C G

And when I looked in - to her eyes

F F sus

I saw my daught-er

1. She was picking yellow flowers  
Smiling at the sunlight  
Weaving stems to make a necklace  
Working hard to get it all right  
She reached out to trade it  
For the bread her mama brought her  
*And when I looked into her eyes, I saw my daughter*
2. Her feet were bare as mine were  
When I grew up in the country  
And just like her I watched my mother  
Hanging out the laundry  
Now she's grabbed some clothes and darted off  
And her mama chased and caught her  
*And when I looked into her eyes...*
3. She's running down the alleyway  
Dust rising up behind her  
She hides beneath the rubble  
Where nobody can find her  
And when she tires and walks back home  
Mama tells her that she loves her  
*And when I looked into her eyes...*
4. And when the sun sets she is hungry  
But there's no more bread to give her  
The cement floor is cold tonight  
And beneath the rags she shivers  
And as the jet planes scorch the sky  
She's longing for her brother  
As the bombs fall in the distance  
She wonders, will the next one fall much closer  
It's not so far to Baghdad  
And I could be her father  
*'Cause when I looked into her eyes...  
When I looked into her eyes...*

Note: For verse 4, play as with the other verses, but repeating chord progression and melody except for the refrain, which only comes at the end of the verse.

# Next Attack

David Rovics

The next at-tack is com-ing I heard it on T - V Some im -  
 por-tant po - li - ti - cian - said We've got to drive them in-to the sea  
 Round up all the A - rabs Send them back from where they came Who  
 cares if they are ci - ti - zens They're fa - na - tics all the same

1. The next attack is coming  
 I heard it on the TV  
 Some important politician said  
 We've got to drive them into the sea  
 Round up all the Arabs  
 Send them back from where they came  
 Who cares if they are citizens  
 They're fanatics all the same
2. The next attack is coming  
 Said dictators west and east  
 And New York can not rest  
 Until all the rebels are deceased  
 So send along those helicopters  
 And we will shoot them all  
 And we'll cut social services  
 And build a shopping mall
3. The next attack is coming  
 Said the CEO  
 So we need to drill for oil  
 And build more pipelines, don't you know  
 If these Arabs do not like it  
 And we need the military here  
 The American people will support us  
 Whether out of greed or fear
4. The next attack is coming  
 I heard an Afghan child say  
 My family was killed  
 By a plane the other day  
 And when I grow up  
 I will get them back  
 So I say beware, America  
 Here comes the next attack
5. The next attack is coming  
 Said Cheney to his men  
 And if it doesn't  
 We can make one happen again  
 Every war we've ever been in  
 Was started with a lie  
 And this war is good business  
 So today's the day for you to die  
 The next attack is coming...

# No One Is Illegal

David Rovics

A E

The clouds gat-her in your for-ests Drift

F#m

to my des-ert town And I think of far-off

E

plac-es As the rain is com-ing down

F#m

And you're bent down in the fields

D

Pick-ing fruit there from the vine

E D

And it ends up on my ta-ble As it moves on

E A

down the line Will we o-pen up the

E

bor-ders Tear down the pri-son walls De -

D

clare that no one is il - le - gal

F#m

Watch the gi-ant as it falls

1. The clouds gather in your forests  
And drift to my desert town  
And I think of far-off places  
As the rain is coming down  
You're bent down in the fields  
Picking fruit there from the vine  
And it ends up on my table  
As it moves on down the line

2. The moon shines brightly in the night sky  
The river flows from south to north  
With the changing of the seasons  
The birds migrate back and forth  
But they say that you can't come here  
Not in the light of day  
Somebody has got plans for you  
Starve at home or hide away

*Will we open up the borders  
Tear down the prison walls  
Declare that no one is illegal  
Watch the giant as it falls*

3. So much travels across these borders  
So much is bought and sold  
One way goes the gunships  
The other comes the gold  
Free trade is like a needle  
Drawing blood straight from your heart  
And the border's like a prison  
Keeping friends apart

*(Chorus)*

4. Hear the stockholders cheering  
The world's getting smaller  
Hear the drowning child crying  
"Why are the fences growing taller"  
Some whisper in the shadows  
While others count the dollars  
Some have suits and ties  
Others, chains and collars

*(Chorus)*

5. May the fortress walls come down  
May we meet our sisters and our brothers  
Stand arm and arm there in the daylight  
No longer fighting one another  
Will we stand together  
For therein lies our might  
Will we understand these words  
"People of the world unite"

*(Chorus)*

# Occupation

David Rovics

D F  
You ask me how it is That I dare to take a side You say I

E F E D  
loathe my - self For point - ing out that you have lied You

F  
say it's tri - bal war - fare But I dis - a - gree For the dy -

E F E D  
nam - ics of the si - tu - a - tion Are not dif - fi - cult to see On

G D  
one side is the fight - er jet On the oth - er is the stone On

G A  
one side is the slave The o - ther is the throne For the

D F  
ma - ny there are check - points While for - eign sol - diers rule the street For

E G F D  
one side there is vic - tory But the peo - ple don't ac - cept de - feat The

G D  
word you need to know is oc - cu - pa - tion The

A G F D  
ve - ry de - fi - ni - tion of a land with - out a na - tion And if

peace is what you're af - ter let us not de - ceive It will  
 come on the day the tanks Re - turn to Tel A - viv

1. You ask me how it is  
 That I dare to take a side  
 You say I loathe myself  
 For pointing out that you  
 have lied  
 You say it's tribal warfare  
 But I disagree  
 For the dynamics of the  
 situation  
 Are not difficult to see  
 On one side is the fighter jet  
 On the other side the stone  
 On one side is the slave  
 On the other is the throne  
 For the many there are  
 checkpoints  
 While foreign soldiers rule  
 the street  
 For one side there is victory  
 But the people don't accept  
 defeat

*(Chorus)*

*The word you need to know  
 is occupation  
 The very definition of a land  
 without a nation  
 And if peace is what you're  
 after then let us not deceive  
 It will come on the day the  
 tanks return to Tel Aviv*

2. On one side there is hunger  
 And bulldozed olive trees  
 On the other is the Army  
 Ruling by decrees  
 Caterpillars maul the streets  
 And destroy entire city  
 blocks  
 While children swallow  
 shrapnel

For the crime of throwing  
 rocks  
 Fences are erected  
 Around the towns they  
 flatten  
 And Herzl's own fanatics  
 Sleep on sheets of satin  
 And they water their  
 plantations  
 Drilling ever-deeper wells  
 While the displaced children  
 of the hopeless  
 Are filled with bullet shells

*(Chorus)*

*...It will come on the day the  
 settlers return to Tel Aviv*

3. On one side there is the  
 Mossad  
 Rounding up the men  
 Thrown in jail with no trial  
 Being tortured once again  
 On the other there is rage  
 Helplessness and fear  
 And a growing realization  
 That another holocaust is  
 near  
 On the outside there are  
 prisons  
 Inside detainees  
 Being stripped of their  
 humanity  
 Beaten naked to their knees  
 Outside ghetto prison walls  
 There are stormtroopers all  
 around  
 While inside the hungry  
 people  
 Yearn for liberated ground

*(Chorus)*

*...It will come on the day the  
 jailguards return to Tel Aviv*

4. All across the world  
 You can hear the people say  
 The children of Jerusalem  
 Will be free one day  
 In overcrowded camps  
 Amidst the stench of death  
 and flies  
 To the suburbs of Detroit  
 You can hear the anguished  
 cries  
 While in the land of Israel  
 With God ever on their side  
 Walls and fences are  
 constructed  
 And papers are denied  
 People fight for their  
 existence  
 While we turn a blinded eye  
 And those who should know  
 better  
 Insist on asking why

*(Chorus)*

*...It will come on the day the  
 refugees return to Tel Aviv*

Note: My notation for  
 this is really  
 inadequate. What I'm  
 doing on the guitar is a  
 lot of minor single-note  
 stuff, and the chords  
 described here,  
 especially in the  
 verses, are more single  
 notes than chords.

# One Night In Greece

David Rovics

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'One Night In Greece' by David Rovics. It consists of three staves of music in a single system, all in treble clef and common time (C). The first staff begins with a G chord and contains the lyrics 'I'll tell you a sto - ry I swear it's true It'. The second staff continues with G, D, and G chords and lyrics 'was a sun - ny af - ter - noon Sep - tem - ber Tenth Two -'. The third staff continues with C and D chords and lyrics 'thou - sand One We were mind - ing our bus - 'ness hav - ing fun'. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. I'll tell you a story, I swear it's true  
It was a sunny afternoon  
September 10th, 2001  
We were minding our business, having fun  
Hanging out on the coast of Greece  
A long way from the belly of the beast  
We were drinking and talking and things were good  
Living it up as best we could
2. Then a yacht so big it blocked the sky  
Entered the view of our collective eye  
It was ostentatious beyond description  
It made old Greek ladies have conniptions  
And as this bloated behemoth trundled past  
We got a square view of the mast  
And at the top, ten meters high  
Was a sight that made the village cry
3. An American flag of such massive girth  
It seemed to take up half the earth  
Now maybe it had to do with the dictatorship  
But the Greeks among us began to flip  
We were women and men of various stations  
An international delegation  
And all of us there on the sand  
Knew this situation couldn't stand
4. As the yacht set down it's anchor  
And sat there like some oil tanker  
Well we drank and talked and talked and drank  
The sun went down and then it sank  
By midnight we'd reached a solution  
How to deal with this air pollution  
We thought we'd swim out and we'd check  
If there was a staircase to the deck
5. So we stripped down and swam out there  
And sure enough there were the stairs  
Then a Libyan student named Osama  
Took the lead role in the drama  
He climbed the stairs and then the flagpole  
It was a sight to feed a weary soul  
Hanging naked with us beneath  
He bit the flag off with his teeth
6. And flag in hand he jumped down  
And we dragged the flag back into town  
A small victory one may note  
Just a flag upon a boat  
Revolution it was not  
But one more rich prat in his yacht  
Might think twice before he sets sail  
With a flag the size of a fucking whale  
And our reward for this little caper?  
A year's supply of toilet paper!

# Operation Iraqi Liberation

David Rovics

C

We've got a si-tu-a-tion and it calls for a so-lu-tion that up-

G

holds our do-mi-na-tion of the pla-net We're gon-na make our case and we're

C

gon-na make it well And if you don't like our lo-gic you can can it We'll

use im-pec-ca-ble in-tel-li-gence from a-ny coun-try in the world As

F

long as we all see eye to eye And if we can't find just what we need

C G C C7

we know what to do Just look in-to the cam-'ra and lie *It's O-per-*

F C G C

*a-tion Ir-aq-i Li-ber-a-tion Tell me what does that spell Op-er-*

F C G C

*a-tion I-ra-qi Li-be-ra-tion O - I - L*

1. We've got a situation and it calls for a solution  
That upholds our domination of the planet  
We're gonna make our case and we're gonna make it well  
But if you don't like our logic you can can it  
We'll use impeccable intelligence from any country in the world  
As long as we all see eye to eye  
And if we don't find quite what we need we know what to do  
Just look into the camera and lie

*(Chorus)*

*It's Operation Iraqi Liberation*

*Tell me, what does that spell*

*Operation Iraqi Liberation*

*O - I - L*

2. And we'll lie about the missiles and the nuclear research  
We'll lie about uranium  
We'll build military bases and smile for reporters  
As we give away bubble gum  
And we'll lie about bin Laden and his connections with the Saudis  
And we'll lie about 9-1-1  
And we'll lie about the Baathists and their connections to Al Qaeda  
Because we know there's none

*(Chorus)*

3. And we'll lie about the North Koreans and we'll lie about Iran  
And don't mention Israel  
Keep those nuclear weapons out of this song  
And it will all hold together swell  
And now we'll liberate these people, we'll liberate their money  
We'll liberate their soil  
We'll liberate their airports, we'll liberate their harbors  
And we'll liberate their oil

# Oppositional Defiance Disorder

David Rovics

A - lex was a mem - ber of my re - cord la - bel Teen - a - ger though he  
is He joined E - ver Re - viled Re - cords and the in - dy mu - sic biz His  
par - ents did - n't like such turns of e - vents So they called up a cou - ple of  
thugs Sent him back to U - tah locked him up and pumped him full of  
drugs They - say he's got prob - lems with au - tho - ri - ty Yeah this is what they  
claim And their psy - chi - a - tric a - na - ly - sis has e - ven got a name *Op - po -*  
*si - tion - al De - fi - ance Dis - or - der* I think I  
got it too *Op - po - si - tion - al De - fi - ance Dis -*  
*or - der* He's sick and so are you

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

1. Alex is a member of my record label  
Teenager though he is  
He joined the Ever Reviled Records collective  
And the indie music biz  
Well his parents didn't like such turns of events  
So they sent off a couple of thugs  
To bring him back to Utah, lock him up  
And pump him full of drugs  
They say he's got problems with authority  
Yes this is what they claim  
And their psychiatric analysis  
Has even got a name

*(Chorus)*

*Oppositional Defiance Disorder*

*I think I got it, too*

*Oppositional Defiance Disorder*

*He's sick and so are you*

2. If you think George Bush is a moron  
And Tony Blair's a liar  
If you fantasize about setting  
Your local Wal-Mart on fire  
If you don't like Tom Brokaw  
And you think he's full of it  
And you feel that a Rush Limbaugh punching bag  
Might be kinda fun to hit  
If bombing other countries  
Makes you feel appalled  
You have got a problem  
And this is what it's called

*(Chorus)*

3. If you think school is boring  
And your teacher is a fool  
If you don't like your congressman  
And you called him a corporate tool  
If you were not standing  
To sing save the Queen  
If you turned down hamburgers  
And ate rice and beans  
We've got a diagnosis  
No matter whether you agree  
Just do what the doctors tell you  
And thank God for psychiatry

*(Chorus)*

# Outside Agitator

David Rovics

C F C

It was one sum - mer eve - ning When I

G C F

sal - lied forth Head - ed up to Cal - ga -

G C C7 F

ry On the road up north So I feel I

C F

should in - form you In case it's some - thing that you missed

C G

Now it is of - fi - cial And I'm

F

on the list If you've ev - er won - dered what they

C Am

look like Then let me take a bow

C F

'Cause I'm an out - side a - gi -

G C

ta - tor You're look - ing at one now

1. It was on one summer evening  
When I sallied forth  
Headed up to Calgary  
On the road up north  
The leaders of the free world were meeting  
To decide the planet's fate  
So there were some things I wanted to mention  
To this Group of Eight

2. I went up to the border  
And was greeted with a smile  
Until they looked my name up  
And showed to me my file  
The guard said that freedom  
Canadians hold dear  
But it says right on this paper  
That we don't want your kind around here

*So I feel I should inform you  
In case it's something that you missed  
Now it is official  
And I'm on the list  
If you've ever wondered what they look like  
Then let me take a bow  
'Cause I'm an outside agitator  
You're looking at one now*

3. They said I had no record  
Of crimes that they could find  
But their data told them  
That I might have some in mind  
They copied all my papers  
Searched all around my truck  
Took my picture and informed me  
That I was out of luck

*(Chorus)*

4. Now I'm no Emma Goldman  
Or Commandante Che  
But someone up in Ottawa  
Said I should be turned away  
So it leaves me wondering  
What have I done wrong  
Perhaps it is a crime  
I committed in a song

*(Chorus)*

# Palestine

David Rovics

My dad - dy was an A - rab from Beer - she - va A  
si - tu - a - tion - so un - kind My mom - ma was a re - fu - gee from  
Ra - mal - lah Had to leave her land be - hind Now I'm a -  
wan - der - in' No place to call my home  
Pa - les - tine All a - round the world I roam

Note: I do this song in DADGAD. What I refer here to as "Dsus" is an open chord with only the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the G string fretted. "Csus" is an open chord starting with the A string, with the 2<sup>nd</sup> fret of the D string fretted. You can mess around with this and do a version of it easily enough in standard tuning, or just in dropped D tuning, but the chords above are very approximate. The way I'm doing it is more modal and sticking to the melody on the guitar.

1. My daddy was an Arab from Beersheva  
A situation so unkind  
My momma was a refugee from Ramallah  
Had to leave her land behind  
I grew up in this refugee camp  
In this unwelcome land  
In this little parcel of Lebanon  
We were dealt a losing hand
  
2. Then one day the soldiers came  
A tired old refrain  
I'll try to tell you what happened next  
But there's no way to explain  
The soldiers raped my mother  
Then they killed her dead  
Along with the rest of the Shatila Camp  
While I hid beneath my bed

*Now I'm a-wanderin'  
No place to call my home  
Palestine  
All around the world I roam*

3. My aunt came over from Jordan  
Brought me there to live  
And together we've moved to half the world  
Oh for peace what I would give  
In Beirut, Greece and New York town  
I've watched the world churn  
But my home is Palestine  
Someday I will return

*(Chorus)*

4. This is my situation  
Here in the heart of the empire  
Sent the 'copters and bulldozers  
Turned Ramallah into a funeral pyre  
You've heard my story  
And time will not allow  
Soon my visa will expire  
What will you do now

*(Chorus)*

# Parking Lots and Strip Malls David Rovics

Well pa - per cups are fun And plas - tic forks are cool I like to be on the move When I eat my gruel Don't get me wrong dis - po - sa - ble dia - pers are real ly great But my fav' - rite fea - ture of these U - ni - ted States are *Park - ing lots and strip malls Park - ing lots and strip malls* The world needs more *Park - ing lots and strip malls*

1. Well, plastic forks are fun and paper cups are cool  
I like to be on the move when I eat my gruel  
Don't get me wrong, disposable diapers are really great  
But my favorite feature of these United States are  
*Parking lots and strip malls, parking lots and strip malls*  
*The world needs more parking lots and strip malls*
2. Well, clearcut forests make me want to pray  
Cut down those trees, let in the light of day  
And those condos spread out so far and wide  
But nothing beats parking lots, strip malls and the ocean tide  
*(Chorus)*
3. I love to see those factories making useful stuff  
And I go to the cineplex when life is getting rough  
Driving down the highway, Mickey D's is where I get my rest  
But parking lots and strip malls are the places I love best  
*(Chorus)*

# Pirate Radio Song

David Rovics

C F

This is how it start-ed It's not hard to un-der - stand From coast to coast they're

C G C

ly - ing At a C - E - O's com - mand From Na-tion - al - ist Pub - lic

F

Ra-di - o C - N - N and N - B - C Big bro - ther's spew - ing pro - pa -

C G

gan - da From the Dis-in-for - ma-tion Min - is - try (They say the...) *Seize the*

Am F

*air-waves* *Seize the time* *'Cause ly - ing to the*

C F G Am

*peo-ple* *Is the re - al crime* *When it's all owned by cor-por - a-tions* *And theirs*

F Fsus C G

*is the on - ly word* *We will seize the air-waves* *Speak free - ly and be*

C F C G C

*heard* *We will seize the air-waves* *Speak free - ly and be heard*

1. This is how it started  
It's not hard to understand  
From coast to coast they're lying  
At a CEO's command  
From Nationalist Public Radio  
CNN and ABC  
Big Brother's spewing propaganda  
From the Disinformation Ministry

2. They say the economy is booming  
We hear the homeless beggar's cries  
They say we help poor countries  
We see bombs falling from the skies  
Reality doesn't exist  
They're trying to say  
But some of us decided  
There is another way

*Seize the airwaves*  
*Seize the time*  
*Lying to the people*  
*Is the real crime*  
*When it's all owned by corporations*  
*And theirs is the only word*  
*We will seize the airwaves*  
*Speak freely and be heard*

3. Someone got a transmitter  
Started up a station  
Then the idea spread  
Right across the nation  
Like the land and water  
The air must be free  
So let us shout together  
"Fuck the FCC"

*(Chorus)*

4. And we'll do it all together  
In a grassroots style  
Breaking down the fences  
Throughout this whole square mile  
It's the new Town Meeting  
It's the way the news should be  
The rulers call it chaos  
We say it's democracy

5. So when you turn on the radio  
And you've had it with this shit  
From 88 to 107  
Makes you want to have a fit  
When you listen to the music  
And it's all the same pop song  
Start up a pirate station  
'Cause that's where you belong

*(Chorus)*

# Polyamory Song

David Rovics

I heard a wo - man talk - ing And to  
me what she said just made sense She was la -  
ment - ing the state of af - fairs How some peo - ple can be so  
dense She said she had three won - der - ful  
chil - dren Two girls and thier lit - tle bro - ther And  
no - bo - dy gave her prob - lems for lov - ing Each child as  
much as the oth - er *But they'll say you are bad Or per -*  
*haps you are mad Or at least you should stay un - der - co - ver*  
*Your mind must be bare If you would*  
*dare To think you can love more than one lov - er*

1. I heard a woman talking  
And to me what she said just made sense  
She was lamenting the state of affairs  
How some people can be so dense  
She said she had three wonderful children  
Two girls and their little brother  
And nobody gave her problems for loving  
Each child as much as the other

*But they'll say you are bad  
Or perhaps you are mad  
Or at least you should stay undercover  
Your mind must be bare  
If you would dare  
To think you can love more than one lover*

2. I really dig the redwood forests  
But the desert makes me want to sing  
And those little Irish villages  
When the churchbells ring  
I like to busk in Boston  
And hang out in the cafes in Berlin  
Yes, I like lots of different places  
And nobody tells me it's a sin

*(Chorus)*

3. I like Italian espresso  
But I also like French wine  
And now and then that BC bud  
Leaves me feeling oh so fine  
I like to get a buzz sometimes  
I like sobriety  
Most people understand this  
They also like variety

*(Chorus)*

4. Each one of the four seasons  
Leaves me feeling good  
Sitting in the shade in summer  
In the winter chopping wood  
Sometimes I love cloudy days  
But I also dig the sun  
But I don't think I'm crazy  
For having so much fun

*(Chorus)*

# Pray for the Dead and Fight Like Hell for the Living

David Rovics

They bombed Phil - a - del - phi - a Killed wo - men and child - ren and  
men It's an old sto - ry we  
see it a - gain and a - gain They  
shot in - to hous - es while peo - ple bur - ned in - side  
So man - y have fought and so man - y good peo - ple have  
died They mur - dered and put Move in  
pri - son Now they're bring - ing more for - ces to bear Are we  
gon - na let them strap Mu - mi - a to the e - lec - tric  
chair Or will we Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the  
liv - ing Stand up on our feet or

die in sla - ve - ry Is there  
 some-bo-dy here who's life is not worth giv-ing  
 Who's it gon-na be if it is - n't you and me

1. They bombed Philadelphia, killed women and children and men  
 It's an old story, we see it again and again  
 Shot into houses while people burned inside  
 So many have fought and so many good people have died  
 They murdered and put MOVE in prison -- now they're bringing more forces to bear  
 Are we gonna let them strap Mumia to the electric chair?

*Will we pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living  
 Stand up on our feet or die in slavery  
 Is there somebody here whose live is not worth giving?  
 Who's it gonna be if it isn't you and me?*

2. They killed Crazy Horse, drove his people onto the reserve  
 Killed children and buffalo, some lower power to serve  
 The people starved and they died behind the impassable wall  
 In tipis and churches, even ghost dancers would fall  
 Now from Ecuador to Big Mountain, relocation is rearing it's head  
 Will we turn our backs or recall what the good woman said?

*(Chorus)*

3. They poisoned the water, poisoned the air and the earth  
 Who here believes that the dollar is all that our planet is worth  
 They cut down the forests, cut down the mountains and anything else they could take  
 What a cynical greed to do business, knowing all life is at stake  
 Now as they destroy all that remains, who here will part with the last  
 Will we raise our voice to the madness -- rise up, lock down, stand fast?

*(Chorus)*

4. From Manilla to Managua, how many have died in our names  
 From Santiago to Santo Domingo, it is a murderous game  
 From Baghdad to Belgrade, mass murder from ten thousand feet  
 But from Hanoi to Havana, there is talk of the tiger's defeat  
 Will we wait for the next time, to kill kids on some far-away shore  
 Or will we throw a wrench in the gears as we shout, "no mas, no more"

*(Chorus)*

Note: Title/first line of chorus is by Mother Jones.

# Promised Land

David Rovics

Life could have been diff - 'rent You  
 think I don't know I could have been born in  
 Par - is Or in the Wis - con - sin snow  
 But I'm from this de - sert And here I will  
 stand *And*  
 I will meet you in the prom - ised land

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

1. Life could've been different  
 You think I don't know  
 I could've been born in Paris  
 Or in the Wisconsin snow  
 But I'm from this desert  
 And here I will stand  
 And I will meet you in the  
 promised land
2. You know I went to college  
 To be an engineer  
 Thought I'd do something  
 useful  
 But what good is that here  
 When your jet fighters bomb  
 Any buildings that stand  
 I will meet you in the promised  
 land
3. The life of the fighter  
 I didn't choose  
 But I love my people  
 And I can follow your cues  
 If destroying our world  
 Is your leader's command  
 Then I will meet you in the  
 promised land
4. My name is Mohamed  
 But I don't know if it's true  
 If we go anyplace better  
 When our life here is through  
 But you have butchered my  
 family  
 You must understand  
 So I will meet you in the  
 promised land
5. I know it's not pretty  
 But for all that you've done  
 For all the widows and orphans  
 And all the wars that you've  
 won  
 I must teach you a lesson  
 Maybe you'll understand  
 I will meet you in the promised  
 land
6. So I will get in this plane  
 And when it's in the air  
 To your symbols of power  
 And our source of despair  
 I'll look out through the cockpit  
 And steady my hand  
 And I will meet you in the  
 promised land

# Reichstag Fire

David Rovics

The planes hit in New York Ci - ty Thou - sands now are dead  
It was A - rab ter - ror - ists This is what you said Well if that is the truth Then  
what have you got to hide And what were ygu do - ing On the day  
all those peo - ple died Where the fuck were the fight - er - jets Or - dered  
by the F - A - A And what is your ex - pla - na - tion For what  
you were heard to say When you told the Air Force to stand down  
Not to in - ter - cept Did you plan to let it hap - pen Or are you just in - ept  
*And - I am left to won - der As the flames are ris - ing*  
*high - er Is this our lat - est Lu - si - tan - ni - a - -*  
Or an - oth - er Reich - stag Fire

1. The planes hit New York City  
And thousands now are dead  
"It was Arab terrorists"  
This is what you said  
Well if that is the truth  
Then what have you got to hide  
And what were you doing  
On the day all those people died  
Where the fuck were the fighter jets  
Ordered by the FAA  
And what is your explanation  
For what you were heard to say  
When you told the Air Force to stand down  
Not to intercept  
Did you plan to let it happen  
Or are you just inept

2. There's some distressing information, sir  
Which I think should be explained  
Just which things have been lost  
And just what has been gained  
Like the thousands of put options  
Bought days before the crash  
If the money were collected  
It would make quite a pretty stash  
And the only stocks they bought  
Were American and United  
Deutsche Bank knows the answer  
But the names have not been sighted  
And is it just coincidence  
That this firm in the private sector  
Was once run by "Buzzy" Krongard  
Ex-CIA Director

*(Chorus)*

*I am left to wonder*

*As the flames are reaching higher*

*Was this our latest Lusitania*

*Or another Reichstag Fire*

3. There's something fishy in Virginia  
And I want an explanation  
Why did they get the contract  
What is Britannia Aviation  
A one-man operation  
Corporation with no history  
He said he worked in Florida  
But there he was a mystery  
So is there a connection  
I think it bears investigation  
When the FAA found boxcutters

Does this cause you consternation  
Hidden behind the seats  
In these Delta planes  
That had been fixed in Lynchburg  
With Britannia at the reigns

*(Chorus)*

4. You said Bin Laden was your friend  
But he isn't anymore  
Now that he's not fighting Russia  
In your proxy war  
Who called the FBI  
Off the Bin Laden family trail  
When so many times you had the chance  
To re-write this sordid tale  
Sudan in '96  
The Taleban in 2001  
Offered to turn him over  
And right then you coulda won  
But perhaps it is the case  
That you're avoiding victory  
That to justify your exploits  
You must have an enemy

*(Chorus)*

5. If you were not hiding from the truth  
Then you'd have a truth commission  
And not some masquerade  
Kangaroo investigation  
Hiring Henry Kissinger  
The ancient master of deceit  
To make sure all stones are left unturned  
And the ruse is kept complete  
And now you carry out your plans  
Which you have had for decades  
Conquering the world  
With your troops and bombing raids  
I see an evil regime  
Led by an evil man  
On Pennsylvania Avenue  
Where this evil war began

*(Chorus)*

# Resistance

David Rovics

D G Em

You can say that it's a - bout the sa - va - ges You can

D G A7 D

say you have a bet - ter way to live You can call it

G Em D

Man - i - fest Des - ti - ny You can talk of all your

G A7 D

ci - vi - li - za - tion will give You can say that

G Em D

we're a thing of his - to - ry And pro - gress is the

G A7 D

fu - ture you will bring You can send your ar - mies to these

G Em D G A7

moun - tains You can say we'll pros - per be - neath your

G

king *But there will al - ways be re -*

A7 D G

*sis - tance The next bat - tle will al - ways be near*

A7

*As long as you have ev - 'ry - thing There will be*

those who have no-thing to fear And lit - tle by  
lit - tle or - may - be all at once you will lose  
Be-cause our fu-ture is not yours to choose

1. You can say that it's about the savages  
You can say you have a better way to live  
You can call it Manifest Destiny  
You can talk of all your civilization will give  
You can say that we're a thing of history  
And progress is the future you will bring  
You can send your armies to these mountains  
You can say we'll prosper beneath your king

*But there will always be resistance  
The next battle will always be near  
As long as you have everything  
There will be those who have nothing to fear  
And little by little, or maybe all at once you will lose  
Because our future is not yours to choose*

2. You can say that you've got to stop the communists  
You can say that our ideals can't succeed  
You can say that competition is the only way  
And a global system based on greed  
And you can call yourself a democrat  
You can call yourself whatever you will  
And you can keep on stamping out the fires you start  
So you might stay on top of the hill

*(Chorus)*

3. And you can say that all of us are terrorists  
Madmen bent on destroying all that's free  
You can say that we are building weapons  
As your bombers fly from sea to bloody sea  
You can say you're with us or against us  
And to die quietly is what we now must do  
You can maintain your innocence  
You can say that you are many, as you represent the few

*(Chorus)*

Note: I play this song in DADGAD,  
but it works OK in standard  
or dropped D, too.

# Rinky Dink Song

David Rovics

It's a pe - dal pow - ered ra - di - o sta - tion It'll fire up your i -  
 ma - gi - na - tion It's a sound sys - tem it'll make you dance Might  
 make you jump right out - ta your pants Trav - el - ing road show  
 mi - cro - phone With a bi - cy - cle seat as the throne If you see it  
 you'll a - gree It's right there on your fre - quen - cy *It's the Rink - y Dink the*  
*Rink - y Dink* When you're feel - ing on the brink It'll make you laugh it'll  
 make you think I'm talk - ing a - bout that *Rink - y Dink*

1. It's a pedal-powered radio station  
 It'll fire up your imagination  
 It's a sound system, it'll make you dance  
 Might make you jump right outta your pants  
 Traveling roadshow microphone  
 With a bicycle seat as the throne  
 If you see it you'll agree  
 It's right there on your frequency

*It's the Rinky Dink, the Rinky Dink  
When you're feeling on the brink  
It'll make you laugh, it'll make you think  
Talking about that Rinky Dink*

2. The soap's a-bubbling, breeze is blowing  
Ain't no telling where it's going  
The windmill's swinging with the tribe  
It's that day-glo, solar vibe  
Stop a riot, it's been done  
It'll part the clouds and bring the sun  
It don't matter where you've been  
Just sit on down and tune right in

*It's the Rinky Dink, the Rinky Dink  
Just might be the missing link  
It'll make you nod, it'll make you wink  
Talking about that Rinky Dink*

3. They'll come rolling through your town  
You might go up and never come down  
It's the cure for air pollution  
It's the Rinky Dink solution  
Folks'll wonder, folks'll stare  
Kids'll jump into their chair  
Before they go you know the rub  
Put a quid into the tub

*It's the Rinky Dink, the Rinky Dink  
It'll ease up any kink  
It'll make your troubles shrink  
Talking about that Rinky Dink*

*The Rinky Dink, the Rinky Dink  
Give those folks something to drink  
Turn the pedals, clackity-clink  
Talking about that Rinky Dink*

Other optional chorus lines:

*...It's got it all but the kitchen sink  
Ain't no liar, ain't no fink...  
...Purple, red, yellow, pink  
Steel, wood, rubber, zinc...*

# The Saint Patrick Battalion

David Rovics

C F  
 My name is John Ri - ley I'll have your ear on - ly a  
 C F C  
 while I left my dear home in I - re - land It was  
 Am F  
 death star - va - tion or ex - ile And when I got to A -  
 C F Am  
 me - ri - ca It was my du - ty to go  
 C F G  
 En - ter the ar - my and slog a - cross Tex - as to join in the  
 Am F  
 war a - gainst Me - xi - co *From Dub - lin Ci - ty to San Di -*  
 C G Am  
 e - go *We wit - nessed free - dom de - nied*  
 F C  
 So we *formed the - Saint Pat - rick Bat - ta - li - on* And we  
 G Am F  
 fought on the Me - xi - can side *We formed the Saint*  
 C G Am  
 Pat - rick Bat - ta - li - on And we fought on the Me - xi - can side

1. My name is John Riley  
 I'll have your ear only a while  
 I left my dear home in Ireland  
 It was death, starvation or exile  
 And when I got to America  
 It was my duty to go  
 Enter the Army and slog across Texas  
 To join in the war against Mexico
  2. It was there in the pueblos and hillsides  
 That I saw the mistake I had made  
 Part of a conquering army  
 With the morals of a bayonet blade  
 So in the midst of these poor, dying Catholics  
 Screaming children, the burning stench of it all  
 Myself and two hundred Irishmen  
 Decided to rise to the call
 

*From Dublin City to San Diego  
 We witnessed freedom denied  
 So we formed the Saint Patrick Battalion  
 And we fought on the Mexican side*
  3. We marched 'neath the green flag of Saint Patrick  
 Emblazoned with "Erin Go Bragh"  
 Bright with the harp and the shamrock  
 And "Libertad a la Republica"  
 Just fifty years after Wolfstone  
 Five thousand miles away  
 The Yanks called us a Legion of Strangers  
 And they can talk as they may
 

*(Chorus)*
  4. We fought them in Matamoros  
 While their volunteers were raping the nuns  
 In Monterey and Cerro Gordo  
 We fought on as Ireland's sons  
 We were the red-headed fighters for freedom  
 Amidst these brown-skinned women and men  
 Side by side we fought against tyranny  
 And I daresay we'd do it again
 

*(Chorus)*
5. We fought them in five major battles  
 Churobusco was the last  
 Overwhelmed by the cannons from Boston  
 We fell after each mortar blast  
 Most of us died on that hillside  
 In the service of the Mexican state  
 So far from our occupied homeland  
 We were heroes and victims of fate
 

*(Chorus)*

# Shut Them Down

David Rovics

G C  
 We shall fight them on the beaches We shall fight them on the  
 G Em  
 shore They will bring us ex - ploi - ta - tion We'll bring them their class  
 D C G  
 war And we'll lock down to the gates As they're spread - ing vic - ious  
 C  
 lies They want to dom - in - ate the world And we  
 D C  
 see through their dis - guise We'll shut them down  
 G D C D G  
*We'll shut them down We will shut them down*

1. We shall fight them on the beaches  
 We shall fight them on the shore  
 They will bring us exploitation  
 We'll bring them their class war  
 We'll lock down to the gates  
 As they're spreading vicious lies  
 They want to dominate the world  
 And we see through their disguise

2. If they'd have one big multinational  
 With their corporate flag unfurled  
 Searching everywhere  
 For the lowest wages in the world  
 Then we'll have One Big Union  
 From Melbourne to Prague to Seattle-town  
 Wherever they may go  
 We will shut them down

*We'll shut them down  
 We'll shut them down  
 We will shut them down*

3. And CNN will spread the lies  
This is just how it's gotta be  
Well they can have their CNN  
'Cause we got our IMC  
And we will tell the truth quite clearly  
Though they don't want to hear it  
And they'll try to stop our broadcasts  
'Cause the truth is that they fear it

*(Chorus)*

4. They want a world full of strip malls  
Plants grown by biotech  
As long as they get richer  
They just don't give a heck  
But we don't want their ecocide  
We want a world we can live in  
That's why we're here to stay  
And we're not gonna give in

*(Chorus)*

5. And they'll infiltrate us  
Provocateurs within our ranks  
And if they can't divide us  
They'll send in the tanks  
But we will stand together  
Pacifists and Zapatistas  
Workers, farmers, the indigenous  
Tree-huggers and baristas

*(Chorus)*

6. And we will build a new world  
Without the corporate elite  
And we will see the day  
Of their international defeat  
We'll have self-determination  
And equality for all  
For what choice do we really have  
But to rise up and see them fall

*(Chorus)*

# Sit Down To Piss

David Rovics

This world's full of chal-leng-es Some are big and some are  
small War, greed, pol-lu-tion Might take some time to solve 'em  
all But if a long march starts with just one step There's one I'd like to  
men-tion If you live with your nos-trils o-pen Per-haps it's come to your at-  
ten-tion *The re-vo-lu-tion starts at home Let me tell you*  
*this Stand up for your rights, boys But sit down to piss*

1. This world's full of challenges  
Some are big and some are small  
War, greed, pollution  
Might take some time to solve 'em all  
But if a long march starts with just one step  
There's one I'd like to mention  
If you live with your nostrils open  
Perhaps it's come to your attention
2. You may be fighting for freedom  
All the night and day  
But when you come back home  
Someone's bound to say  
"You wanna change the world, man  
Believe me, I do, too  
But in the meantime is it required  
That we live in a fucking zoo"

*'Cause the revolution starts at home  
Let me tell you this  
Stand up for your rights, boys  
But sit down to piss*

3. If you've ever lived with other people  
You may know what I mean  
Who's gonna wash the dishes  
And get the bathtub clean  
As we scrub the tear gas from our eyes  
The issue may seem so little  
But what might make or break the movement  
Is exactly how you piddle

*(Chorus)*

4. If you just love to clean the toilet  
I say that is really neat  
But you could still save yourself some effort  
By pulling up a seat  
However if you claim your aim is true  
And you don't have to sit  
All I've got to say, son  
Is you are full of shit

*(Chorus)*

5. Yes if you really like to clean the loo  
That's all well and good  
But if you're like most guys  
You don't do it like you should  
So just make this tiny move  
Towards gender equity  
Try it for a couple months  
And I'm sure you'll agree

*(Chorus)*

6. Well I don't want to cramp your style  
Or keep you from doing your thing  
In your own apartment  
You can surely be the king  
But if you're indoors, sharing space  
I hope by now you see  
That the respectful thing to do  
Is to sit down when you pee

*(Chorus)*

# So Many Years Ago

David Rovics

It was so ma - ny years a - go But it  
seems like yes - ter - day When we would walk a -  
long the wa - ter And I would melt each time you'd  
say "Te quie - ro mi a - mor" And you would  
kiss my cheek And all my trou - bles would  
drift a - way Like a flow - er down the creek

The very last line of the song, "on the day the soldiers came," you do twice. The second time, instead of C-D you play C-D-G. The melody of the last line also resolves, C-B-A-G: C ("on the day") B ("the sol-") A ("diers") G ("came").

1. It was so many years ago  
But it seems like yesterday  
When we would walk along the water  
And I would melt each time you'd say  
"Te quiero, mi amor"  
And you would kiss my cheek  
And all my troubles would drift away  
Like a flower down the creek
  
2. It was so many years ago  
But the memory's so clear  
I see the sparkle of your eyes  
I feel your lips upon my ear  
The scratchy stubble on your chin  
The roughness of your hands  
In my heart I see you and I wonder  
Who really understands
  
3. It was so many years ago  
That we lay side by side  
Our naked bodies mingling  
With nothing left to hide  
I'd watch the ripples of your muscles  
Beneath the soft glow of the stars  
While we'd listen to the distant sound  
Of voices and guitars
  
4. It was so many years ago  
The sweat upon your forehead glistened  
I recall the words you spoke  
And how the people listened  
I remember where I sat  
Looking at your long black hair  
The debates would last til dawn  
And change was in the air
  
5. It was so many years ago  
But what's most etched upon my mind  
Was the hour when you left me  
And our little home behind  
Ever since that awful moment  
Things have never been the same  
The leaves were falling on the rooftops  
On the day the soldiers came

# Soldier On The Bum

David Rovics

He grew up right in this neigh-bor-hood He was on his way to go-ing  
 far He could throw a ball like no one He was gon-na be a foot-ball  
 star Now you can see him in the al-ley With a bot-tle in his  
 hand Rea-dy at at - ten-tion For an of-fi-cer's com - mand He's  
 wait - ing for a dis-charge But it ne - ver seems to come Used to be a  
 sol - dier Now he's a sol - dier on the bum

1. He grew up right in this neighborhood  
 He was on his way to going far  
 He could throw a ball like no one  
 He was gonna be a football star
2. And when he had a chance to travel  
 And go to a far-off shore  
 He packed his bags and went  
 Away to fight the war  
  
*And you can see him in the alley  
 with a bottle in his hand  
 Ready at attention for an officer's command  
 He's waiting for a discharge  
 but it never seems to come  
 Used to be a soldier  
 now he's a soldier on the bum*
3. He was proud to be a Navy Seal  
 To be part of the team  
 Following the dictates  
 Of this American dream
4. He threw boys out of airplanes  
 To combat the commie threat  
 Now he spends each day  
 Just trying to forget  
 (Chorus)
5. And some days when the vodka  
 Can't keep the visions from his thoughts  
 Of the horror he has seen  
 And the terror he has wrought
6. He limps up and down the sidewalk  
 Yells out all he has to say  
 But the empty storefronts do not listen  
 And all the people turn away  
 (Chorus)

Note: I play this in dropped D tuning.

# Song for Ana Belen Montes

David Rovics

D G D

Twen - ty - five years what what the judge said then he banged his

G D

ga - vel and shook his head You've done wrong you broke our

A7

trust now we caught you and this is a bust *Now you'll...*

G D A7

*But* here be - neath this Cu - ban sun I just want to

D G

thank you for all you've done To - day I'm

D A7

torn a - part A - na Be - len Mon - tes

D G D

You are a spy Af - ter my own heart

Note: I do this in Dropped D (see intro). At the end there's a walk-up based on A7 which I didn't try to notate here.

1. Twenty-five years was what the judge said  
Then he banged his gavel and shook his head  
You've done wrong, you broke our trust  
Now we caught you and this is a bust
2. Now you'll spend these decades behind bars of steel  
You thought you could play with us, but this is for real  
He said you gave away secrets to the enemy  
Now you'll live in prison in the land of the free

*(Chorus)*

*But here beneath this Cuban sun*

*I'd just like to thank you for all you've done*

*My heart today is torn apart*

*Ana Belen Montes, you are a spy after my own heart*

3. "I obeyed my conscience rather than the law," so you said at your secret trial  
You took no money for your work, so says your declassified file  
You warned the Cubans of the plans of the assassins from the US  
Just what other good deeds you did, they may never tell us

*(Chorus)*

4. High up in the ranks of the DoD you served the common good  
Working alone, night and day, you did just what you should  
Of all the great people I have known, there are few that I'd call greater  
Than one woman who obeyed a higher law, who the judge called traitor

*(Chorus)*

# Song for Basra

David Rovics

G Em

If I could sing a song - for ev - 'ry bomb that

C D

flies I'd sing each and all the days If there

G Em

were to be a verse for ev - 'ry dy - ing child's cries For ev - 'ry

C D G

help - less fa - ther's gaze And if I wrote a

Em C

love let - ter to each corpse as it's car - ried I'd

D G

ne - ver still my pen If I had to stop a mo - ment for

Em C

each one that's been bur - ied I'd ne - ver move a -

D Em D

gain And the stocks are go - ing up

G G/F# Em

in some safe place in A - me - ri - ca

C D G

Sing a song for Bas ra

1. If I could sing a song for every bomb that flies  
I'd sing each and all the days  
If there were to be a verse for every dying child's cries  
For every helpless father's gaze  
If I wrote a love letter to each corpse as it is carried  
I'd never still my pen  
If I had to stop a moment for each one that's been buried  
I'd never move again  
And the stocks are going up somewhere in America  
Sing a song for Basra
  
2. If I could shed a tear for every home that bombs destroy  
I'd never stop crying  
If every broken brick were a heart of a little girl or boy  
All the world's children would be sighing  
If I could hold each shattered body, each baby stilled at birth  
I'd have no time for loneliness  
I'd spend all my time embracing the people of this savaged earth  
Feeling the poisoned wind's caress  
And the billionaires are laughing in some safe place in America  
Sing a song for Basra
  
3. If each barren pharmacy were a woman's shining eyes  
I'd fall in love forever  
If every bombed-out kindergarten were a factory in disguise  
Wouldn't that be clever  
But bricks are only bricks, and dust is only dust  
And death is all around  
Each day another missile falls and sometimes the only thing to trust  
Is the shaking of the ground  
And they're loading up the warplanes in some safe place in America  
Sing a song for Basra

# Song for Big Mountain

David Rovics

F G Am F

Our grand - par - ents were born here Their an - ces - tors

G Am F G

lived with this earth The land is the peo - ple and the

F Am F E

peo - ple are the land And this is the land of our birth But

F G Am F

now you want to move us off this me - sa As if you can take a

G Am F G F

bo - dy from a soul You want to take from us our pa - ra - dise on

Am F E F

earth And trade it for a moun - tain of coal *What if they were*

G Am F G

*com - ing for your grand - ma What if they were com - ing for your*

Am F G F

*child What if they were tear - ing up the - ground be - neath your*

Am F E F

*feet E - ven tak - ing the riv - ers that were once run - ning wild*

G Am F G Am

*What would you do If they were com - ing for you*

1. Our grandparents were born here  
Their ancestors lived on this earth  
The land is the people and the people are the land  
And this is the land of our birth  
But now you want to move us off this mesa  
As if you can take a body from a soul  
You want to take from us our paradise on earth  
And trade it for a mountain of coal

*What if they were coming for your grandma  
What if they were coming for your child  
What if they were tearing up the land beneath your feet  
Even taking the rivers that were once running wild  
What would you do  
If they were coming for you?*

2. The coal is the liver of our Mother  
And it must remain in the ground  
The trees are her lungs and the rivers are her blood  
And they should all be left as they were found  
But now you slurry coal across these pastures  
And your trees all go to feed your hungry mill  
You would have us live in rows of shacks without our sheep  
On your Church Rock uranium spill

*(Chorus)*

3. Like some cancer spreading ever westward  
Coming to knock down our hogan's door  
And we will say to anyone who'll listen  
Relocation, nevermore  
So won't you come to Big Mountain  
Bring everything you can, but come today  
This is the land where we belong  
And this is the land where we will stay

*(Chorus)*

# Song for Boxcar Betty

David Rovics

I got no time for the ai-sles of fa-shion Or the bi-ki-nis of  
Ma-li-bu Beach Don't take me to where the  
pool wa-ter's splash-in' Where ev'-ry-bo-dy's skin is soft as a  
peach The wo-man for me does-n't live in a man-sion - Tak-ing  
baths in a hot tub drink-ing whis-key and cream The  
wo-man for me is a fight-er with pas-sion Box-car  
Bet-ty is the wo-man of my dreams She was a  
ho-bo and a tramp And a re-bel  
through and through Box-car Bet-ty  
I am yours for the O. B. U.

1. I've got no time for the aisles of fashion  
Or the bikinis of Malibu Beach  
Don't take me to where the pool water's splashing  
Where everybody's skin is soft as a peach  
The woman for me doesn't live in a mansion  
Taking baths in a hot tub, drinking whiskey and cream  
The woman for me is a fighter with passion  
Boxcar Betty is the woman of my dreams

*She was a hobo and a tramp  
And a rebel through and through  
Boxcar Betty, I am yours  
For the OBU*

2. She refused to marry rich  
Or kiss anybody's ass  
She was proud to be a union woman  
And a leader of the working class  
She hopped the freights from state to state  
With revolution in her eyes  
'Cause she couldn't stand to hear the sound  
Of a hungry child's cries

*(Chorus)*

3. Boxcar Betty didn't give a damn  
About what some people said  
They called her a free lover  
They called her a dirty red  
But if I could do anything in life  
I would hope to make my stand  
Hanging around the jungles  
As Boxcar Betty's right-hand man

*(Chorus)*

# Song for Eric

David Rovics

Ev'-ry time I see that street I think of you

And I think of the morn-ings And your long - red

hair You're rol - ling out of bed Though you'd ra - ther

stay right there But your house-mates are up And there's so much to

do And ev'-ry time I see that street I think of you

1. *Every time I see that street, I think of you*  
 And I think of the mornings  
 And your long red hair  
 You're rolling out of bed  
 Though you rather stay right there  
 But your housemates are up  
 And there's so much to do  
*Every time I see that street, I think of you*
2. And I think of the afternoons  
 Lost together in thought  
 Long walks in the park  
 All the answers we sought  
 With a mind and heart  
 Of the wonderous few  
*Every time I see that street, I think of you*
3. And I think of the evenings  
 All the stories you told  
 Out driving your cab  
 Barely twenty years old  
 But with such ancient eyes  
 Oh the wisdom you knew  
*Every time I see that street, I think of you*

4. And I remember that night  
 The tequila we drank  
 Laughing for hours  
 With a world to thank  
 And you told me you loved me  
 And I said, "Eric, I love you, too"  
*Every time I see that street, I think of you*
5. And I think of the wee hours  
 Long before dawn  
 Determined to wander  
 'Til the darkness was gone  
 San Francisco at night  
 And the warm summer breeze  
 Walking back alleys  
 Just as free as you please  
 And I think of those poor boys  
 Who drove up to say  
 "Give us your money"  
 And then they blew you away  
 With one pull of a trigger  
 Your sweet life was through  
*Every time I see that street, I think of you*

Note: In last verse, repeat F/C/F/G chords and melody until "And I think of those poor boys" - from that line to the end it is pretty much just like the normal-length verses.

# Song for Hugh Thompson

David Rovics

Am C G  
Hugh Thomp-son was a pi - lot just like ma - ny  
C G  
more Fight-ing for Old Glo-ry on a far-off for-eign shore He was  
F C G Am  
on a leth - al mis - sion on - ly one of ma - ny Fol - low - ing his  
C G F G Am  
or - ders to kill the e - ne - my to kill the e - ne - my

1. Hugh Thompson was a pilot, just like many more  
Fighting for Old Glory on a far-off, foreign shore  
He was on a lethal mission, only one of many  
Following his orders to kill the enemy, to kill the enemy
2. He flew low above the village, searching for the foe  
When he saw a wounded child on the path below  
He thought this to be a sure sign that the enemy was near  
So he radioed for back-up and more choppers did appear, more choppers did appear
3. "Help the wounded," he cried out, "and beware of an attack"  
And then the child died by a bullet through her back  
And when he looked around for the culprits of the scene  
It was a company of men in U.S. military green, U.S. military green
4. The dead were in the hundreds, strewn all around  
In this place called My Lai, which once had been a town  
There was a hut of huddled children, soldiers had them in their sights  
Hugh decided at that moment to fight for what was right, to fight for what was right
5. "Train your weapons on the G.I.'s," and his 'copter crews obeyed  
And stood among the children, tattered and afraid  
The whole town had been murdered, but for some kids and widowed wives  
And Hugh Thompson made sure that those remaining would survive  
that those remaining would survive
6. It was a fifteen-minute stand-off in a knee-deep sea of red  
Amidst the moaning of the dying and the silence of the dead  
Hugh Thompson was a soldier and he served his country well  
On the day he saved the lives of a dozen kids in hell, of a dozen kids in hell

# Song for My Broken Heart

David Rovics

The musical score is written on four staves of a grand staff (treble clef, common time). The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: G, G, D, Em, C, G, D, Em, C. The lyrics are written below the notes.

No - thing's changed for me When I see your face I see the  
dawn And like you it's filled with grace When I look in - to your  
eyes I see all that I have known I see a red sun -  
rise And the kind-ness you have shown No - thing's changed for

1. Nothing's changed for me  
When I see your face  
I see the dawn  
And like you, it's filled with grace  
When I look into your eyes  
I see all that I have known  
I see a red sunrise  
And the kindness you have shown
2. Nothing's changed for me  
Now when I think about those days  
I feel a tremble in my knee  
And my impression never fades  
Oh, to touch your golden skin  
And the fullness of your smile  
I bemoan the state I'm in  
And I love you all the while
3. 'Cause nothing's changed for me  
And like everybody here  
I'm so glad that you could make it  
It's so good to have you near  
For your words I laugh and cry  
And as I look around I'm sure  
I'm surrounded by your lovers  
Only one of many more
4. But nothing's changed for me  
I still yearn for your embrace  
Sometimes I close my eyes  
And then I gaze upon your face  
I know everything must end  
But I remember our last kiss  
I recall your parting glance  
And there's so much more I miss
5. 'Cause nothing's changed for me  
Except you went away  
You're moving on  
And I'm stuck in yesterday  
So I'll wish you all that's good  
And I'll make a toast for you  
For all the places you may travel  
And for whatever you may do
6. 'Cause nothing's changed for me  
I'm still in love so much  
I know I'll be OK  
But I miss your gentle touch  
There are songs for victories  
Songs for things that fall apart  
This is just a song  
For my broken heart

# Song for the BBB

David Rovics

C F G

See the man in his li - mo - sine In his tie and

C

well - pressed shirt Hop - ing that he's

F G C

not been found on the look - out for - de - sert

Em C

He knows that he is guil - ty And a

G Am C

vi - sit might be paid By the ve - gan

F G

vi - gi - lan - tes of - the bi - o - tic bak - ing - bri -

C Em C

gade *What's that sail - ing through the*

G Am

*air* In the board - rooms see them shi - ver You can

C F

spend your life hop - ing for pie in the sky but the

G C

bak - ing bri - gade de - li - vers

1. See the man in his limosine  
In his tie and well-pressed shirt  
Hoping that he's not been seen  
On the lookout for desert  
He knows that he is guilty  
And a visit might be paid  
By the vegan vigilantes  
Of the Biotic Baking Brigade

*What's that sailing through the air  
In the boardrooms see them shiver  
You can spend your life hoping for pie in the sky  
But the Baking Brigade delivers*

2. If you sell your city's soul  
To the landlords' greedy pack  
You my friend have earned yourself  
A tasty pastry snack  
You can call yourself a liberal  
And hope your crimes will fade  
But your sell-out soul will be exposed  
By the Biotic Baking Brigade

*(Chorus)*

3. So if you cut down the last of the forests  
Spew poison in the air  
Don't you be surprised to find  
That cheesecake in your hair  
Yes if you are a corporate criminal  
You've surely made the grade  
To receive a fresh-baked goody from  
The Biotic Baking Brigade

*(Chorus)*

4. Beware all you scoundrels of industry  
We know of your disgrace  
So smile for the camera  
With the cream pie in your face  
You can hope that we won't find you out  
As you're hiding in the shade  
But someday soon you'll live to meet  
The Biotic Baking Brigade

*(Chorus)*

# Song for the ELF

David Rovics

Civ - vil dis - o - be - di - ence has ma - ny per - mu - ta - tions You can  
block the streets in front of the U - ni - ted Na - tions You can  
lay down on the track Keep the nuke train out of town Or you can  
pour gas on the con-do And you can burn it down  
*So here's a toast to the night Three cheers and a grunt*  
*To the Earth Li - be - ra - tion*  
*Front The Earth Li - be - ra - tion Front*

Note: Insert pregnant pauses wherever you see fit, such as after "Keep the nuke trains out of town."

1. Civil disobedience  
Has many permutations  
You can block the streets in front of  
The United Nations  
You can lay down on the tracks  
Keep the nuke trains out of town  
Or you can pour gas on the condo  
And you can burn it down

*So here's a toast to the night  
Three cheers and a grunt  
To the Earth Liberation Front  
The Earth Liberation Front*

2. You can go to Senate hearings  
Wait til they call your name  
My hat is off to anyone  
With the will to play that game  
But if you want to know the truth  
What warms my aching heart  
Is to see the masked avengers  
Come to tear the road apart

*(Chorus)*

3. They'll tell you that it's violent  
To destroy a logging truck  
These are the very people  
Who'd kill the planet for a buck  
Talk to the governor  
Be reasonable, they say  
Maybe we can talk tomorrow  
But we can pull the crops today

*(Chorus)*

4. There are so many things of beauty  
In this world to see  
A wild, running river  
Or an old-growth redwood tree  
But in such an ugly situation  
So sinister and dire  
There's nothing quite so lovely  
As a Wal-Mart on fire

*(Chorus)*

# Song for the SOA

David Rovics

C G

You can load us in your bus - es And be -

F

hind your pri - son door And when you think you've

C Am F G

si - lenced us There will be five thou - sand more

F G C F

We are ga - thered here to - day To put our

G Am

bo - dies in harm's way At this school of death and

F G C

shame No more mur - der in our name

1. You can load us in your buses  
And behind your prison door  
And when you think you've silenced us  
There will be a thousand more

*We are gathered here today  
To put our bodies in harm's way  
At this school of death and shame  
No more murder in our name*

2. From Panama to Georgia  
We'll be ever in your sight  
With so much blood upon your hands  
How do you butchers sleep at night?

*(Chorus)*

3. You dare to call them freedom fighters  
Call the butchers what you will  
But from Jara to Allende  
It is freedom that you kill

*(Chorus)*

4. All across this country  
The news spreads from town to town  
Every day a new voice shouting  
Shut this school torture down

*(Chorus)*

# Song for the SOA #2

David Rovics

I pulled up there at the gate Had come to keep a date With ten thousand  
of my friends Here to right some wrongs and make a-mends Folks came in bus-es  
bikes and cars With voic-es fid-dles and gui-tars All kinds of peo-ple  
shapes and styles Burned those fre-quent fly-er miles

1. Well I pulled up there at the gate  
Had to come and keep a date  
With ten thousand of my friends  
Here to right some wrongs and make amends  
Folks came in buses, bikes and cars  
With voices, fiddles and guitars  
And all kinds of people, shapes and styles  
Burned those frequent flyer miles
2. First thing I see's a singing nun  
At the frisky age of 91  
She's here fresh out of jail  
Told the judge "I ain't got no bail  
"I'm bearing witness right here and now  
'Cause we've got to change the world somehow  
So with you all right here I pray  
WE'LL SHUT DOWN THE SOA
3. There's this year's crop from Oberlin  
And there's the folks from Warren-Wilson  
But they're not all eighteen to twenty-two  
They brought along their neighbors too  
There's grandpa, baby, mom and dad  
An ARA kid, fighting mad  
What are we gonna do today?  
WE'LL SHUT DOWN THE SOA
4. There's some in pink, some in black  
There's one wrapped in a coffee sack  
There's t-shirts, stickers, pins and more  
Saying we don't want your oil war  
There's a labor lawyer from Walla Walla  
With some Mayan folks from Guatemala  
See, north and south the people say  
WE'LL SHUT DOWN THE SOA
5. Pouring blood, crossing lines  
Holding crosses, making signs  
There's priests and punks in groups and pairs  
Along with a gang in wheelchairs  
There's Josh and Abi, Bill and Sue  
Charlie, Tao and you know who  
Giant puppets, paper mache  
Saying WE'LL SHUT DOWN THE SOA
6. Yes, we'll keep coming to this town  
Til this torture school's shut down  
Then we'll march as we intone  
You do not walk alone  
To the next symbol in our sights  
In the global fight for human rights  
But for now we're here in this Georgia clay  
Saying WE'LL SHUT DOWN THE SOA

# Song the Songbird Sings

David Rovics

D A

It was a - no - ther Fri - day morn - ing I was a - mong the o - live

trees Out look - ing for birds to catch My fa - ther his friends and

me I had my string and net And a nim - ble

eye There be - side the far - mer's field Where the song - birds

fly You can see the birds be - neath the clouds

Watch them spread their wings Lis - ten to the wind

And the song the song - bird sings

D A G D

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

1. It was another Friday morning  
I was among the olive trees  
Out looking for birds to catch  
My father, his friends and me  
I had my string and net  
And a nimble eye  
There beside the farmers' fields  
Where the songbirds fly

2. When you're catching birds  
The world disappears  
And a thousand songs of autumn  
Are all that fills your ears  
They sing their songs so brightly  
At the dawning of the day  
They fly back and forth over the fence  
Where we must stay away

*(Chorus)*

*You can see the birds beneath the clouds  
Watch them spread their wings  
You can listen to the wind  
And the song the songbird sings*

3. It's so good to come here  
So far from all the sound  
Of all the shooting and the shouting  
And the tanks upon the ground  
I just wish I could live here  
Within this olive grove  
Just me, my friends and family  
And a small wood-burning stove

*(Chorus)*

4. Last week I caught three sparrows  
It was quite a day  
Now I'm bound for glory  
That's what they say  
I hear them talk about me  
Shedding tears upon a sack  
Inside there lies a child  
With four bullets in his back

*(Chorus)*

# Stranded

David Rovics

D A7 G

You've got such a love - ly spark - le in your eye So wise and

A7 D

un - dis - cov - ered Flirt - ing with the earth

A7 G A7 D

Liv - ing in the sky Leav - ing - so much un - cov - ered

G D

And I just want to get strand - ed with you

A7 D G

On a lit - tle des - ert isle As long as

D A7

we had some wa - ter to drink There'd be noth - ing to do but

D G A7 D

smile Noth - ing to do but smile

Note: I play this in dropped D tuning.

1. You've got such a lovely sparkle in your eye  
So wise and undiscovered  
Flirting with the earth, living in the sky  
Leaving so much uncovered

*And I just want to get stranded with you  
On a little desert isle  
As long as we had some water to drink  
There'd be nothing to do but smile  
Nothing to do but smile*

2. I know it's a tired old tale  
I've got nothing but words  
Old, broke and bound to fail  
Like a snail chasing hummingbirds

*But I just want to get stranded with you  
We could get to know one another  
You know we'd never meet any other way  
Only if I had my druthers  
Only if I had my druthers*

3. I'd find some reason to say hello  
Like if the town was on fire  
We'd have to hide in the valley below  
If the scene was sufficiently dire

*I just want to get stranded with you  
Maybe in a big winter storm  
If the power was out, it wouldn't matter  
With each other to keep warm  
Each other to keep warm*

4. My talents are few and my pockets are empty  
And the world awaits your next move  
The gap between us is as wide as the water  
Between Starbucks and the Louvre

*But I just want to get stranded with you  
Then I'd find something to say  
And you'd hold me close in this foresaken dream  
On the blanket upon which we lay  
The blanket upon which we lay*

# Strike A Blow Against The Empire David Rovics

C F  
When the rich man on the T - V Said this world's

G C F  
mine When he asked which side you're on Told you to step in

G C F  
line When he gave his rea - sons For his war of

G C F  
con - quest When he talked a - bout your wal - let Said it was in your

G Am F  
in - terests Did you shrug your shoul - ders And do as you were

G Am F  
told Hang a flag in your win - dow Buy the goods that you were

G C F  
sold Or did you shut off his cra - ven im - age Call the man a

G F G Am  
li - ar Did you strike a blow a - gainst the em - pire

F G C  
Did you strike a blow a - gainst the em - pire

1. When the rich man on the TV  
Said this world's mine  
When he asked which side you're on  
Told you to step in line  
When he gave his reasons  
For his war of conquest  
When he talked about your wallet  
Said it was in your interest  
Did you shrug your shoulders  
And do as you were told  
Hang a flag in your window  
And buy the goods that you were sold  
Or did you shut off his craven image  
And call the man a liar  
Did you strike a blow against the empire
2. When they were rounding up your neighbors  
You know the ones with darker skin  
Clerks and teachers, engineers  
With names like Sami and Mazin  
When they were breaking down the doors  
And taking them away  
Holding them on secret charges  
Hidden from the light of day  
What did you tell their children  
When you had a chance to meet  
Could you look them in the eye  
Or did you walk past them on the street  
Could you say that you stood up  
When their lives were on the wire  
Did you strike a blow against the empire
3. As the bombs were falling  
And the children lost their lives  
Lying broken on the pavement  
As the ambulance arrives  
As the soldiers opened fire  
With their heavy guns  
Could you hear the demonstrators hit the ground  
See how their red blood runs  
What were you doing  
In those fateful times  
Did you raise your voice  
Against these awful crimes  
Were you hiding in your bedroom  
When the situation was so dire  
Or did you strike a blow against the empire
4. And when the time had come  
And the Reich was at your door  
When the fascist state was here  
And they brought home the war  
When the Gestapo was in the city  
And they had really taken power  
When there was nothing left to do  
Here in the final hour  
Did you find a place to run to  
And hope to live a few more years  
When the slaughter was around you  
Did you cover up your ears  
Or did you set your sights  
Take your aim and fire  
Did you strike a blow against the empire

# Tennessee

David Rovics

I met a young wo-man in a din - er one day  
some-where in Ten - nes - see She asked me what I want-ed and she  
brought me my break - fast of eggs bis-cuits and cof - fee  
saw the "for sale" sign on the win-dow and I asked her how come, what  
for She said you can see the way that this town's gone by the  
boards on ev-'ry door She said the com-pa-ny came and it went And I  
guess they reached their goal There used to be a beau-ti-ful moun -  
tain here Now there's just a pile of coal - - - - And  
ev - 'ry-where you look you can see The coun-try-side they stole The  
big-gest tree in this old for-est is a te - le-phone pole

1. I met a young woman in a diner one day, somewhere in Tennessee  
She asked me what I wanted and she brought me my breakfast of biscuits, gravy and coffee  
I saw the "for sale" sign in the window and I asked her howcome, what for  
She said you can see the way this town's gone by the boards on every door

*'Cause (well) the company came and it went  
And I guess they reached their goal  
Used to be a beautiful mountain here  
Now there's just a pile of coal  
And everywhere you look you can see  
The countryside they stole  
The biggest tree in this old forest  
Is a telephone pole*

2. She said this used to be a company town not so very long ago  
Now the most common car that you see has a U-Haul trailer in tow  
It's so sad to watch a town grow up just for it to fall apart  
To think of all the good and the hard times we had, it's enough to break my heart

*(Chorus)*

3. The only thing worse than the company being here was watching it wave good-bye  
You know we had to fight so damn hard just to get a little piece of the pie  
But there's nothing left here for me now but memories and things gone wrong  
Don't know where I'll go, all I know is I'm gone

*(Chorus)*

# Terror In The Skies

David Rovics

C Em  
Night-time comes and ev'-ry-bo-dy won-ders Will to-mor-row  
G D C  
bring the light of day Will our house be rub-ble blown a -  
G C D Em  
sun-der In the cel-lar we will hide our-selves and pray  
G D  
There's ter-ror in the skies of this ci - ty  
Em G D Em  
Fear is in the hearts of child-ren wo-men and men And you ne-ver see the  
G D C D Em  
fac-es of the kil-lers As the smart bombs fall a - gain

1. Night-time comes and everybody wonders  
Will tomorrow bring the light of day  
Will our house be rubble blown asunder  
In the cellar we will hide ourselves and pray

2. Will the smoke clear in the morning?  
Will the city all go down in flame?  
Will the factory be standing?  
Will life here ever be the same?

*There's terror in the skies of this city  
Fear is in the hearts of children,  
women and men  
And you never see the faces of the killers  
As the smart bombs fall again*

3. Will there be a job for me to go to?  
Will there be food upon my plate?  
After so many years of hungry sanctions  
What did my child do to earn this fate?

*(Chorus)*

4. The Yankees talk of Gaza and of Algiers  
They wring their hands when Irish shoppers die  
But if you want to know a life of terror  
Look up at night into the Baghdad sky

*(Chorus)*

# Times Gone By

David Rovics

D Bm G

Driv-ing down this high-way once a - gain on my own Makes me think of

A D

o - ther times I was-n't so a - lone When com-ing to this coun-try re -

Bm G A

mind-ed me of you Made me think a-bout your eyes and all the things we used to

D Bm

do I think a - bout the ri - ver I think a - bout the park And

G A

all the things we did with a can - dle in the dark I

D Bm

think a - bout our bed-room and the ca - fe down the street Where I

G A G

spent so ma - ny hours wea-ther-ing the heat I re -

A D G

mem - ber you Here be-neath the clou - dy

A G A D

sky I re - mem - ber you

G A D Bm

And times gone by

1. Driving down this highway once again on my own  
Make me think of other times I wasn't so alone  
When coming to this contry reminded me of you  
Made me think about your eyes and all the things we used to do  
I think about the river and I think about the park  
And all the things we did with a candle in the dark  
I think about our bedroom and the cafe down the street  
Where I spent so many hours weathering the heat

*(Chorus)*

*I remember you*

*Here beneath the cloudy sky*

*I remember you*

*And the times gone by*

2. I think about the passion and the things you said to me  
When the world was ours and we were lucky just to be  
I think about your tears and the gulf that seemed to grow  
I think about the winter sky and how it seemed to know  
I think of our final words and how you looked at me  
Like some sailor for the last time going out to sea  
I got into the taxi, saw the look within your eye  
You were saying see you soon, but you really meant goodbye

*(Chorus)*

3. Now I'm going down this lonely road, this land we used to share  
But if I go to your apartment I know you won't be there  
'Cause I'm stuck here in this car with too much time to think  
And I can see you clearly every time I blink  
I'm looking at the asphalt, thinking of the past  
How things just seem to change and good things often do not last  
Life can be a bed of roses or a board of darts  
But it seems to me so often like a trail of broken hearts

*(Chorus)*

# Too Proud To Beg

David Rovics

He walked the streets of this - neigh-bor-hood

As long as

an - y - one knew

Used to work in con - struc-tion

But those days are long through

On this

hot sum-mer morn-ing

Ev'-ry-one low-ered their head

The heat wave is o - ver

And Pat O'-

Lear-y is dead

He was too old to work

And he had a bum leg

But they

cut him off wel-fare

And he was too proud to beg

And he was too proud to beg

And he was too proud to beg

cut him off wel-fare

And he was too proud to beg

1. He walked the streets of this neighborhood  
Long as anyone knew  
Used to work in construction  
But those days are long through  
On this hot summer morning  
Everyone lowered their heads  
The heat wave is over  
And Pat O'Leary's dead

*He was too old to work  
And he had a bum leg  
But they cut him off welfare  
And he was too proud to beg*

2. For a roll and some coffee  
He'd be up at sunrise  
With a joke for the vendors  
And a smile in his eyes  
With the other old-timers  
He'd wile the years  
With a wink for the children  
And a listening ear

*(Chorus)*

3. His neice and his sister  
They asked him to stay  
But he liked the old neighborhood  
He said "it's better this way"  
He said "soon I'll make it  
"To sixty-five  
"And I got my old Buick  
"Til that day arrives"

*(Chorus)*

# Trading With The Enemy

David Rovics

I saw her in the ci - ty cen - ter With a  
ther - mos full of cof - fee Mak - ing the lo - cal brew On a  
street called Sal - va - dor Al - len - - - de  
Gave her a pe - so And took a sip Sat be - neath a  
palm tree It's so ea - sy to be a cri - mi - nal  
When you're trad - ing with the e - ne - my

1. I saw her in the city center  
With a thermos full of coffee  
Making the local brew  
On a street called Salvador  
Allende  
I gave her a peso and took a sip  
And sat beneath a palm tree  
It's so easy to be a criminal  
*When you're trading with the  
enemy*
2. I sat down on a park bench  
Beside a statue of John Lennon  
And as I watch the children  
dancing  
It's so easy to imagine  
A world without borders  
Here, so close to Miami  
As I smoke a Cigarro Popular  
*Once more trading with the  
enemy*
3. Biking down a country road  
Only one of many others  
The people call me companero  
And greet me as their brother  
One man has a basket full of  
mangoes  
And I'm sure Jesse would agree  
With each bite I undermine my  
country  
*By trading with the enemy*
4. Watch the oxen pull the carriage  
And the organic farms abound  
All the fertilizer's gone  
But there are other ways to feed  
the ground  
Inspiring the world  
With the strength of creativity  
See the past and future come  
together  
*Trading with the enemy*
5. And I just want to tell you  
That the enemy's so lovely  
Such a proud and beautiful people  
From the mountains to the sea  
From the clinics to the  
schoolyards  
Che Guevarra to Marti  
We have only our chains to lose  
*From trading with the enemy*

# T-Stop Café

David Rovics

There's that guy with his bow-tie go-ing off to mai-tre de There's Rich-ard rant-ing a  
 rave Say-ing "Je-sus don't you see" There's old Mis-sus K  
 Car-ry-ing an ap-ple pie Be - hind the green-haired girl Who's hang-ing on the  
 sly *Have a good ride* *Come a-gain some day*  
 And thanks for stop-ping by The T - Stop Ca - fe

1. There's that guy in his bow-tie going off  
 to maitre-de  
 There's Richard ranting a rave saying  
 Jesus don't you see  
 There's old Mrs. K carrying an apple pie  
 Behind the green-haired girl hanging on the sly
2. There's Dennis and Jorge pulling along their rig  
 Oh and here comes Mary Lou  
 off to do an indoor gig  
 Judy's gone to school to misdirect the youth  
 Spaced-out kid with comic books  
 is dreaming of a phone booth  
  
*Have a good ride, come again someday*  
*And thanks for stopping by the t-stop café*
3. The mayor's stumbled off the train  
 he's looking for a dime  
 There's Jim searching in his brain  
 for a decent rhyme  
 The ghost of top-hat Dana never leaves the place  
 Every time I see a park bench  
 it's hiding out his face  
  
*(Chorus)*
4. That baby's singing along with a little plastic stork  
 Oh and Gordon's sniffing the platform  
 for a bottle to uncork  
 Crazy Jane's blaming the CIA for giving her a rash  
 Nisha's poking around the corners  
 for a quiet place to crash  
  
*(Chorus)*
5. Well the T's a fine place to visit  
 long as you don't have to stay  
 So I hope you'll deign to drop on by  
 on some other day  
 Next time you have some time that's free  
 or you're on a wild shopping spree  
 You can rest assured you just might be  
 dropping in on me  
  
*(Chorus)*

# Unrequited Love Song

David Rovics

C G F

I've hear peo-ple talk of love And con -

nec-tions of the soul I've heard talk of se - pa -

G F

ra - tion And how the world is whole

C G

Heard peo-ple talk of u - ni - ty

C F

Bet - ween our lungs and the air

C G

How some - where the grass be - gins

C F

At the end of your long brown hair

G

But such an em - bo - di - ment of life

C C/B Am7 Am7/G

I ne - ver thought to see

F G C

*I'm dream-ing of a wo-man In a red-wood tree*

1. I've heard people talk of love  
And connections of the soul  
Heard talk of separation  
And how the world is whole  
Heard people talk of unity  
Between our lungs and the air  
How somewhere the grass begins  
At the end of your long brown hair  
But such an embodiment of life  
I never thought to see  
*I'm dreaming of a woman in a redwood tree*
  
2. I've heard people talk of passion  
And the feelings that there are  
When there isn't any difference  
Between the near and the far  
When nobody is a stranger  
And everything's right here  
Sometimes words just get in the way  
And silence is so dear  
I've seen you close your eyes  
And just disappear and be  
*I'm dreaming of a woman in a redwood tree*
  
3. I've heard people talk of sadness  
To be in the lonesome few  
When the destruction's all around  
And it might as well be you  
When they're cutting down your siblings  
And everything's just falling  
When you know time does not exist  
But you can hear the urgent present calling  
When all you can do is cry  
And make a desperate plea  
*I'm dreaming of a woman in a redwood tree*
  
4. And I've heard people talk of hope  
And the power of emotion  
Of the overwhelming beauty  
Of a universe in motion  
How a single flame can start a fire  
How the fire can give birth  
How the soil can be nurtured  
And fill up all the earth  
I've heard people talk of vision  
And what it means to be free  
*I'm dreaming of a woman in a redwood tree*

# Used To Be A City

David Rovics

I was young once It was a long time a - go  
Things were dif-frent then I thought you should know This old  
build - ing Was once a fac - to - ry We made Stet - sons Your  
grand-pa and me It was - n't ea - sy but at least Life was go - ing  
down There used to be a ci - ty in this town

1. I was young once  
It was a long time ago  
Things were different then  
I thought that you should know  
This old building  
Was once a factory  
We made Stetsons  
Your grandpa and me  
It wasn't easy but at least  
Life was going down  
There used to be a city in this town
2. This rusted railyard  
Had a hotel and a couple of stores  
We had good times here  
Between the wars  
It wasn't paradise  
But there was music in the street  
Right there is where your grandparents  
First had a chance to meet  
They got married in that church  
I can still see her wedding gown  
There used to be a city in this town
3. When the change came  
It started one by one  
First the layoffs  
Then the factory was gone  
Then came the highways  
The suburbs and Wal-Mart  
That was the final blow  
That tore this place apart  
But it seems like just last year  
When there were people all around  
There used to be a city in this town
4. The census says there's people here  
But I think someone's confused  
Just look out at these sidewalks  
They're not being used  
You know when a city dies  
It doesn't die with grace  
It just becomes a ruin  
Shouting this was once the place  
Guess it's time to leave  
But I don't know where I'd be bound  
There used to be a city in this town

# Vanguard

David Rovics

Am  
Work-er's World says they have all the an-swers And Mi -

F C  
lo - se - vic is a guy that they ad - mire The I - S - O says

E  
Trot - sky is the man And they'll de - bate it un - til they all ex -

F  
pire The in - dus - tri - al work - ers will lead the re - vo - lu - tion

C  
So says the S - W - P No the

G E  
truth lies with the lum - pen That's the

F  
R - C - P 'Cause I am the lead - er of the

C  
work - ers And I'll tell you why the left is sus - spect

G  
'Cause there's some - thing you don't un - der - stand On - ly

E F  
my line is cor - rect 'Cause I am the



# The Village Where Nothing Happened

David Rovics

The Ar - my Com - man - der spoke to the me - di - a He said  
this is a na - tion of laws We do not tar - get ci -  
vi - li - ans We on - ly bomb with cause  
And he said as he looked in - to the cam - 'ra With a  
cold bone - chil - ling stare As for the  
vil - lage of Ka - ma A - do No - thing - hap - pened there

1. The Army commander spoke to the media  
He said, "We are a nation of laws  
"We do not target civilians  
"And we only bomb with cause"  
And he said as he looked into the camera  
With a cold, bone-chilling stare  
"As for the village of Kama Ado  
"Nothing happened there"
  
2. In the village where nothing happened  
Most people had risen from bed  
Women were preparing to cook  
And make sure every mouth would be fed  
Just before the beginning of Ramadan  
Water was set out to boil  
Little fires were heating tin kettles  
Upon the dry Afghan soil
  
3. In the village where nothing happened  
Children played in the street  
Men were bending in prayer  
Some with no shoes on their feet  
It was another day like so many  
That had gone down before  
And nobody told Kama Ado  
Just what horrors lay in store
  
4. In the village where nothing happened  
Nobody knew  
That this place would be changed forever  
By an American B-52  
The bombs fell all around them  
So many a deafening blast  
And the people of Kama Ado  
Learned that life can end so fast
  
5. In the village where nothing happened  
The houses collapsed in the morn  
Not one terrorist died there  
But maybe some were born  
In the village of Kama Ado  
There are no underground caves  
There's just rubble and dust and craters  
And 115 new graves

# The War Is Over

David Rovics

The pres - i - dent stood in front of the jet planes The  
rub - ble's all set - tled and de - mo - cra - cy reigns We've de - feat - ed their  
ar - my and ta - ken con - trol Dropped - thou - sands of bombs Now  
they've ta - ken their toll The oil's on fire Just like the  
blood of a bil - li - on Mus - lims dragged through the mud And the  
world is sa - fer with the dic - ta - tor gone And their - lot will im -  
prove with our cor - por - ate pawn *And the war is o - ver*  
*that's what he said Just go*  
*back to your bus - 'ness*  
*we've bur - ied the dead And the war is o - ver*

1. The President stood in front of the jet planes  
 The rubble's all settled and democracy reigns  
 We've defeated their army and taken control  
 We dropped thousands of bombs, now they've taken their toll  
 The oil's on fire, just like the blood  
 Of a billion Muslims dragged through the mud  
 And the world is safer with the dictator gone  
 And their lot will improve with our corporate pawn  
  
*(Chorus)*  
*The war is over, that's what he said*  
*Go back to your business, we've buried the dead*  
*And the war is over*
  
2. Fatherless children have taken the street  
 All that remains is the sting of defeat  
 Homes are in ruins, cancer is rife  
 For soldiers and newborns, the end of a life  
 Kids grown up with just hunger and fear  
 But lo, behold, the Yankees are here  
 And now all you people are gonna be free  
 'Cause this land was made for Chevron and me  
  
*(Chorus)*  
*The war is over, that's what he said*  
*Just turn on your TV, we've buried the dead*  
*And the war is over*
  
3. The government files are all up in flames  
 His victims of terror, who remembers their names  
 The past doesn't matter but the future is bright  
 As the Exxon refinery lights up the night  
 History's looted like the library's shelves  
 But we'll fill them with Bibles and be proud of ourselves  
 We'll turn your schools into compounds and make room for us all  
 If you're missing your legs you can learn how to crawl  
  
*(Chorus)*  
*The war is over, that's what he said*  
*Forget it all happened, we've buried the dead*  
*And the war is over*
  
4. And the price was worth it, yes we'd do it again  
 With bombs or with sanctions -- kids, women and men  
 'Cause we have national interests and they must be met  
 We will enforce them by treaty or jet  
 And when time has passed and you've had time to rest  
 We'll find a new villain 'cause that's what we do best  
 Maybe a sultan or a grandson of Mao  
 But don't trouble your conscience because as of now  
  
*(Chorus)*  
*The war is over, that's what he said*  
*Just put it behind you, we've buried the dead*  
*And the war is over*

# We Are Everywhere

David Rovics

When I say the hun - gry should have food  
I speak for ma - ny When I say  
no one should have se - ven homes While some don't have  
a - ny Though I may find my - self strand - ed in some strange  
place With naught but a va - pid stare  
I re - mem - ber the world and I know  
We - are ev - 'ry - where

1. When I say the hungry should have food  
I speak for many  
When I say no one should have seven homes  
While some don't have any  
Though I may find myself stranded in some strange place  
With naught but a vapid stare  
I remember the world and I know  
We are everywhere
  
2. When I say the time for the rich, it will come  
Let me count the ways  
Victories or hints of the future  
Havana, Caracas, Chiapas, Buenos Aires  
How many people are wanting and waiting  
And fighting for their share  
They hide in their ivory towers  
But we are everywhere
  
3. Religions and prisons and races  
Borders and nations  
FBI agents and congressmen  
And corporate radio stations  
They try to keep us apart, but we find each other  
And the rulers are always aware  
That they're a tiny minority  
And we are everywhere
  
4. With every bomb that they drop, every home they destroy  
Every land they invade  
Comes a new generation from under the rubble  
Saying "we are not afraid"  
They will pretend we are few  
But with each child that a billion mothers bear  
Comes the next demonstration  
That we are everywhere

# We Just Want the World

David Rovics

When we're liv - ing in the White House and de - bat - ing on the  
Hill Of all your cra - zy an - tics we'll all have had our fill We'll be  
clos - ing down mu - ni - tions plants and Old Glo - ry will be furl - ed 'Cause  
we don't want your big ma - chines We just want the world

1. When we're living in the White House  
And debating on the hill  
Of all your crazy antics  
We'll all have had our fill  
We'll be closing down munitions plants  
And Old Glory will be furled  
'Cause we don't want your big machines  
*We just want the world*
2. And a bill will be proposed  
Section number one  
We're shutting down the oil rigs  
And turning towards the sun  
The air will be clean  
For all the boys and girls  
'Cause we don't want your oil tankers  
*We just want the world*
3. Face the executioner  
Shut the chip mills all down  
Get busy planting hemp  
Leave the trees there in the ground  
Life is so precious  
On this little, spinning pearl  
We don't want your bulldozers  
*We just want the world*
4. We'll be closing down the jails  
Fixing up the schools  
Distributing those stocks and bonds  
Changing all the rules  
We'll elect a CEO  
Maybe a rabbit or a squirrel  
'Cause we don't want your money  
*We just want the world*
5. We'll be swimming in the rivers  
And running to the hills  
Reading in the history books  
Of wars and oil spills  
If it's linear we'll bend it  
If it's a straight line it'll curl  
'Cause we don't want your dead-end highways  
*We just want the world*

(Repeat first verse)

# Welcome to the European Union

David Rovics

I land - ed in Den - mark and there was Burg - er  
King And a red and white sign say - ing "Coke's the real thing" - The Ti -  
tan - nic was sink - ing at the lo - cal Cin - e - plex And the kids were  
chomp - in' on Corn Chex Wel - come to the Eu - ro - pe - an  
Un - - - ion It's e - volv - ing ev - 'ry day  
Get - ting more and more like the U - S - A

1. I landed in Denmark and there was Burger King  
And a red and white sign saying "Coke's the real thing"  
The Titanic was sinking at the local cineplex  
And the kids were chomping on corn chex  
In the city center the stores were closing down  
Things just haven't been the same since the Wal-Mart came to town  
In the growing suburbs folks were driving minivans  
And it's all gone according to the best-laid plans

*Welcome to the European Union  
It's evolving every day  
Getting more and more like the USA*

2. Well I thumbed a ride to Hamburg, saw the homeless in the street  
The mayor had to build more houses to make room for the elite  
The cops were rounding up the immigrants, sending them to other places  
It was plain to see the desperation on their faces  
When I got to Brussels you could feel the scheming in the air  
Corporate executives in suits were everywhere  
And they were very happy for all the plans they made  
And you could hear them chanting, "free trade free trade free trade!"

*(Chorus)*

3. And in London men were saying, "We need more fighter planes  
And we need more motorways with some extra lanes  
We need Washington to teach us how an economy runs  
And spend lots more money on cars and bombs and guns  
When Euro-Interests are threatened we must be prepared  
To invade some backward country if the United States is scared  
Africa may shake and the peaceniks will glower  
But what the world plainly needs is another superpower"

*(Chorus)*

4. Once we were so proud of social democracy  
Welfare for all and long vacations by the sea  
But now we have seen the errors of our ways  
There is no alternative, no way back to the old days  
If you want a living wage, we'll tell you where to go  
As we welcome China into the WTO  
Yes if you want an honest job your prospects might not look sunny  
But there's never been a better time if you've got lots of money

*(Chorus)*

5. Yes in the halls of power from Athens to Par-ee  
You can hear the rulers shouting "no more subsidy  
So fuck off all you workers, farmers, greens and all  
It's time to turn the world into a giant shopping mall"  
From Rasmussen to Shroeder, Blair to Berlusconi  
It's all the same old show, same old dog and pony  
If you need me to spell it out, what's the matter with them  
It's called C-A-P-I-T-A-L-I-S-M

*(Chorus)*

# What If You Knew

David Rovics

D D/F

If you knew the earth was dy-ing If they said this on the news If they would

G Em

cla - ri - fy the pic - ture 'Stead of seek - ing to con - fuse If you could

D D/F

see the ice - caps melt - ing If you could watch the o - ceans rise If you could

G Em

see the con - se - quen - ces Right be - fore your eyes If you

D D/F

knew the kids were dy - ing If you could look in - side The

G Em

ri - ver where their food comes from Filled with cy - a - nide If you could

D D/F

hear the par - ents plead - ing If they were look - ing right at you If you could feel the

G Em

an - guish in their hearts *What if you knew*

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

1. If you knew that the earth was dying  
 If they said this on the news  
 If they would clarify the picture  
 Instead of seeking to confuse  
 If you could see the ice caps melting  
 If you could watch the oceans rise  
 If you could see the consequences  
 Right before your eyes  
 If you knew the kids were dying  
 If you could look inside  
 The river where their food comes from  
 Filled with cyanide  
 If you could hear the parents pleading  
 If they were looking right at you  
 If you could see the anguish in their hearts  
 What if you knew
  
2. If you knew the bombs were falling  
 If they showed them hit the ground  
 If you could see the bodies flying  
 If you could hear the sound  
 If you could see the rubble  
 Where the hospital once stood  
 If you saw the child's lifeless limbs  
 Would you hold them if you could  
 If you knew that they were lying  
 Every time they spoke  
 For every laser-guided pinprick  
 There were lives lost in the smoke  
 If instead of just the generals  
 They had doctors, too  
 To describe the carnage of the cluster bombs  
 What if you knew
  
3. If you knew what they were saying  
 When they think you cannot hear  
 If you understood what they do  
 If for you it was so clear  
 If you knew they shut down the factory  
 In an economic ruse  
 If you could kiss the cheek of the child  
 In the sweatshop that made your shoes  
 If every time we went to war  
 To fight our evil foes  
 They told you we were really fighting  
 For the good of CEOs  
 If you could feel the hunger of the many  
 And see the riches of the few  
 If they told it like it is  
 What if you knew
  
4. If you knew that you were living  
 In a huge conspiracy  
 Would you leave your suburbs  
 Get out of your SUV  
 Would you hit the streets  
 And fight for all our lives  
 Would you hold your ground  
 When the stormtrooper arrives  
 If you knew that the whole planet  
 Depended on what you do now  
 Would you take command  
 And wipe the sweat off of your brow  
 If the pundits told the truth  
 For just a week or two  
 And real life was shown on TV  
 What if you knew

# Who Will Tell The People

David Rovics

The C - I - A is sel-ling crack in the ghet-toes of L - A While the  
food crops in Co - lom - bi - a get sprayed by the D - E - A The F - B -  
I is read-ing your e-mail with some-thing called the Car - ni - vore And the  
rich are get-ting rich - er while the poor are stay-ing poor They're launch - ing  
nu - clear pow-ered ships up in - to space One lit - tle  
ac - ci - dent could wipe out half the hu - man race They're put-ting ra - di - o - ac - tive  
waste in - to your sil - ver - ware Or may - be your toast-er or per -  
haps your wheel chair *Who will tell the*  
*peo-ple that free speech is a ruse The cor-por-*  
a - tions run the coun - try And then they make the

E F G Am  
 news Is it me - di - a or mind - con - trol, he - ro - ic  
 F G Am F G  
 vic - to - ries or crimes Who will tell the  
 Am F E Am  
 peo - ple that we're liv - ing in these times

1. The CIA is pushing crack in the ghettos of LA  
 While the food crops in Colombia get sprayed by the DEA  
 The FBI is reading your email with something called the carnivore  
 And the rich are getting richer while the poor are staying poor  
 They're launching nuclear-powered ships up into space  
 One little accident could wipe out half the human race  
 And they're putting radioactive waste into your silverware  
 Or maybe your toaster or perhaps your wheelchair
  
2. The Air Force is bombing people in Iraq every other day  
 They don't like the government so the children have to pay  
 The ozone hole is spreading and the sheep are going blind  
 While the US spends more on arms than the rest of the world combined  
 Journalists are getting fired from San Jose to Atlanta  
 When they write about reality, not a fluff piece for Fanta  
 A death threat every week and sometimes life is short  
 When the truth is too dangerous for someone to report

*Who will tell the people that free speech is a ruse  
 The corporations run the country and then they make the news  
 Is it media or mind control, heroic victories or crimes  
 Who will tell the people that we're living in these times*

3. The cancer rates are skyrocketing though people are smoking less  
If you live near a nuke your life is bound to be a mess  
Clean water's almost gone all over the earth  
And what's left they want to privatize and see how much it's worth  
Chevron is gunning down the students of Nigeria  
Turning the land to waste while the babies die of dyptheria  
And the weather's getting hotter, the world's forests are on fire  
Pretty soon Brazil will be one giant funeral pyre

*(Chorus)*

4. One in three adult Americans cannot read or write  
And their children go to bed hungry every night  
And two million US citizens are rotting behind bars  
And while they're there they're working hard building parts for cars  
And the Army's running torture schools to keep the earth under control  
And they're relocating Navajos so they can mine some extra coal  
Our taxes pay McDonald's to sell tumors in Shanghai  
While a hundred thousand poisoned vets are just about to die

*(Chorus)*

5. And the people are resisting wherever you may go  
And this is the single biggest fact they don't want you to know  
From New Delhi to New Mexico there are battles going on  
And the darkest hour is just before the dawn  
And in Berkeley and New York they're raiding radio stations  
Trying to turn the voice of the people into the voice of the corporations  
Will we seize the airwaves, wipe the sweat off of our brow  
Stand and face the beast and shout, "Democracy Now!"

*(Chorus)*

# Who Would Jesus Bomb?

David Rovics

D A

I've seen you in the mar-kets I've seen you in the streets And

D G D

at your po-li-ti-cal con-ven-tion Talk-ing of your cru-sade

A D

Talk-ing of your na-tion And oth-er things too ter-ri-ble to

G

men-tion And you pro-claim your Chris-ti-an-i-ty You pro-

A D G

claim your love of God You talk of ap-ple pie and mom Well

A D

I've just got one ques-tion And I want an an-swer Tell me who would Je-sus

A Bm D

bomb May-be Je-sus would bomb the Sy-ri-ans 'Cause

Em D Bm D

they're not Jews like him May-be Je-sus would bomb the Af-ghans On some

Em A G A

kind of venge-ful whim May-be Je-sus would drive an M-1 tank And

D G A D

he would shoot Sad-dam *Who would Je-sus bomb*

1. I've seen you in the markets  
I've seen you in the streets  
And at your political convention  
Talking of your crusade  
Talking of your nation  
And other things too terrible to mention  
And you proclaim your Christianity  
You proclaim your love of God  
You talk of apple pie and mom  
Well I've just got one question  
And I want an answer  
Tell me, who would Jesus bomb?  
Maybe Jesus would bomb the Syrians  
'Cause they're not Jews like him  
Maybe Jesus would bomb the Afghans  
On some kind of vengeful whim  
Maybe Jesus would drive an M1 tank  
And he would shoot Saddam  
*Tell me, who would Jesus bomb?*
2. I've seen you on the TV  
And on the battleships  
I've seen you in the house upon the hill  
And I've heard you talking  
About making the world safer  
And about all the men you have to kill  
And you speak so glibly  
About your civilization  
And how you have the moral higher ground  
While halfway around the world  
Your explosives smash the buildings  
Ah, if you could only hear the sound  
But maybe Jesus would sell land mines  
And turn on his electric chair  
Maybe Jesus would show no compassion  
For his enemies in the lands way over there  
Maybe Jesus would have flown the planes  
That killed the kids in Viet Nam  
*Tell me, who would Jesus bomb*
3. Yes I hear you shout with confidence  
As you praise the lord  
And you talk about this God you know so well  
And you talk of Armageddon  
And your final victory  
When all the evil forces go to hell  
Well you'd best hope you've chosen wisely  
On the right side of the lord  
And when you die your conscience it is clear  
You'd best hope that your atom bombs  
Are better than the sword  
At the time when your reckoning is here  
'Cause I don't think Jesus would send gunships  
into Bethlehem  
Or jets to raze the towns of Timorese  
I don't think Jesus would lend money to  
dictators  
Or drive those SUV's  
And I don't think Jesus would ever have  
dropped  
A single ounce of napalm  
*So tell me, who would Jesus bomb?*