

FRONTPAGE

David Rovics Songbook (2004 edition)
All songs and lyrics © David Rovics
Email: drovics@aol.com
Web: www.davidrovics.com

Photo (front) by matt@mattfitt.com

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Contents

After the Revolution	8
Alaska	10
All The Ghosts That Walk This Earth	12
The Alligator Song.....	14
Ballad of a Cluster Bomb.....	16
Battle of Blair Mountain	17
Behind That Gate	19
Behind the Barricades	21
Benton Harbor.....	22
Best Democracy Money Can Buy	24
The Bicycle Song.....	25
The Bluegrass Fiddler.....	26
Bomb Ourselves.....	27
By The Time They Nuke DC.....	29
Cannabis Café	30
Children of Jerusalem	31
Contras, Kings and Generals	33
Deadhead In Prison	34
The Death of David Chain	36
Death of Rachel Corrie	37
Drink of the Death Squads.....	38
DU.....	40
The Dying Firefighter	41
Evening News	43
Face of Victory	44
The Flag Desecration Rag.....	46
From Kabul to Khartoum.....	48
Ghost Dance Lullaby	49
Global Warming Song	51
Glory and Fame	53
Good Kurds, Bad Kurds.....	55
Hang A Flag In The Window	57
Henry Ford Was A Fascist.....	59
Here At The End of the World.....	60
Hiroshima.....	62
I Have Seen The Enemy	64
I Remember Warsaw	66
I Wanna Go Home	68
If I Die Tomorrow.....	69
In One World	70
International Terrorists	72
IRV.....	74
Jenin.....	75
The Jewel of Bucharest.....	77

The Key.....	79
King David.....	81
Korea.....	83
Love Song for the Cops	85
Make It So.....	87
Merry Christmas,	89
Mi Amor	90
Minimum Wage Strike.....	91
Minnesota Gezstapo.....	92
Morning at Minnehaha.....	93
Moron.....	95
My Daughter	97
Next Attack	98
No One Is Illegal.....	99
Occupation	101
One Night In Greece	103
Operation Iraqi Liberation	104
Oppositional Defiance Disorder	106
Outside Agitator.....	108
Palestine	110
Parking Lots and Strip Malls	112
Pirate Radio Song	113
Polyamory Song.....	115
Pray for the Dead	117
Promised Land	119
Reichstag Fire	120
Resistance	122
Rinky Dink Song	124
The Saint Patrick Battalion	126
Shut Them Down	128
Sit Down To Piss	130
So Many Years Ago.....	132
Soldier On The Bum	134
Song for Ana Belen Montes.....	135
Song for Basra	137
Song for Big Mountain	139
Song for Boxcar Betty	141
Song for Eric	143
Song for Hugh Thompson.....	144
Song for My Broken Heart	145
Song for the BBB.....	146
Song for the ELF.....	148
Song for the SOA.....	150
Song for the SOA #2.....	151
Song the Songbird Sings.....	152
Stranded	154
Strike A Blow Against The Empire.....	156

Tennessee.....	158
Terror In The Skies	160
Times Gone By	161
Too Proud To Beg.....	163
Trading With The Enemy	165
T-Stop Café.....	166
Unrequited Love Song	167
Used To Be A City.....	169
Vanguard.....	170
The Village Where Nothing Happend	172
The War Is Over	174
We Are Everywhere.....	176
We Just Want the World.....	178
Welcome to the European Union.....	179
What If You Knew.....	181
Who Will Tell The People	183
Who Would Jesus Bomb?.....	186

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 2nd 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 2nd 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 2nd fret of the G string. What I call an A chord involves playing the top five strings, with my first finger on the 2nd fret of the middle D string. To play a G chord, I have my third and fourth fingers on the 5th 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 3rd 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 3rd fret of the B string and put your first finger on the 2nd fret of the middle D string. Csus is just like that but adding your second finger to the 3rd 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 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

Her hair is straight and long Like the -

fish-ing docks be - low Her face is

pale and soft Like the gent - ly fal - ling

snow Her legs run like the wind

Whip - ping through the moun - tains Her

eyes shed tears of gold Like the prec - ious

run - ning foun - tain And some - day

If I take - a no - tion I'll slip a - way A -

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

May Day Pound-ing the ground

G

Some kid pulled a trig - ger

D

And then I was dead 'Cause

D

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

G

head I was just twen-ty - four

A

Much too young to die My rea-son for

G

liv - ing I did-n't know why

D

I had no time to show What my life could be

worth Now I'm just a -

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

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

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 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fingers for the "D7" part of the chord, and put your 1st finger on the 1st 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

D A7

I can't stand the news It's al-ways the same old

G D

song A - no - ther cor - por - ate scan - dal An - oth - er sto - ry of

G A7 Bm

bad gone wrong An - oth - er cor - por - ate bail - out

G A7 Em

An - oth - er piece of the pie But it's the best de -

A7 D

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'r'in' 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

G D G

I want to write this song Be-cause it should be writ - ten

C G

now And these words should be bet - ween us As far a -

C G D G

head as time will al - low For once the suit - case

D G

has ex - plod - ed In this coun - try some call

C G

free Thoughts like these might not be to - ler - a - ted

C D G

By the time they nuke D - C

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

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

Em C

Tom Bro - kaw got on T - V And re - pea - ted the Big

D Em

Lie See the mill all board - ed up Hear the sym - pa - the - tic sigh He

C D G Em

summed it up suc - cinct - ly Wish these vic - ious words "It's your

C D Em

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

Am Am/F#

I saw the plane hit the build - ing The

Am/G Am/F# Am/G Am

flames and the bil - low - ing smoke I saw the

Am/F#

glass me - tal pa - per and stone

Am/G Am/F# Am/G Am

Ev - 'ry - thing shat - tered and broke

Am/F#

I was there with my peo - ple En - gine

Am/G Am/F# Am/G Am

Com - pa - ny Twen - ty - four

Am/F#

We marched in - to the build - ing Got as

Am/G Am/F# Am/G Am

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 - fects 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

C Em D 3

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

G C Em D

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

G C

Tell me who am I

G D G C Csus

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

G C Em D

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 safer 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 Fol - low 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

F
Filled our ranks with

C
dou - ble - deal - ing spies

G
They cor - doned

C
off a re - ser - va - tion

G
Built a wall all a -

G
round it

Am
Drove us all in - to this ghet - to

Am
And our ci - ty'd ne - ver be

C
As the Na - zi's found it

G
I re - mem - ber War - saw

D
We stood side by side

Em
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

I was born a re-fu - gee And I don't know if I'll e-ver
see The old farm - house I heard a - bout But it's where I be -
long There is no doubt 'Cause my whole fam - 'ly Is from that
farm And we ne - ver did No-bo - dy harm And if you're con -
fused by what you've heard Lem-me boil it down to a sin - gle
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 - cadés

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

In - ter - na - tion - al ter - ror - ists are schem - ing They
want to bring the plan - et to its knees They're hid - ing in their
bunk - ers and they're plot - ting With bombs and guns and bi - o - lo - gi - cal dis -
ease An - y means to reach their ends is worth pur - su - ing
If lives are lost that's the way it goes It's the game of
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

C

Poor Al Gore com - plained most bit - ter - ly The Greens had stole the vote from the

F

De - mo - cra - tic Par - ty The e - lec - tion was lost 'cause of that three per - cent And

C

now you just look at how the whole thing went You say you want the e - lec - tions to be

G

F

free and fair Let's just see how much free - dom you can bear

C

G

F

I - R - V It rhymes with de - mo - cra - cy I - R -

C

G

C

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

The Key

David Rovics

D Em
 Let me tell you 'bout-a wo-man Known as grand-ma to me She
 G D Em
 died back in Nine-teen Eigh-ty - Two She liked to tell sto-ries Of how
 G A
 things used to be Like - o - ther old la - dies do
 G D G
 There on a string a-round her neck Dang - ling in front of her
 A D Em
 heart The key to her home The key to her peo-ple The
 G A G D
 key to her world blown a - part

Note: DADGAD (see intro).

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

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

Wake up in the morn-ing Give the kids a smack Make
 sure to blame your wife for ev - 'ry soc - ial grace you lack By the
 time you get to work Your face is sign - post red You're
 stressed out from the mo - ment You get out of bed Ah, but
 you're a real man Built up brick by brick You've got
 is - sues with your e - mo - tions But you can solve them with a stick You re -
 sent all those a - bove And be - low your so - cial class But you can show them how you
 feel so well By kick - ing their ass Oh, the cops, the cops, those
 won - der - ful sops Aren't they just a bar - rel of fun The cops, the
 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 is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the beginning of each measure or group of measures. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. 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

It's six 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 *And it's morning at the*

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

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

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

do-ta people lived along this river Fished among it's

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

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

C F

Fran - coise Du - cros lost her job As Dir - ec - tor of Com - mu - ni -

G

ca - tions She was re - pre - sent - ing Ca - na - da At a meet - ing of the NA - TO

C F

na - tions When she had the gall To say what was ve - ry

G G7

clear Some - thing ev - 'ry - bo - dy knew Which they did - n't want to hear

F C Am

In the glo - bal ma - fi - a There's no doubt who's the Don But

G F G C

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)

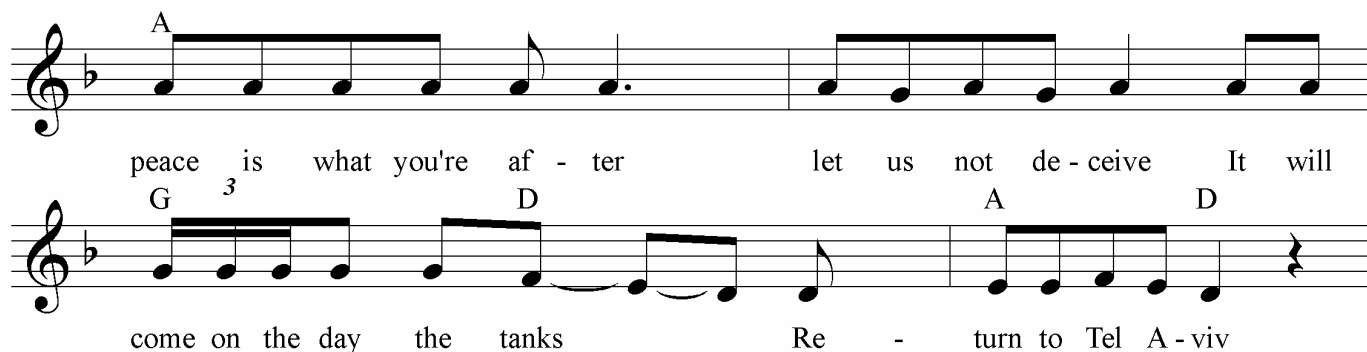
5. May the fortress walls come down
May we meet our sisters and our brothers
Stand arm and arm there in the daylight
No longer fighting one another
Will we stand together
For therein lies our might
Will we understand these words
"People of the world unite"

(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 - t'ry 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



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

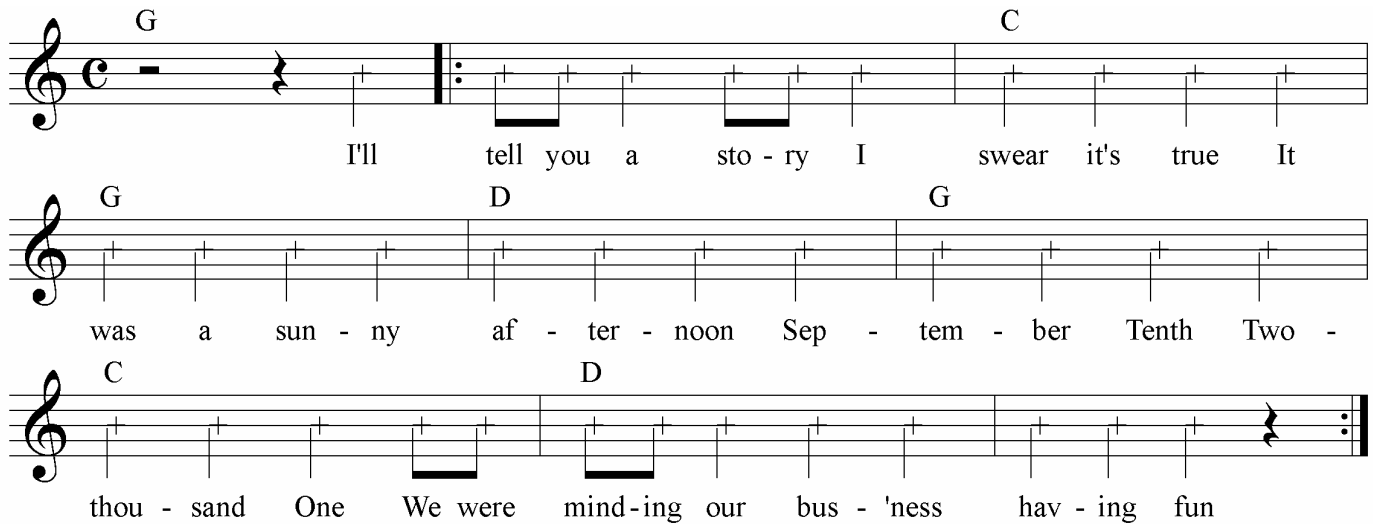
(Chorus)

*...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



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

D

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

G

par - ents did - n't like such turns of e - vents So they called up a cou - ple of

D

thugs Sent him back to U - tah locked him up and pumped him full of

A G

drugs They - say he's got prob - lems with au - tho - ri - ty Yeah this is what they

D A

claim And their psy - chi - a - tric a - na - ly - sis has e - ven got a name *Op - po -*

G D

si - tion - al De - fi - ance Dis - or - der I think I

G

got it too *Op - po - si - tion - al* De - fi - ance Dis -

A G F D

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

It was one sum - mer eve - ning When I
sal - lied forth Head - ed up to Cal - ga -
ry On the road up north So I feel I
should in - form you In case it's some - thing that you missed
Now it is of - fi - cial And I'm
on the list If you've ev - er won - dered what they
look like Then let me take a bow
'Cause I'm an out - side a - gi -
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

Dsus
 My dad - dy was an A - rab from Beer - she - va A
 Csus Dsus
 si - tu - a - tion - so un - kind My mom - ma was a re - fu - gee from
 Csus Dsus
 Ra - mal - lah Had to leave her land be - hind Now I'm a -
 G Dsus Csus
 wan - der - in' No place to call my home
 G Dsus Csus Dsus
 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 2nd fret of the G string fretted. "Csus" is an open chord starting with the A string, with the 2nd 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

This is how it start-ed It's not hard to un-der - stand From coast to coast they're
 ly - ing At a C - E - O's com - mand From Na-tion - al - ist Pub - lic
 Ra-di - o C - N - N and N - B - C Big bro - ther's spew - ing pro - pa -
 gan - da From the Dis-in-for - ma-tion Min - is - try (They say the...) *Seize the*
air-waves *Seize the time* 'Cause ly - ing to the
 peo-ple Is the re - al crime When it's all owned by cor-por - a-tions And theirs
 is the on - ly word We will seize the air-waves Speak free - ly and be
 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

C

I heard a woman talk - ing And to

G C F

me what she said just made sense She was la -

C

ment - ing the state of af - fairs How some peo - ple can be so

F

dense She said she had three won - der - ful

C F

chil - dren Two girls and thier lit - tle bro - ther And

C F G

no - bo - dy gave her prob - lems for lov - ing Each child as

G7 F

much as the oth - er But they'll say you are bad Or per -

C G C

haps you are mad Or at least you should stay un - der - co - ver

C7 F C

Your mind must be bare If you would

A7 G G7 C

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)

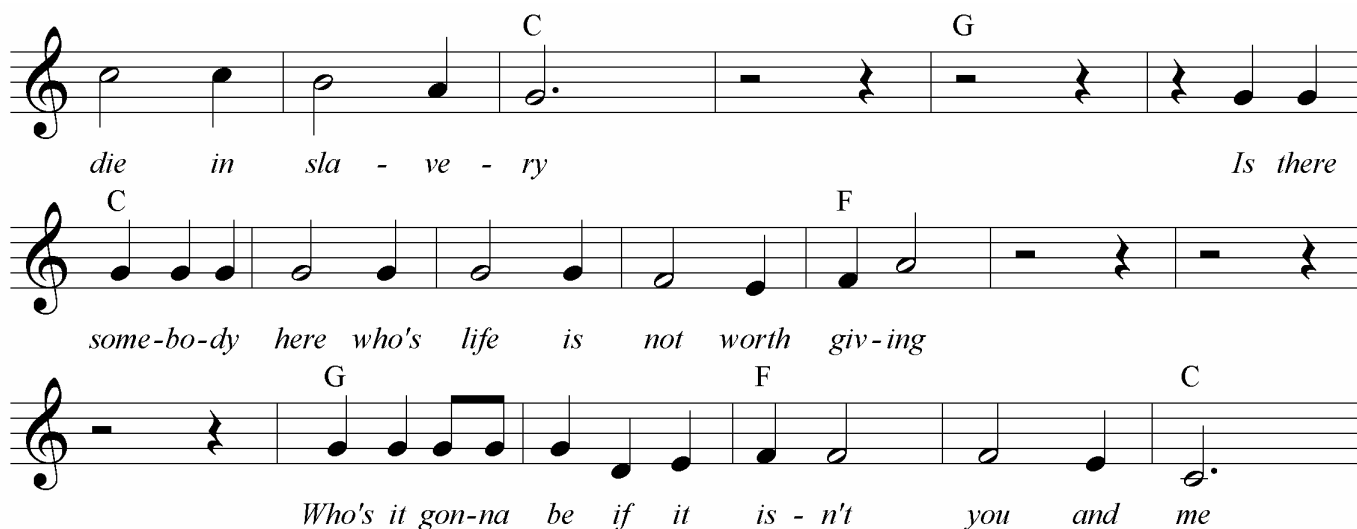
4. Each one of the four seasons
Leaves me feeling good
Sitting in the shade in summer
In the winter chopping wood
Sometimes I love cloudy days
But I also dig the sun
But I don't think I'm crazy
For having so much fun

(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



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

D

Life could have been diff - 'rent You

A

think I don't know I could have been born in

Bm G

Par - is Or in the Wis - con - sin snow

Em

But I'm from this de - sert And here I will

G A Em

stand And

A D

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 Lusitannia

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)

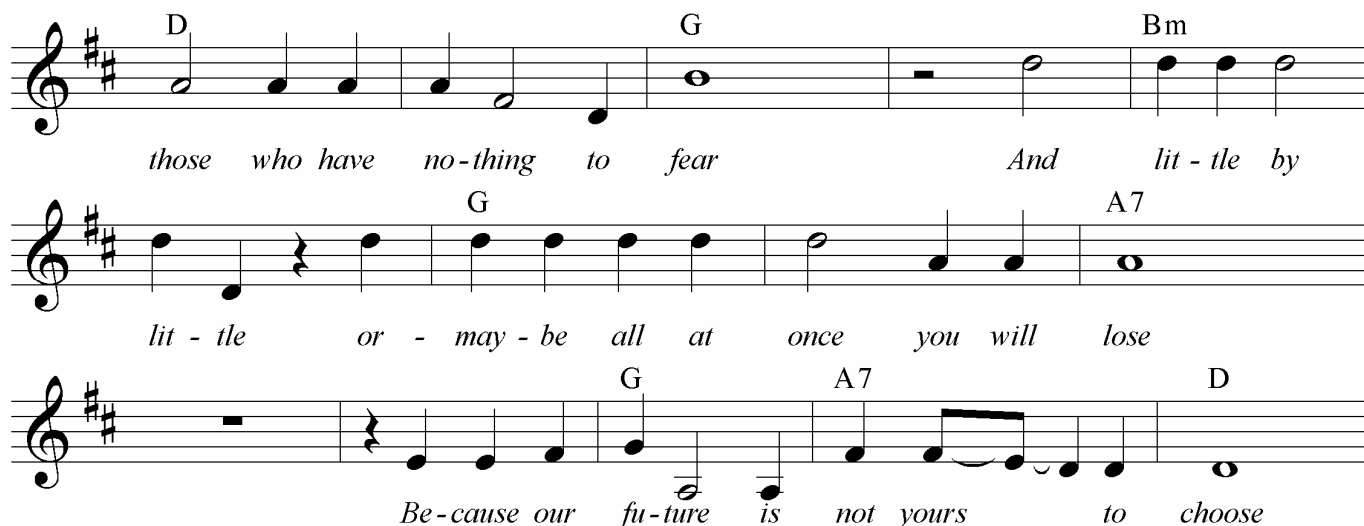
5. If you were not hiding from the truth
Then you'd have a truth commission
And not some masquerade
Kangaroo investigation
Hiring Henry Kissinger
The ancient master of deceit
To make sure all stones are left unturned
And the ruse is kept complete
And now you carry out your plans
Which you have had for 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

You can say that it's a - bout the sa - va - ges You can
 say you have a bet - ter way to live You can call it
 Man - i - fest Des - ti - ny You can talk of all your
 ci - vi - li - za - tion will give You can say that
 we're a thing of his - to - ry And pro - gress is the
 fu - ture you will bring You can send your ar - mies to these
 moun - tains You can say we'll pros - per be - neath your
 king But there will al - ways be re -
 sis - tance The next bat - tle will al - ways be near
 As long as you have ev - 'ry - thing There will be



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

My name is John Ri - ley I'll have your ear on - ly a

while I left my dear home in I - re - land It was

death star - va - tion or ex - ile And when I got to A -

me - ri - ca It was my du - ty to go

En - ter the ar - my and slog a - cross Tex - as to join in the

war a - gainst Me - xi - co From Dub - lin Ci - ty to San Di -

e - go We wit - nessed free - dom de - nied

So we formed the - Saint Pat - rick Bat - ta - li - on And we

fought on the Me - xi - can side We formed the Saint

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 Woflone
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

We shall fight them on the beaches We shall fight them on the shore They will bring us ex - ploi - ta - tion We'll bring them their class war And we'll lock down to the gates As they're spread-ing vic - ious lies They want to dom - in - ate the world And we see through their dis - guise 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 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 quie - ro mi a - mor" And you would kiss my cheek And all my troubles would drift away Like a flower 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

3 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

Our grand - par - ents were born here Their an - ces - tors
 lived with this earth The land is the peo - ple and the
 peo - ple are the land And this is the land of our birth But
 now you want to move us off this me - sa As if you can take a
 bo - dy from a soul You want to take from us our pa - ra - dise on
 earth And trade it for a moun - tain of coal *What if they were*
com - ing for your grand - ma *What if they were com - ing for your*
child *What if they were tear - ing up the - ground be - neath your*
feet E - ven tak - ing the riv - ers that were once run - ning wild
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 wonderful 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

G G D

No - thing's changed for me When I see your face I see the

Em C

dawn And like you it's filled with grace When I look in - to your

G D

eyes I see all that I have known I see a red sun -

Em C

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

See the man in his li - mo - sine In his tie and
well - pressed shirt Hop - ing that he's
not been found on the look - out for - de - sert
He knows that he is guil - ty And a
vi - sit might be paid By the ve - gan
vi - gi - lan - tes of - the bi - o - tic bak - ing - bri -
gade What's that sail - ing through the
air In the board - rooms see them shi - ver You can
spend your life hop - ing for pie in the sky but the
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

G C G

Civ - vil dis - o - be - di - ence has ma - ny per - mu - ta - tions You can

D G

block the streets in front of the U - ni - ted Na - tions You can

C G

lay down on the track Keep the nuke train out of town Or you can

C D

pour gas on the con-do And you can burn it down

Em C G

So here's a toast to the night Three cheers and a grunt

C D

To the Earth Li - be - ra - tion

Em C D G

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 -

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 thou-sand
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

D

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

A

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

D

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

G

fly You can see the birds be - neath the clouds

D A

Watch them spread their wings Lis - ten to the wind

G D

And the song the song - bird sings

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 Loeuvre

*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

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

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

line When he gave his rea - sons For his war of

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

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

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

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

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

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

C

I met a young wo-man in a din - er one day

F C

some-where in Ten - nes - see She asked me what I want-ed and she

D7 G7

brought me my break - fast of eggs bis-cuits and cof - fee

F C C/B

saw the "for sale" sign on the win-dow and I asked her how come, what

Am F C

for She said you can see the way that this town's gone by the

G C F C

boards on ev-'ry door She said the com-pa-ny came and it went And I

G C F

guess they reached their goal There used to be a beau-ti-ful moun -

C Em F

tain here Now there's just a pile of coal - - - - And

G C C/B Am

ev - 'ry-where you look you can see The coun-try-side they stole The

F C G C

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

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?

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?

(Chorus)

*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*

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

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

C F C

I saw her in the ci - ty cen - ter With a

F C F

ther-mos full of cof-fee Mak-ing the lo - cal brew On a

G

street called Sal - va - dor Al - len - - - de

F C F

Gave her a pe - so And took a sip Sat be - neath a

C F Am

palm tree It's so ea - sy to be a cri - mi - nal

F G C

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 around
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 -

C

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

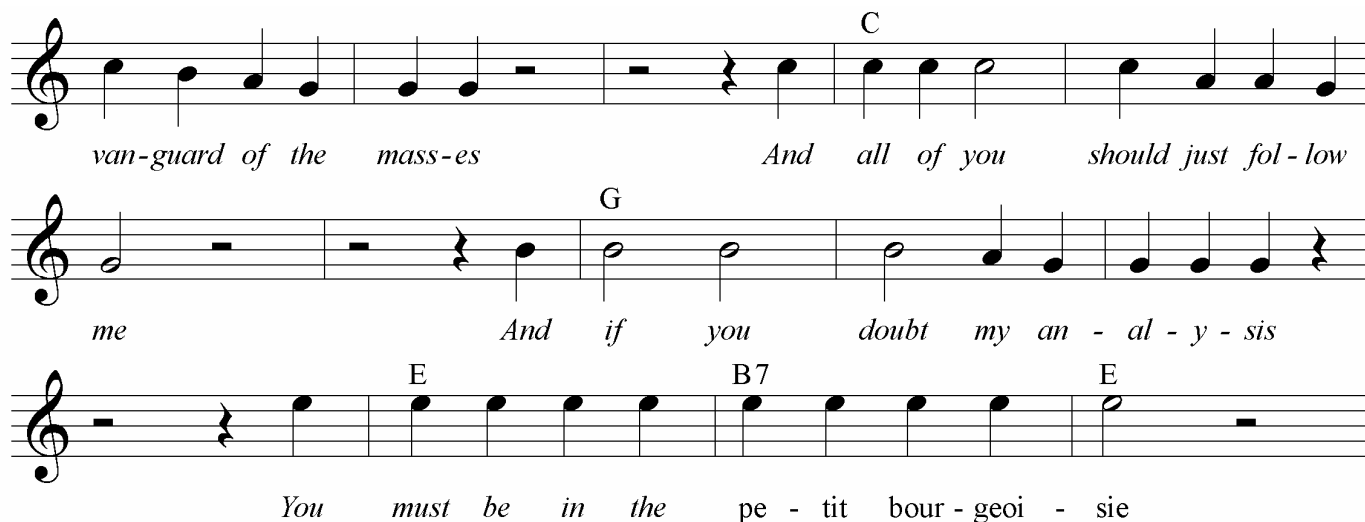
G E
truth lies with the *lum-pen* That's the

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 - pect

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



1. Worker's World says that they have all the answers
And Milosevic is a guy that they admire
The ISO says Trotsky is the man
And they'll debate it until they all expire
The industrial workers will lead the revolution
So claims the SWP
No, the truth lies among the lumpen
That's the RCP

2. The Sparts say the rest can go to hell
And everyone else is a Stalinist
The CP will just do their thing
And pretend the others don't exist
Well I had a realization this morning
When I looked into the red and dawning sun
I've figured out the truth
And I'm forming a party of one

*I am the leader of the workers
And I'll tell you why the Left is suspect
Because there's something you don't understand
Only my line is correct
'Cause I am the vanguard of the masses
And all of you should just follow me
If you doubt my analysis
You must be in the petty bourgeoisie*

3. But I am not sectarian
It's all the rest who are
I work fine in coalitions
As long as I'm the shining star
So bow down to your master
The lastest V.I. Lenin
And off to the camps to all of you
Who'd say, "not this again"

(Chorus)

4. And I'll have no music at my protests
And none of that goddamn puppetry
I'll just have some somber slogans
No decadent frivolity
My chants will be the right ones
Just the ones that should be said
And my banners we'll wave proudly
Just the proper shade of red

5. And I will build the party if it kills me
I am solely dedicated to the cause
If I have to stab you in the back
This won't give me pause
'Cause my platform will take us forward
And the ends always justify the means
And you must step aside behind me
Be you Quakers, Jews, anarchists or greens

(Chorus)

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

G E7

I land - ed in Den - mark and there was Burg - er

A7 D7 G

King And a red and white sign say - ing "Coke's the real thing" - The Ti -

C G E7 A7

tan - nic was sink - ing at the lo - cal Cin - e - plex And the kids were

D7 C D7

chomp - in' on Corn Chex Wel - come to the Eu - ro - pe - an

G A7 D7

Un - - - ion It's e - volv - ing ev - 'ry day

C D7 G

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

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

Am F

The C - I - A is sel-ling crack in the ghet-toes of L - A While the

G F G Am

food crops in Co - lom - bi - a get sprayed by the D - E - A The F - B -

F

I is read-ing your e-mail with some-thing called the Car - ni - vore And the

G F G Am

rich are get-ting rich - er while the poor are stay-ing poor They're launch - ing

F G

nu - clear pow-ered ships up in - to space One lit - tle

F G Am

ac - ci - dent could wipe out half the hu - man race They're put-ting ra - di - o - ac - tive

F G

waste in - to your sil - ver - ware Or may - be your toast-er or per -

F G Am F G

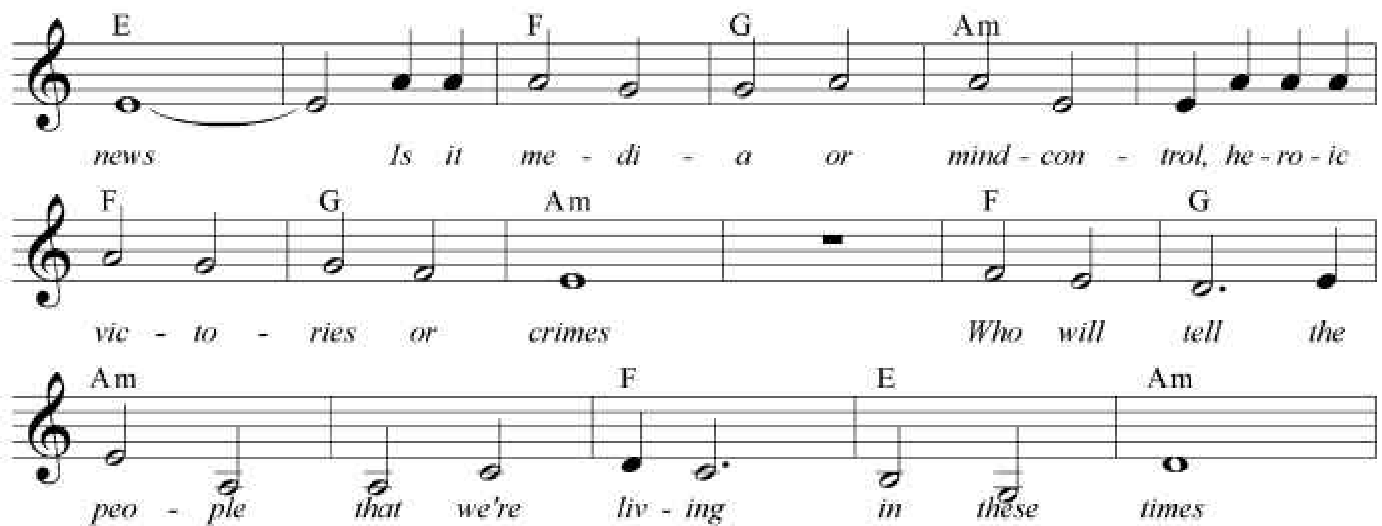
haps your wheel chair *Who will tell the*

Am F E

peo-ple that free speech is a ruse The cor-por-

F G Am F

a - tions run the coun - try And then they make the



1. The CIA is pushing crack in the ghettoes 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?