

## Wilco

# "My Thirty Thousand"

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Paul Robeson, he's the man  
That faced the Ku Klux Klan  
On hollow grove's golfing ground  
His words come sounding

And all around him there  
To jump and clap and cheer  
I sent the best I had, the best I had  
My thirty thousand

The Klansman leader said  
That Paul would lose his head  
When thirty five thousand vets  
Broke up that concert

But less than four thousand came  
To side with the Klan  
But around Paul's lonesome oak  
My thirty thousand

A beersoaked brassy band  
Did snortle round the grounds  
Four hundred noblest souls  
Westchester's manhood

And they looked exactly like  
The fleas on a tiger's back  
Lost fish in the waters of  
My thirty thousand

When Paul had sung and gone  
And the kids and babies home  
Cops came with guns and clubs  
And they clubbed and beat 'em

Well, I'd hate to be a cop  
Caught with a bloody stick  
'Cause you can't bash the brains  
Out of thirty thousand

Each eye you tried to gouge  
Each skull you tried to crack

Has a thousand, thousand friends  
Around this green grass

If you furnish the skull someday  
I'll pass out the clubs and guns  
To the billion hands that love  
My thirty thousand

Each wrinkle on your face  
I know it at a glance  
You cannot run and hide  
Nor duck nor dodge them

And your carcass and your deeds  
Will fertilize the seeds  
Of the men that stood to guard  
My thirty thousand  
Of the men that stood to guard  
My thirty thousand

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