

Woody Guthrie "The Farmer-Labor Train"

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From the high Canadian Rockies to the land of Mexico,
City and the country, wherever you may go,
Through the wild and windy weather, the sun and sleet
and rain,
Comes a-whistlin' through the country this Farmer-
Labor train.

Listen to the jingle and the rumble and the roar,
She's rollin' through New England to the West Pacific
shore.
It's a long time we've been waitin', now she's been
whistlin' 'round the bend,
Roll on into Congress on that Farmer-Labor train.

There's lumberjacks and teamsters and sailors from
the sea,
There's farmin' boys from Texas and the hills of
Tennessee,
There's miners from Kentucky, there's fishermen from
Maine;
Every worker in the country rides that Farmer-Labor
train.

There's warehouse boys and truckers and guys that
skin the cats,
Men that run the steel mills, the furnace and the blast,
Through the smoky factory cities, o'er the hot and
dusty plains,
And the cushions they are crowded, on this Farmer-
Labor train.

Listen to the jingle and the rumble and the roar,
She's rollin' through New England to the West Pacific
shore.
It's a long time we've been waitin', now she's been
whistlin' 'round the bend,
Ride on on into Congress on that Farmer-Labor train.

There's folks of every color and they're ridin' side by
side
Through the swamps of Louisiana and across the Great
Divide,
From the wheat fields and the orchards and the lowing

cattle range,
And they're rolling onto victory on this Farmer-Labor
train.

This train pulled into Washington a bright and happy
day,
When she steamed into the station you could hear the
people say:
"There's that Farmer-Labor Special, she's full of union
men
Headin' onto White House on the Farmer-Labor train."

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