

Bob Dylan

"George Jackson"

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I woke up this mornin'
There were tears in my bed
They killed a man I really loved
Shot him through the head

Lord, Lord
They cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

They sent him off to prison
For a seventy-dollar robbery
They closed the door behind him
And they threw away the key

Lord, Lord
They cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

He wouldn't take shit from no one
He wouldn't bow down or kneel
Authorities, they hated him
Because he was just too real

Lord, Lord
They cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

The prison guards, they watched him
As they cursed him from above
But they were frightened of his power
They were scared of his love

Lord, Lord
So they cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

Sometimes I think this whole world
Is one big prison yard

Some of us are prisoners
Some of us are guards

Lord, Lord
They cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

Lord, Lord
They cut George Jackson down
Lord, Lord
They laid him in the ground

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