

Joan Baez "Christmas In Washington"

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It's Christmas time in Washington
The Democrats rehearsed
Getting into gear for four more years
A things not getting worse

The Republicans drink whiskey neat
And thanked their lucky stars
He cannot seek another term
They'll be no more FDR

I sat home in Tennessee
Staring at the screen
An uneasy feeling in my chest
I'm wondering what it means

So come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now
Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again somehow

And if you run into Jesus
Maybe He can help you out
Come back Woody Guthrie
To us now

I followed in your footsteps once
Back in my traveling days
But somewhere I failed to find your trail
Now I'm stumbling through the haze

But there's killers on the highway now
And folks can't get around
So I sold my soul for wheels that roll
Now I'm stuck here in this town

So come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now
Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again somehow

And if you run into Jesus
Maybe He can help us out

Come back Woody Guthrie
To us now

There's foxes in the hen house now
And cows out in the corn
The unions have been busted
And their proud banner's torn

To listen to the radio
You'd think that all was well
But you and me and most folks know
It's going straight to hell

So come back Mahatma Gandhi
And rise up, old Joe Hill
The barricades are coming down
And they cannot shake our will

And come back to us, Malcolm X
And Martin Luther King
We're marching into Selma
As the bells of freedom ring

Come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now
Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again somehow

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