

Crosby Stills Nash

"49 Bye-Byes/America's Children"

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Stephen Stills

Forty nine reasons all in a line

All of them good ones, all of them lies

Drifting with my lady, we're oldest of friends

Need a little work and there's fences to mend
Steady girl, she was my world

Till the drifter come, now she's gone

I let that man play his hand

I let them go, how was I to know

I'm down on my knees, nobody left to please
Now it's over, they left in the spring

Her and the drifter, lookin' for beautiful things
And I want you to clap your hands

Awww Come on and clap your hands everybody

Yeah all right yeah all right yeah

And a little bit louder now

A little bit louder now

And a little bit louder now

Yes and a little bit louder now

Oh, you know there's something happening here

What it is ain't exactly clear

Yes there's a man with a gun over there

Telling me I got to be ware

And we got to stop children, what's that sound

Look what's going down

Ahh look what's going down
All right

What a field day, what a heat

Must have been a thousand people standing in the
street

Singing songs and carrying signs

Come on, mostly say "hurray for our side"

And we got to stop children, what's that sound

Everybody look what's going down

All right, what's going down ah yes

Well it looks to me like there's a few politicians hanging
around children
Purporting some kind of myth on us all all right

Taking bout what a drag all the kids are yeah aahh

Cause they got the guts to get out in the strees and tell
the truth every day aahh yes

Making it a little hot for them, you know all right

But you know that we're all just out there proving to

Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew and Richard Dailey and
all them other,

well whatever you want to call them

That America is still the home of the brave oh yes it is

And you got to be brave children

How many is it that they shot down already?

Something like seventeen of us.

But you know we gotta do it

We gotta keep on keeping on

Because if we don't do it nobody else is gonna

But you know if we can't do it with a smile on our face

You know if we can't love in our hearts then children we
ain't got no right to do it at all

Because it just means we ain't learned nothing yet

We're supposed to be some kind of different Ahhh

Whoa Whoa Whoa oh yes

And I don't know if I want white America to remember
or to forget

That Jesus Christ was the first non-violent revolutionary

Dig it ohh Dig it ooh right on Dig it yeah
You know that paranoia it strikes deep

Into your life it's going to creep

And it starts when you're always afraid

Step out of line the man comes

He's going to shoot you down
We've got to stop hey now what's that sound

Yeah we've got to stop and what's that sound yes

We've got to stop hey children what's that sound

What's going down oh yeah

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