

Rage Against The Machine

"The Ghost Of Tom Jones"

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Men walking along the railroad tracks
Going someplace there's no going back
Highway patrol choppers coming up over the ridge
Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge
Shelter line stretching round the corner
Welcome to the new world order
Families sleeping in their cars in the southwest
No home no job no peace no rest

The highway is alive tonight
But nobody's kiddin' nobody about where it goes
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light
Searching for the ghost of Tom Jones

He pulls prayer book out of his sleeping bag
Preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag
Waiting for when the last shall be first and the first
shall be last
In a cardboard box neath the underpass
Got a one-way ticket to the promised land
You got a hole in your belly and gun in your hand
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock
Bathing in the city aqueduct

The highway is alive tonight
But where it's headed everybody knows
I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
Waiting on the ghost of Tom Jones

Tom said "Mom, wherever there's a cop beating a guy
Wherever a hungry newborn baby cries
Where there's a fight against the blood and hatred in
the air
Look for me Mom I'll be there
Wherever there's somebody fighting for a place to
stand
Or decent job or a helping hand
Wherever somebody's struggling to be free
Look in their eyes Mom you'll see me."

The highway is alive tonight
But nobody's kidding nobody about where it goes

I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
With the ghost of old Tom Joad

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