

The Village Stompers

"Washington Square"

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From Cape Cod Light to the Mississip', to San Francisco Bay,
They're talkin' 'bout this famous place, down Greenwich Village way.
They hootenanny all the time with folks from everywhere,
Come Sunday morning, rain or shine, right in Washington Square.

An' so I got my banjo out, jes' sittin', catchin' dust,
An' painted right across the case: "Greenwich Village or Bust!"
My folks were sad to see me go, but I got no meanin' there.
So I said, "Goodbye, Kansas, Mo. And hello, Washington Square!"

Near Tennessee, I met a guy who played 12-string guitar.
He also had a mighty voice, not to mention a car.
Each time he hit those bluegrass chords, you sure smelled mountain air,
I said, "Don't waste it on the wind. C'mon to Washington Square."

In New Orleans, we saw a gal a-walkin' with no shoes,
An' from her throat there comes a growl, she sure was singin' the blues.
She sang for all humanity, this gal with raven hair.
I said, "It's for the world to hear, C'mon to Washington Square."

We cannonballed into New York on good old US 1,
Till up ahead we saw the arch, a-gleamin' bright in the sun.
As far as all the eye could see, ten thousand folks was there,
And singin' in sweet harmony right in Washington Square.

Say how's about a freedom song, or the ole' "Rock Island Line"!

Or how's about the dust-bowl crop, or men who work in
a mine?
The songs and legends of our land is gold we all can
share,
So come and join us folks who stand and sing in
Washington Square.

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