## Old Crow Medicine Show "I Hear Them All"

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I hear the crying of the hungry In the deserts where they're wandering Hear them crying out for Heaven's own Benevolence upon them

Hear destructive power prevailin' I hear fools falsely hailin' To the crooked wits of tyrants When they call

I hear them all I hear them all I hear them all

I hear the sounds of tearing pages And the roar of burnin' paper All the crimes and acquisitions Turned to air and ash, and vapor

And the rattle of the shackle Far beyond emancipator And the lowliest Who gather in their stalls

I hear them all I hear them all I hear them all

So while you sit and whistle, 'Dixie' With your money and your power I can hear the flowers growin' In the rubble of the towers

I hear leaders quit their lyin' I hear babies quit their cryin' I hear soldiers quit their dyin' One and all

I hear them all I hear them all I hear them all I hear the tender words from Zion I hear Noah's water fall Hear the gentle Lamb of Judas Sleeping at the feet of Buddha

And the Prophets from Elijah To the old Paiute Wovoka Take their places at the table When they're called

I hear them all

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