

## Meeting Woody Guthrie in the Sky

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I hope to heaven that when I die  
I meet Woody Guthrie in the sky  
and then upon a dust-bowly cloud  
we'll find the grace to sing aloud,  
and that the Heavens won't debar  
the using of a stringed guitar,  
though usually the angel choir  
prefers to playÂ the harp or lyre.

When Woody asks how things have bin  
in the world of strife and sin,  
I'll sayÂ spud soup's 'bout just as thin  
asÂ when on earth heÂ still couldÂ sing.  
(Them politicians can see through it  
Like a lump of mama'sÂ suet)

I'll say the Yanks go marching in  
where many have to die  
but again they're going to win  
a war against some Arab guy,  
Osama Bin Ladin, bad boy,  
Osama Bin Ladin

I'll not omit to mention  
George (Junior) Walker Bush,  
who has the bold intention

to give all terrorists the push.

Robbers at homeÂ less often use  
the six gun than back then  
for they prefer the gentle ruse  
and still the fountain pen,  
and still the fountain pen.

Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan,  
may join us by and by,  
And though they sure are getting on,  
may they live long ere they die,  
may they live long ere they die.

And then we'll do an earthbound tour,  
in stadium, field orÂ sewer,  
for like Joe Hill we'll return  
from grave or tomb or dusty urn  
as long as workers claim their right  
and songsters acclaim their fight.  
till everything is globalised  
and unions have been pulverized.

Till then, till then we'll sing along,  
till then we'll sing our song.

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