

Meeting Woody Guthrie in the Sky

Â

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.

Â