

* Intro +
Hard

TEN OF
25
Woody Guthrie
SONGS

BOOK
ONE

BIGGEST THING
TRUE LOVE
GRAND COOLEE DAM
JACKHAMMER JOHN
THIS LAND
TALKING BLUES
SHIP IN THE SKY
EAST TEXAS RED
BED ON YOUR FLOOR
HARD TRAVELING



APRIL 3RD 1945
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220 MERMAID AVE., BROOKLYN, 24, NEW YORK

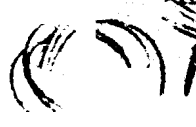
INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

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BOOK ONE

BOOK

TEN



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Woody Guthrie (254)

IN THESE TEN SONGS you will hear a lot of music of a lot of races. Songs of every color. Every people loves and copies the songs and the music, the ideas, the customs, of all the other races

SONGS LIKE THESE soak into every wall, call, factory, every hull of every ship, every hammer coming down on every anvil, every seed falling down into every row, every hand moving, every dust rag, a wheel, a lever, a dial, a handle, a button push.

IF YOU WILL LISTEN TO YOURSELF while you do your work you will hear yourself hum and sing your own song about your work. You are making up a folk song. You have really made up a folk ballad. If you take the time to write down all of these words and tunes in your own mind about the folks that you know you will be famous as a composer.

I HAVE NEVER HEARD a nation of people sing an editorial out of a paper. A man sings about the little things that help him or hurt his people and he sings of what has got to be done to fix this world like it ought to be. These songs are singing history. History is being sung. I have sung them in several hundred Union Halls and not one single time have I seen them fail. People clap and yell, get hot and sweat, unloosen their collars, and sing on for hours.

OUR SHIPS ARE MANNED BY MEN OF ALL TONGUES and colors and I saw the whole world there before my eyes while I sang to the men a dozen spells a day, between working hours washing dishes. No matter who you are or where you're from, no matter what your color or your language, you will taste, hear, see and feel an old spark of your whole life somewhere in these songs. Cubans, Mexicans, Philipinos, Chinese, Scotch, Irish, Russian, French and German, all have told me, "This sounds exactly like it is in my country". These songs are a world mixture. The tunes and the words have been sung across all of the oceans by all of us, and up out of the past dark centuries.

I HAVE WALKED AND LISTENED to these songs in the Tennessee Valley and heard versions on top of Pike's Peak and along the Columbia River. But I did not hear any of them on the radio. I did not hear any of them in the movie house. I did not hear a single ounce of our history being sung on the nickel juke box. The Big Boys don't want to hear our history of blood, sweat, work, and tears, of slums, bad housing, diseases, big blisters or big callouses, nor about our fight to have unions and free speech and a family of nations. But the people want to hear about all of these things in every possible way. The playboys and the playgals don't work to make our history plain to us nor to point out to us which road to travel next. They hire out to hide our history from us and to point toward every earthly stumbling block.

TEN SONGS-2-

HOLLYWOOD SONGS DON'T LAST. Broadway songs are ~~sprinkled~~ sprayed with hundreds of thousands of dollars to get them sprouted and going. They sprout, they burst, they bloom and they fade. Wagon loads of your good money are shoveled and scattered onto them, but they are not our true history and we don't take them deep into our heart.

THE MONOPOLY ON MUSIC pays a few bad writers to go screwy trying to write and rewrite the same old notes under the same old formulas and the same old patterns. The songs have no guts. They sound sissified, timid, the spinning dreams of a bunch of neurotic screwballs. How can they be otherwise when they have no connection with the work and the fight of the whole human race? They are bad. They are hurtful, poisonous, complascent, distracting, full of jerky headaches and jangled nerves. I have seen soldiers and sailors on ships sail these insane records over into the water by the dozens. I have heard fighting men in war zones scream and demand that the gibberly radio be shut off or it would be smashed.

SEVERAL MILLION SKULLS HAVE BEEN CRACKED WHILE OUR HUMAN RACE has worked and fought its way up to be union. Do the big bands and the orgasm gals sing a single solitary thing about that? No. Not a croak. Our spirit of work and sacrifice they cannot sing about because their brain is bought and paid for by the big Money Boys who own and control them and who hate our world union. They hate our real songs, our fight songs, our work songs, our union songs, because these are the Light of Truth and the mind of the racketeer cannot face our Light. I would not care so much how they choose to waste their own personal lives but it is your money that they are using to hide your own history from you and to make your future a worse one. Some day you will have a voice in how all of your money is spent and then your songs will have some meaning. The British Government and the Soviets were forced to take over all of these things and their songs, records, and programs are a thousand times better, they had to milk out all traces of complacency, sissiness, cowardliness, and tendencies to run and hide, or to turn into a nation of jerks. They took away all racial hatred, racial teasing, racial insults, racial jokes that were narrow and shallow, and it has been for the good of their people. They sing of the dignity of the work of the people and no racketeer cashes in on foney sexual fits. Workers smile and work and soldiers smile and fight, with no rattle brained mouth frothers to wreck your nerves.

THE BIGGEST THING

This is a Bible Story sort of brought up to streamline. It's told like a big tall tale but I'll stand for the truth of it. I'll meet any living person in a public debate at high noon on the green grass of Union Square to prove that it is nothing but pure unwatered ~~gasplated~~ facts. Never do I stretch the facts even a smillionth of an inch. I tell you how a man jumped up across the ocean and I guess you know him well, his name is Adolph Hitler, we'll burn his soul in hell. This world is digging Slavery's grave and when this work is done that will be the biggest thing that man has ever done.

GRAND COOLEE DAM

If you ever want to build a house or light up a town, or bring the people power, the secret is this: Sing about your people, not about your millionaire play folks. The rich ones hired airplanes full of entertainers and stars to come up to Oregon, Washington, Montana and Wyoming and tell the people that they didn't need no Coolee Dam at all, that is, not for the next couple of centuries. Take too much work and materials and would make the wheels run entirely too nice and light up the country entirely too bright. The world didn't need no more houses with electricity in them, no more factory towns singing with light metals and aluminum, no more flying fortresses zipping through the clouds. Then I sung another little song to sort of put these airplane loads of fones back in their place.

THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME: After we built the Coolee Dam we had to sell the people out there a lot of bonds to get the money to buy the copper wire and high lines and pay a whole big bunch of people at work and I don't know what all. We called them Public Utility Bonds, just about like a War Bond, same thing. (And a lot of politicians told the folks not to buy them but we sold them anyhow). The main idea about this song is, you think about these Eight words all the rest of your life and they'll come a bubbling up into Eighty Jillion all Union. Try it and see. THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

HARD TRAVELLING

This is a song about the hard traveling of the working people, not the moonstruck mystic traveling of the professional vacationists. Song about a man that has rode the flat wheelers, kicked up cinders, dumped the red hot slag, hit the hard rock tunneling, hard harvesting, the hard rock jail, looking for a woman that's hard to find.

JACKHAMMER JOHN

I guess I went by a million names and nobody knows me yet. And I don't guess I even know my own self yet. Maybe I don't know my own country here yet. I danced my duck on the whippachuck and skippered the blue canoe. I outworked old Paul Bunyan and six of his blue babe oxes. I can knock down more rock with my jackhammer in ten minutes than old Pecos Bill can by riding a cyclone to a dead stop. I hired out up here on this Saint Lawrence Seaway just lately and I ain't seen nobody around here that can turn out half as much work with both hands as I can with one. My name's Jackhammer John and I say we need more seaways, more shipways, more skyways, shiptrails and barge lines, more loading ports and more hands at work around here. My old jackhammer runs white hot to win this war and to kill fascism, but she runs a lot hotter to build this old world back up again. Gonna be a mighty nice old world to look at when we all get to working together on her.

BED ON YOUR FLOOR

I sing this song mainly just to make you think that I had a little run in with a man and had to lay him dead down on the floor, that the sheriff's on my trail with his big forty four, that the clock's striking midnight with daylight to go. But the mainest reason why I'm singing it is just to get to lay my head in a bed on your floor.

TALKING BLUES. Me walking. Me a talkin. Out of my way folks this is me. Just me just me. You don't have to tell me who I am, I already know it's me. I know you're likeing it and it's tickling me smack smooth to death.

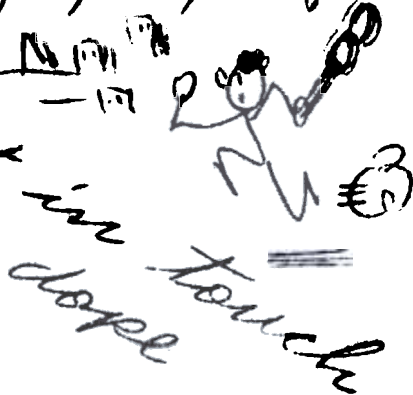
EAST TEXAS RED is a tale that I heard riding the freights and bumming around down along the Southeast Texas Gulf. Story of a man that thinks (or thought) like a fascist, I mean like a bully, or something super drooper. He thought he could push other folks around or sock them in jail if they sasssed him back. He had the power to make a work slave out of you just for speaking your mind in front of him. He thought that no human brain was supposed to operate except his own. He caused hundreds and thousands off men, woman, kids to worry, to wonder, to walk the long walk, to bow down their heads and cry. Red and men like him have been a part of an old wore out slave system in a lot of states, actually giving him the power of a Nazi Storm Trooper. This song will show you that East Texas Red didn't get his business fixed.

DON'T LIE TO ME. Song about a family that worked on the railroad. Built the railroad. Killed by the railroad. Never did ride the nice big easy coach nor drive the big engine on account of a disease called Jim Crow. A disease as bad if not worse than the cancer. But now we're fighting a war to kill every trace of this plague called White (or any other color) Supremacy. Jim Crow and Fascism are one and the same vine. And this song will be sung by me and by you a thousand years after fascism is killed, this song we'll sing the first thing in the morning of our new union world. I know. I know because I just happen to be the daddy of all of this whole big family of nations. A song about a family by the big fast railroad that always whistled on past them. You will sing this story like this was your family because this song will go to show you that we are all in the same big family. I got some awful wise children. They'll build some awful fast railroads in the air.



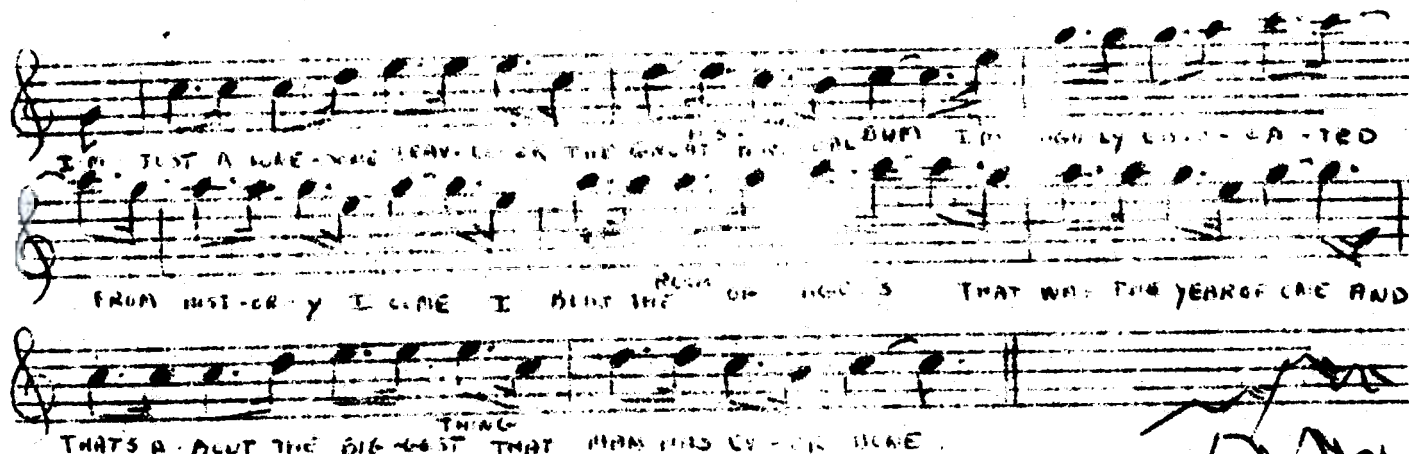
Woody Guthrie
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If you want to get in touch with me, here is the dope
Variety Programs
80 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 11
PHONE GR. 3-3323

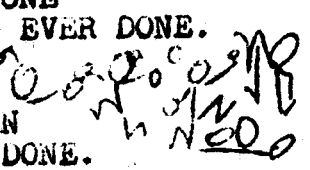
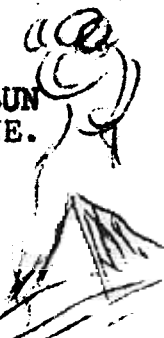
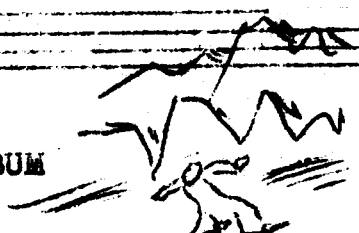


FASCISM FOUGHT
INDOORS AND OUT
GOOD & BAD WEATHER
EMPTV HA 15

THE BIGGEST THING
 THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE
 Words and Music byWoody Guthrie



I'M JUST A LONESOME TRAVELER THE GREAT HISTORICAL BUM
 I'M HIGHLY EDUCATED FROM HISTORY I HAVE COME
 I BUILT THE ROCK OF AGES THAT WAS THE YEAR OF ONE
 AND THAT WAS ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.
 I WORKED THE GARDEN OF EDEN 'T WAS IN THE YEAR OF TWO
 JOINED THE APPLE PICKER'S UNION AND ALWAYS PAID MY DUE
 I'M THE MAN THAT SIGNED THE CONTRACT TO RAISE THE RISING SUN
 AND THAT WAS ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAD EVER DONE.
 I WAS STRAW BOSS ON THE PYRAMIDS AND TOWER OF BABEL TOO
 I OPENED UP THE OCEAN LET THE MIGRANT CHILDREN THROUGH
 I FOUGHT A MILLION BATTLES AND I NEVER LOST A ONE
 THAT'S ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAD EVER DONE.
 I BEAT THE DARING ROMAN AND I BEAT THE DARING TURK
 DEFEATED NERO'S ARMY WITH THIRTY MINUTES WORK
 I MET THE GREATEST LEADERS AND LICKED THEM EVERY ONE
 THAT WAS ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAD EVER DONE.
 I WAS IN THE REVOLUTION WHEN WE SET THE COUNTRY FREE
 ME AND A COUPLE OF INDIANS THAT DUMPED THE BOSTON TEA
 WON THE BATTLE AT VALLEY FORGE AND BATTLE OF BULLY RUN
 AND THAT'S ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.
 THERE'S A MAN ACROSS THE OCEAN AND I GUESS YOU KNOW HIM WELL
 HIS NAME IS ADOLPH HITLER AND I'LL BURN HIS SOUL IN HELL
 I KICKED HIM IN HIS PANZERS AND I PUT HIM ON THE RUN
 AND THAT'S ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE
 THERE'S WAREHOUSE GUYS AND TEAMSTERS AND GUYS THAT SKIN THE CATS
 WOMEN THAT RUN THE BIG MILL THE FURNACE AND THE BLAST
 WE'LL STOP THESE AXIS RATTLESNAKES AND THIEVES OF OLD NIPPON
 AND THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.
 THERE MINES AND MILLS AND FACTORIES THAT RUN FOR THIS BIG LAND
 BACKING UP THE SERVICE MEN THAT FIGHT ON EVERY HAND
 THE JOB IS AWFUL TOUGH AND WILL TAKE US EVERY ONE
 BUT THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.
 WELL I BETTER QUIT MY TALKING 'CAUSE I TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW
 BUT PLEASE REMEMBER PARDNER WHEREVER YOU MAY GO
 THE WORLD IS DIGGING SLAVERY'S GRAVE AND WHEN THE JOB IS DONE
 THIS'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.



LIKE TO HAVE
 YOUR IDEAS
 FOR MY NEXT
 SONG BOOK. W.G.

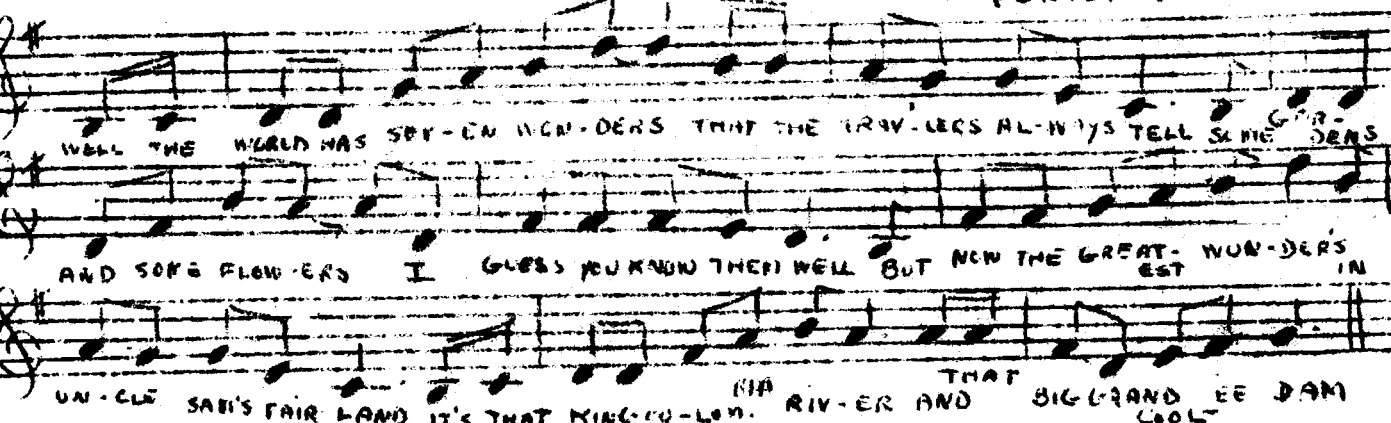
 THIS WORLD IS YOUR WORLD TAKE IT EASY BUT TAKE IT

BIG GRAND COOLEE DAM

Words and music by Woody Guthrie

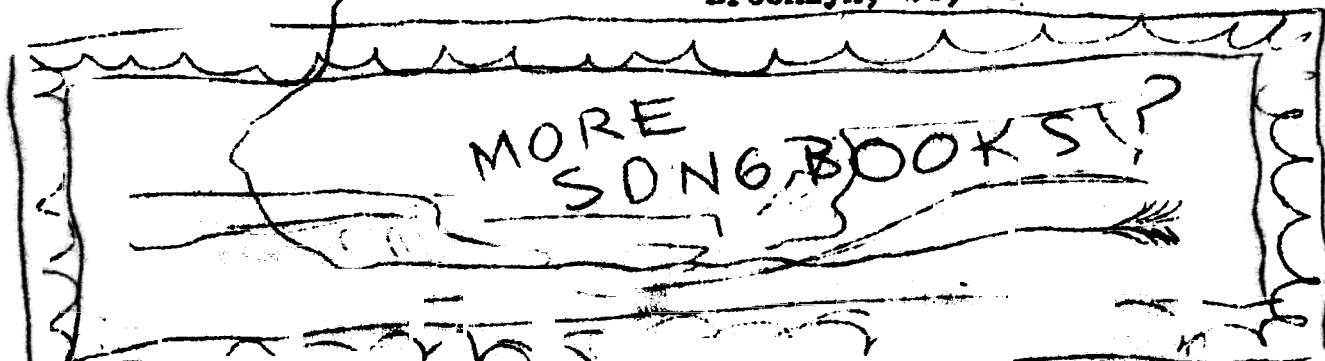
ASCH RECORDS

RECORDED BY U.S. DEPT. INTERIOR BONNEVILLE POWER ADMIN. PORTLAND ORE.



WELL THE WORLD HAS SEVEN WONDERS THAT THE TRAVELERS ALWAYS TELL
 SOME GARDENS AND SOME FLOWERS I GUESS YOU KNOW THEM WELL
 BUT NOW THE GREATEST WONDER IS IN UNCLE SAM'S FAIR LAND
 IT'S THAT KING COLUMBIA RIVER AND THAT BIG GRAND COOLEE DAM!
 SHE HEADS UP THE CANADIAN ROCKIES WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS GLIDE
 COMES RUMBLING DOWN HER CANYON TO MEET THAT SALTY TIDE
 OF THAT WIDE PACIFIC OCEAN WHERE THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST
 IN THAT BIG GRAND COOLEE COUNTRY THE LAND I LOVE THE BEST.
 SHE WINDS DOWN HER GRANITE CANYON AND SHE BENDS ACROSS THE LEA
 LIKE A SILVER RUNNING STALLION DOWN HER SEAWAY TO THE SEA
 CAST YOUR EYES UPON THE GREATEST THING YET BUILT BY HUMAN HANDS
 ON THAT KING COLUMBIA RIVER IT'S THAT BIG GRAND COOLEE DAM.
 IN THAT MISTY CRYSTAL GLITTER OF HER WILD AND WINDWARD SPRAY
 WE CARVED A MIGHTY HISTORY OF THE SACRIFICES MADE
 SHE RIPPED OUR BOATS TO SPLINTERS BUT SHE GAVE US DREAMS DREAM
 OF THE DAY THE COOLEE DAM WOULD CROSS THAT WILD AND WASTED STREAM
 WE ALL TOOK UP THIS CHALLENGE IN THE YEAR OF THIRTY THREE
 FOR THE FARMER AND THE FACTORY AND ALL OF YOU AND ME
 WE SAID, ROLL ALONG COLUMBIA, YOU CAN RAMBLE TO YOUR SEA
 BUT RIVER WHILE YOU'RE RAMBLING YOU CAN DO A LITTLE WORK FOR ME!
 NOW IN WASHINGTON AND OREGON YOU HEAR THE FACTORIES HUM
 MAKING CHROME AND MAKING MANGANESE AND LIGHT ALUMINUM
 AND YOU SEE A FLYING FORTRESS WING HER WAY FOR FREEDOM LAND
 SPAWNED UP ON THAT KING COLUMBIA BY THAT BIG GRAND COOLEE DAM.

For more copies of this song book: **WOODY GUTHRIE**
3520 Mermaid Avenue,
Brooklyn, 24, New York



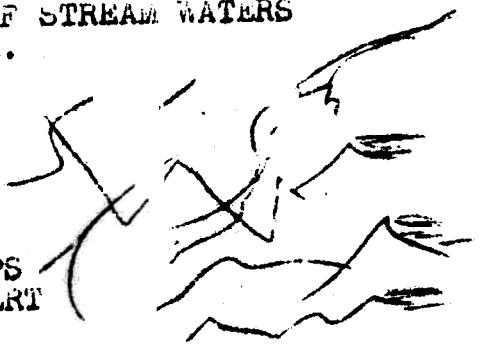
THIS LAND
 Words and music by: W. Woolfthrie



AS I GO WALKING THIS RIBBON OF HIGHWAY
 I SEE ABOVE ME THIS ENDLESS SKYWAY
 AND ALL AROUND ME THE WIND KEEPS SAYING:
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

CHORUS: THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND. THIS LAND IS MY LAND.
 FROM THE REDWOOD FOREST TO THE NEW YORK ISLAND
 THE CANADIAN MOUNTAIN TO THE GULF STREAM WATERS
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

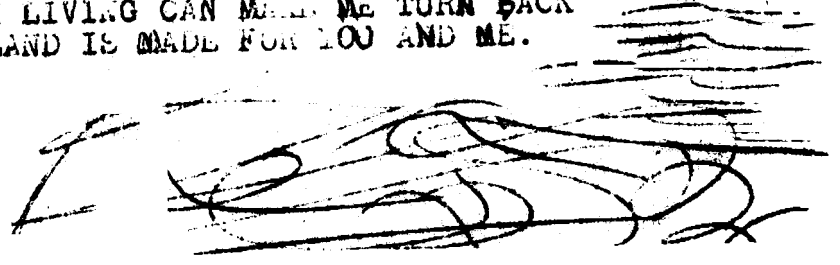
AS I GO WALKING THIS RIBBON OF HIGHWAY
 I SEE ABOVE ME THIS ENDLESS SKYWAY
 AND ALL AROUND ME THE WIND KEEPS SAYING:
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.



I ROAM AND I RAMBLE AND I FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS
 TILL I COME TO THE SANDS OF HER MINERAL DESERT
 THE MIST IS LIFTING AND THE VOICE IS SAYING:
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

WHERE THE WIND IS BLOWING I GO A STROLLING
 THE WHEAT FIELD WAVING AND THE DUST A ROLLING
 THE FOG IS LIFTING AND THE WIND IS SAYING:
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

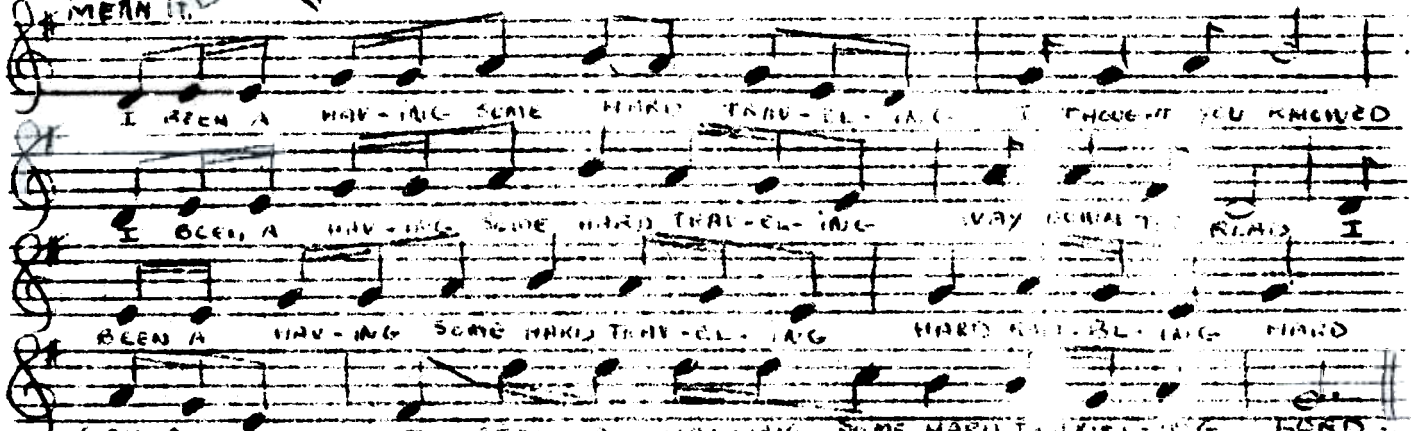
NOBODY LIVING CAN EVER STOP ME
 AS I GO WALKING MY FREEDOM HIGHWAY
 NOBODY LIVING CAN MAKE ME TURN BACK
 THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.



SING IT
LIKE
YOU
MEAN IT.

HARD TRAVELING

Words and music by: W.W. WOODY Guthrie



I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	I BEEN HITTLIN' SOME HARD HARVESTIN
I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED	I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	I BEEN HITTING SOME ROUGH HANDLING
WAY DOWN THE ROAD	WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	CUT THAT WHEAT AN STACK THAT HAY
HARD RAMBLING HARD GAMBLING	TRYIN TO MAKE ABOUT A DOLLAR A DAY
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD	LORD

I BEEN A RIDING THEM FAST RATTLERS	I BEEN A LAYIN IN A HARD ROCK JAIL
I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED	I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED
I BEEN A RIDING THEM FLAT WHEELERS	I BEEN A LAYIN OUT NINETY DAYS
WAY DOWN THE ROAD	WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A RIDING THEM BLIND PASSENGERS	MEAN OLD JUDGE HE SAYS TO ME
DEAD ENDERS KICKIN UP CINDERS	IT'S NINETY DAYS FOR VAGRANCY
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	I BEEN A HAVIN SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD	LORD

I BEEN A WORKING IN A HARD ROCK TUNNEL	I BEEN A HITTIN THAT LINCOLN HIGHWA
I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED	I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED
I BEEN A LEANING ON A PRESSURE DRILL	I BEEN A HITTIN THAT SIXTY SIX
WAY DOWN THE ROAD	WAY DOWN THE ROAD
HAMMER FLYIN AIR HOSE SUCKIN	HEAVY LOAD AND A WORRIED MIND
SIX FEET OF MUD I SURE BEEN A MUCKING	LOOKIN FOR A WOMAN
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING	THAT'S HARD TO FIND
LORD	I BEEN A HAVIN SOME HARD OLD
	TRAVELING LORD

I BEEN A WORKING THAT PITTSBURGH STEEL
 I THOUGHT YOU KNOWED
 I BEEN A WORKING THAT RED HOT SLAG
 WAY DOWN THE ROAD
 I BEEN A BLASTIN I BEEN A FIRIN
 I BEEN A DUCKIN RED HOT IRON
 I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
 LORD



JACKHAMMER JOHN

Words & Music
W.W. Woody Guthrie

Handwritten musical notation on four staves. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with 'I'M JACKHAMMER JOHN A JACKHAMMER MAN BORN WITH A JACKHAMMER'. The second staff has 'IN MY HAND LORD LORD I GOT THEM JACKHAMMER BLUES'. The third staff has 'JACKHAMMER MAN FROM A JACKHAMMER TOWN BUILT EVERY PORT FROM THE NORTH'. The fourth staff has 'POLE DOWN LORD GOD I GOT THEM JACKHAMMER BLUES'.

I'M JACKHAMMER JOHN
A JACKHAMMER MAN
BORN WITH A JACKHAMMER
IN MY HAND
LORD LORD I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES
JACKHAMMER MAN
FROM A JACKHAMMER TOWN
BUILT EVERY PORT
FROM THE NORTH POLE DOWN
LORD GOD I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES

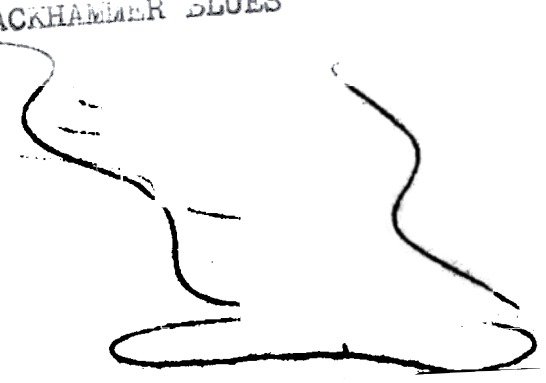


HAMMERED IN THE RAIN
HAMMERED IN THE DUST
HAMMERED IN THE BEST
AND I HAMMERED IN THE WORST
HAMMERED IN THE EAST
HAMMERED IN THE WEST
HAMMERED TO THE ONE
THAT I LIKE BEST
HEY HEY HEY
I GOT THEM JACKHAMMER BLUES

HAMMERED UNDER WATER
HAMMERED UNDER ROCK
HAMMER ON THE RAILROAD
HAMMER ON THE DOCKS
YES YES YES
I GOT THEM JACKHAMMER BLUES
HAMMER IN THE MILL
HAMMER IN THE MINE
HAMMERED OUTTA JAIL A HUNDRED TIME
GREAT GOOD GOD
I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES

JACKHAMMER JACKHAMMER
WHERE YOU BEEN
BEEN OUTTA CHASIN THEM
GALS AGAIN
HO HO HO WELL I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES
SEE MY WOMAN
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN
GRAB MY HAMMER
AND GO TO TOWN
YES FOLKS
I GOT THEM JACKHAMMER BLUES

MADE EVERY STATE IN THE
RED WHITE AND BLUE
LOOKING FOR A JACKHAMMER JOB TO DO
RIDE EASY
I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES
GOT A JACKHAMMER WOMAN
JUST SWEET AS PIE
GONNA
HAMMER ON THE HAMMER
TILL THE DAY I DIE
LORD GOD HAVE MERCY
I GOT THEM
JACKHAMMER BLUES



BED ON YOUR FLOOR

Words & music by: W.W. Waddy Guthrie



CHORUS -

I'M A POOR LONESOME BOY I'M A LONG WAYS FROM HOME
MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR

POOR LONESOME BOY I'M A LONG WAYS FROM HOME AND I'LL
MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR

REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR.
REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

CHORUS: MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR
MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR
I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

I'M A POOR LONESOME BOY I'M A LONG WAYS FROM HOME
I'M A POOR LONESOME BOY I'M A LONG WAYS FROM HOME
AND I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

SHERIFF ON MY TRAIL WITH A BIG FORTY FOUR
SHERIFF ON MY TRAIL WITH A BIG FORTY FOUR
AND I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

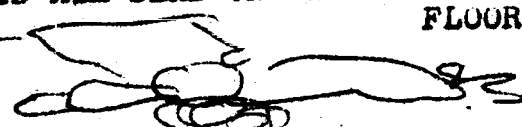


CLOCK STRIKING MIDNIGHT AND DAYLIGHT TO GO
CLOCK STRIKING MIDNIGHT AND DAYLIGHT TO GO
AND I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

PULL DOWN YOUR SHADE AND LOCK UP YOUR DOOR
PULL DOWN YOUR SHADE AND LOCK UP YOUR DOOR
AND I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR

THAT BULLY OF THE TOWN WON'T BULLY ME NO MORE
THAT BULLY OF THE TOWN WON'T BULLY ME NO MORE
'CAUSE I LAID HIM DEAD ON THE OLD BAR ROOM
FLOOR

I LAID A MAN DEAD DOWN ON THE FLOOR
I LAID A MAN DEAD DOWN ON THE FLOOR
SO I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR.



MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR
MAKE ME A BED RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR
BABY I'LL REST MY HEAD IN A BED ON YOUR FLOOR



WHAT'S YOUR REQUEST? BOOK?

TALKING BLUES

IF YOU WANT TO GET TO HEAVEN TELL YOU WHAT TO DO
GOTTA GREASE YOUR FEET WITH SOME GOOD BEEF STEW
SLIDE RIGHT OUT OF THE DEVELLES HAND
AND SLIDE OVER INTO THE PROMISED LAND BUT GO EASY GO GREASY



STANDING IN THE CORNER BY THE MANTEL PIECE
UP IN THE CORNER BY A BUCKET OF GREASE
I STUCK MY FOOT IN THAT BUCKET OF GREASE
AND GO A SLIPPING UP AND DOWN THE MANTEL PIECE
HUNTING MATCHES. CIGARET STUBS. SHORTAGE ON.



DOWN IN THE HEN HOUSE ON MY KNEES
I THOUGHT I HEARD A CHICKEN SNEEZE
NOTHING BUT A ROOSTER SAYING HIS PRAYERS
THANKING HIS GOD FOR THE HENS UPSTAIRS
ROOSTER PREACHING. HEN A SINGING. HENHOUSE MAKING.



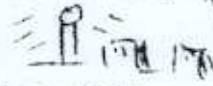
DOWN IN THE HOLLER JUST A SETTING ONNA LOG
MY HAND ON MY TRIGGER AND MY EYE ON A HOG
PULLED THAT TRIGGER AND THE GUN WENT 'BIPPPP'
I GRAB THAT HOG WITH ALL OF MY GRIP
CAIN'T EAT HOG EYES BUT I LOVE CHITLINS.



I GOT A GAL JUST OVER THE HILL
SHE WON'T KISS LIKE HER SISTER WILL
NEVER TAKES A BATH NOT EVEN A RUB
'FRAID SHE'LL SLIDE THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE TUB.
AWFUL SKINNY. BONY. CUT A MAN LIKE A RAZOR.



NOT A BIT OF USE IN ME WORKING SO HARD
I GOT A WOMAN IN THE RICH FOLKS YARD
WHEN SHE KILLS A CHICKEN SHE SENDS ME THE FEET
THINKS I'M WORKING WHEN I'M LOABING THE STREET.
LISTENING TO ALL THE BACK TALK. GOSSIP.



NOT NO USE IN ME WORKING SO HARD
I GOT A WOMAN IN THE RICH FOLKS YARD
WHEN THEY KILL A CHICKEN SHE SENDS ME THE HEAD
THINKS I'M A WORKING WHEN I'M LAYING UP IN BED.
DREAMING ABOUT HER. TWO OTHER WOMEN.



LOTS OF FOLKS TELL YOU THAT A PREACHER WONTTSSEALLL
BUT I CAUGHT THREE DOWN IN MY CORN FIELD
ONE HAD A BUSHEL AND THE OTHER HAD A PECK
THE OTHER'N HAD A GREAT LONG COTTON SACK.
HALF FULL OR FULLER. ROASTING EARS. HE WASA STEALING.



WHEN I GET TO EATING PORK CHOPS I CAINT STOP
AIN'T NO KIND OF GRAVY I CAINTY SOP
GRAB THAT BONE IN BOTH OF MY HANDS
AND LISTEN TO MY LIPS GO FLIPPPITYYY FLOPPPPP
BORN LIKING IT. SLICKER THE BETTER. BASE ON IN HOME.



I WENT TO CHURCH THE OTHER NIGHT
SEE IF EVERYBODY HAD BEEN LIVING RIGHT
LADY GOT RELIGION AND WAVED HER HANDS



Main idea is to add your own verse

and said she's going to the funeral

EAST TEXAS RED

A BALLAD BY
WOODY GUTHRIE



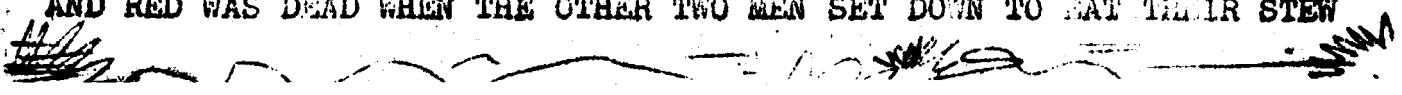
DOWN IN THE SCRUB AND THICKER OF THE SOUTHEAST TEXAS GULF
 THERE USED TO RIDE A BRAKEMAN AND A BRAKEMAN DOUBLE TOUGH
 HE WORKED THE FOM OF KILGORE AND LONGVIEW NINE MILES DOWN
 US TRAVELERS CALLED HIM EAST TEXAS RED THE MEANEST BULL AROUND
 I RODE BY NIGHT AND BY BROAD DAYLIGHT IN WIND AND SNOW AND SUN
 I ALWAYS SEEN LITTLE EAST TEXAS RED SPORTING HIS SMOOTH RUNNING GUN
 THE TALE GOT SWITCHED DOWN THE STEMS AND MAIN AND EVERYBODY SAID
 THE MEANEST MAN ON THE SHINY RAILS WAS LITTLE EAST TEXAS RED
 IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND ALONG TOWARDS NINE OR TEN
 A COUPLE OF BOYS ON THE HUNT OF A JOB STOOD IN THE BLIZZARDY WIND
 HUNGRY AND COLD THEY KNOCKED ON THE DOORS OF THE WORKING FOLKS AROUND
 FOR A PIECE OF MEAT AND A SPUD OR TWO TO BOIL A STEW AROUND
 RED HE COME DOWN THE CINDER DUMP AND HE FLAGGED THE NUMBER TWO
 HE KICKED THEIR BUCKET OVER A BUSH AND HE DUMPED OUT ALL THEIR STEW
 A TRAVELER SAID MISTER EAST TEXAS RED YOU BETTER GET EVERYTHING FIXED
 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA RIDE YOUR LITTLE BLACK TRAIN JUST ONE YEAR FROM
 TODAY

RED HE LAUGHED AS HE CLUMB THE BANK AND SWUNG ASIDE OF A WHEELER
 THE BOYS CAUGHT A TANKER TO SEMINOLE AND WEST TO AMARILLO
 THEY STRUCK THEM A JOB OF OIL FIELD WORKDAND FOLLOWED A PIPE LINE DOWN
 IT TOOK THEM LOTS OF PLACES TILL THE YEAR HAD ROLLED AROUND
 ON ONE COLD AND WINTERY DAY THEY HOOKED THEM A GULF BOUND TRAIN
 THEY SHIVVERED AND SHOOK WITH DOUGH IN THEIR CLOTHES TO OLD KILGORE
 AGAIN

OVER HILLS OF SAND AND HARD FROZE ROADS WHERE CHESTOTTON WAGONS ROLL
 ON PAST THE TOWN OF KILGORE AND ON TO OLD LONGVIEW
 WITH THEIR WARM SUITS OF CLOTHES AND OVERCOATS THEY WALK INTO A STORE
 THEY PAY A MAN FOR SOME MEAT AND STUFF TO FIX A STEW ONCE MORE
 THE TIES THEY WALK BACK BAST THE YARDS TILL THEY COME TO THE SAME OLD
 SPOT

WHERE EAST TEXAS RED JUST A YEAR AGO HAD DUMPED THEIR LAST STEW POT
 THE SMOKE OF THESE FIRE WENT HIGHER AND HIGHER A MAN COME DOWN THE LINE
 HE DUCKED HIS HEAD IN THE BLIZZARDY WIND AND WAVED OLD NUMBER NINE
 HE WALKED OFF DOWN THE CINDER DUMP TILL HE COME TO THE SAME OLD SPOT
 AND THERE WAS THE SAME THREE MEN AGAIN AROUND THAT SAME LITTLE POT
 RED WENT TO HIS KNEES AND HE HOLLERED PLEASE DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER
 ON ME

I DID NOT GET MY BUSINESS FIXED BUT HE DID NOT GET HIS SAY
 A GUN WHEELED OUT OF AN OVERCOAT AND IT PLAYED THE OLD ONE TWO
 AND RED WAS DEAD WHEN THE OTHER TWO MEN SET DOWN TO EAT THEIR STEW



DONT LIE TO ME

TRUE LOVE
Collected Version.

Woody Guthrie

TRUE LOVE TRUE LOVE DONT LIE TO ME TELL ME WHERE DID YOU SLEEP
 LAST NIGHT I SLEPT IN THE PINES WHERE THE SUN NEVER
 SHINES AND I SHIVVERED WITH A COLD DEADLY COLD

TRUE LOVE. TRUE LOVE.
 DON'T LIE TO ME
 TELL ME WHERE DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT?
 I SLEPT IN THE PINES
 WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES
 AND I SHIVERED

MY HUSBAND WAS
 A RAILROAD MAN
 KILLED A MILE AND A HALF
 FROM HERE
 I FOUND HIS HEAD
 IN AN ENGINE WHEEL
 BUT HIS BODY
 THEY NEVER DID FIND

I WISH TO THE LORD
 I'D A NEVER BEEN BORN
 OR DIED WHEN I WAS YOUNG
 I NEVER WOULD A KISSED
 YOUR SWEET SWEET LIPS
 NOR HEARD YOUR RATTLING TONGUE
 TELL ME WHERE DID YOU GET
 THEM PRETTY LITTLE SHOES
 AND THE DRESS
 THAT YOU WEAR SO FINE
 I GOT MY SHOES
 FROM A RAILROAD MAN
 GOT MY DRESS
 FROM A DRIVER IN A MINE

TRUE LOVE TRUE LOVE
 TELL ME WHERE
 WILL YOU GO
 I'M GONNA GO
 WHERE THE COLD
 WINDS BLOW
 GONNA WEEP
 GONNA CRY
 GONNA MOAN
 GONNA SIGH
 GONNA DANCE

THE LONGEST TRAIN
 I EVER DID RIDE
 IT WAS A HUNDRED COACHES LONG
 THE ONLY WOMAN
 MY HEART EVER LOVED
 SHE'S ON THAT TRAIN AND GONE
 THEM LONG STEEL RAILS
 THEM SHORT CROSS TIES
 AIN'T GOT NO END I KNOW
 THESE LONG STEEL RAILS
 THESE SHORT CROSS TIES
 I'M TRAMPING
 MY WAY BACK HOME

IN MY GOOD TIME CLOTHES
 YES MY HUSBAND WAS
 A RAILROAD MAN
 WAS THE BEST
 IN THIS HIGH LONESOME WORLD
 THE ONLY THING
 THAT HE EVER DONE WRONG
 WAS TO MISS
 JUST ONE
 LITTLE CURVE

LONGEST OLD TRAIN
 IN THIS WHOLE WIDE WORLD
 COME AROUND JOE BROWN'S COAL MINE
 HEADLIGHT COME AROUND
 WHEN THE SUN COME UP
 THE CABOOSE
 WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN

TRUE LOVE TRUE LOVE
 DON'T LIE TO ME
 TELL ME WHERE
 DID YOU SLEEP
 LAST NIGHT
 I SLEPT IN THE PINE
 WHERE THE SUN
 NEVER SHINES
 AND I SHIVERED
 WITH A COLD
 DEADLY COLD

As you sing this song down along the years you will come to like it better and better. And every time you sing it you will sing it just a little bit different. One of these days and nights you will

SHIP IN THE SKY

Words & Music: W.W. Woody Guthrie

A CURLEY HEADED KID WITH A SUNSHINY SMILE
HEARD THE ROAR OF A PLANE AS IT SAILED THROUGH THE SKY
TO HER PLAYMATES SHE SAID WITH A BRIGHT
TWINKLING EYE MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY
MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY
MAMA'S NOT AFRAID SO NEITHER AM I
MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY

A CURLEY HEADED KID WITH A SUNSHINY SMILE
HEARD THE ROAR OF A PLANE AS IT SAILED THROUGH THE SKY
TO HER PLAYMATES SHE SAID WITH A BRIGHT TWINKLING EYE
MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY!



MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY
MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY
MAMA'S NOT AFRAID SO NEITHER AM I
MY DADDY RIDES THAT SHIP IN THE SKY



A PUG NOSE KID THEN KICKED UP HIS HEEL
SAID MMY DADDY WORKS IN THE IRON AND THE STEEL
IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID WELL NEITHER AM I
MY DADDY KEEPS YOUR DADDY UP THERE SO HIGH



MY DADDY KEEPS YOUR DADDY UP THERE SO HIGH
MY DADDY KEEPS YOUR DADDY UP THERE SO HIGH
IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID THEN NEITHER AM I
'CAUSE MY DADDY KEEPS YOUR DADDY UP THERE SO HIGH



A FRECKLE FACE GIRL PINCHED HER TOE IN THE SAND
SAYS MY DADDY WORKS AT THE PLACE WHERE THEY LAND
SO YOU TELL YOUR MAMA DON'T BE AFRAID
'CAUSE MY DAD'LL BRING YOUR DADDY BACK HOME AGAIN



I'M NOT LOST

