BIGGEST THING
TRUE LOVE
GRAND COOLOEDAM
JACKHAMMER JOHN
THIS LAND
TALKING BLUES
SHIP IN THE SKY
EAST TEXAS RED
BED ON YOUR FLOOR
HARD TRAVELING
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 walk, call, factory, every hull of every ship, every hammer coming down on every anvil, every seed falling down into every row, every hand moving with a dust rag, a wheel, a lever, a dial, a handle, a button push.

IF YOU WILL LISTEN TO YOURSELF while you do it, you will hear yourself hum and sing your own song about your race. You are making up a folk song. You have really made your own ballad. If you take the time to write down all of these words and tunes in your own mind about the folks that you could 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.
HOLLYWOOD SONGS DON'T LAST. Broadway songs are 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 vast 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, complacent, 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 gibberry 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 brothers 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 goldspattered facts. Never do I stretch the facts even a smillenth 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 bonies 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 Million all Union. Try it and see. THIS LAND IS MADE FOR YOU AND ME.

HARD TRAVELING
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 talking. 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 liking 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 sassed 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 of men, women, 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 worn 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.
THE BIGGEST THING
THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

I'LL 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 "TWAS 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 PEA
I WON THE BATTLE AT VALLEY FORGE AND BATTLE OF BULLY RUN
AND THAT'S ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAD 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 RATTLEHEADS AND THIEVES OF OLD NIPPON
AND THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.
THERE KINES 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 BIGGIN' @ SLAVERY'S GRAVE AND WHEN THE JOB IS DONE
THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST THING THAT MAN HAS EVER DONE.

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THIS WORLD IS YOUR WORLD TAKE IT EASY BUT TAKE IT
BIG GRAND COOLIE DAM
Words and music by ... Woody Guthrie

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 COOLIE DAM!
SHE HEADS UP THE CANADIAN ROCKIES WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS Glide
COOLIES RUMBLED DOWN HER CANYON TO MEET THAT SALTY TIDE
OF THAT WIDE PACIFIC OCEAN WHERE THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST
IN THAT BIG GRAND COOLIE 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 COOLIE 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 COOLIE 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 CHROMIUM AND MAKING MANGANESE AND LIGHT ALUMINUM
AND YOU SEE A FLYING FORTESS WING HER WAY FOR FREEDOM LAND
SPAWNED UP ON THAT KING COLUMBIA BY THAT BIG GRAND COOLIE DAM.

For more copies of this song book: WOODY GUTHRIE
3520 Mermaid Avenue,
Brooklyn, N.Y., New York
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 METEOR 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 WHISTLING 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.
HARD TRAVELING

words and music by: W.W. WOODY Guthrie

I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
HARD GAMBLING
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD

I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD HARVESTIN
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
HARD GAMBLING
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD

I BEEN A RIDING THEM FAST RATTLES
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A RIDING THEM FLAT WHEELERS
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A RIDING THEM BLIND PASSENGERS
DEAD ENDERS KICKIN UP CINDERS
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD

I BEEN A LAYIN IN A HARD ROCK JAIL
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A LAYIN OUT NINETY DAYS
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
MEAN OLD JUDGE HE SAYS TO ME
IT'S NINETY DAYS FOR VAGRANCY
I BEEN A HAVIN SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD

I BEEN A WORKING IN A HARD ROCK TUNNEL
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A LEANING ON A PRESSURE DRILL
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
HAMMER FlyIN AIR HOSE SuckIN
SIX FEET OF MUD I SURE BEEN A MUCKIN
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD

I BEEN A HITTIN THAT LINCOLN HIGHWAY
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A HITTIN THAT SIXTY SIX
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
HEAVY LOAD AND A WORRIED MIND
LOOKIN FOR A LADY
THAT'S HARD TO FIND
I BEEN A HAVIN SOME HARD OLD TRAVELING LORD

I BEEN A WORKING THAT PITTSBURGH STEEL
I THOUGHT YOU KNEWED
I BEEN A WORKING THAT RED HOT SLAG
WAY DOWN THE ROAD
I BEEN A BLOWIN I BEEN A FLICK
I BEEN A DUCKIN RED HOT IRON
I BEEN A HAVING SOME HARD TRAVELING
LORD
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
HARNESS ON THE HAILROAD
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
BED ON YOUR FLOOR
Words & music by: W. W. Woody Guthrie

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 PONY FOUR
SHERIFF ON MY TRAIL WITH A BIG PONY 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
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 DEVILS 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 SITTING 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 HUB
'PRAID 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 LOADING THE STREET.
LISTENING TO ALL THE BACK TELL. 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 WONT SEE ALLLL
BUT I CAUGHT THREE DOWN IN MY CORN FIELD
ONE HAD A BUSHEL AND THE OTHER HAD A PECK
THE OTHER HAD A GREAT LONG COTTON SACK
HALF FULL OR FULLER. ROASTING EARS. HERAS...STEALING.

WHEN I GET TO EATING PORK CHOPS I CAN'T STOP
AIN'T NO KIND OF GRASY I CAN'TT STOP
GRAB THAT BONE IN BOTH OF MY HANDS
AND LISTEN TO MY LIPS GO 'FLIPPITYYY FLOPPPPP!
BORN LOVING IT. SLICKER THE BETTER. EASE ON IN HOB.

I WENT TO CHURCH THE OTHER NIGHT
SEE IF EVERYBODY HAD BEEN LIVING RIGHT
LADY GOT RELIGION AND RAVED HER HANDS.
DOWN IN THE SCRUB ON THE BORDERS OF THE SOUTHEAST TEXAS GULF

THERE USED TO RIDE A BURKETAN AND A BURETTAN DOUBLE TOUGH

HE WROOK THE TOWN OF KILGORE AND LONGVIEW NINE MILES DOWN

US TRAVELERS CALLED HIM EAST TEXAS RED THE MEANEST BULL AROUND

I RODE BY NIGHT AND BY HURT PLAYLIGHT IF WIND AND SNOW AND SUN

I ALWAYS SEEN LITTLE EAST TEXAS RED SPORT IN HIS SMOOTH RUNNING GUN

THE TALE GOT SWITCHED DOWN THE STEELS AND BLOOD AND EVERYBODY SAID

THE MEANEST MAN ON THE SHINY NAILS 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 BLIZZARDLY 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 COKE 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 CLIMB THE BANK AND SWUNG ASIDE OF A MULE

THE BOYS CAUGHT A TANKER TO SELMOR AND WEST TO ALARILLO

THEY STRUCK THEN A JOB OF OIL FIELD WORK AND FOLLOWED A PIPE LINE DOWN

IT TOOK THEM LOTS OF PLACES TILL THE YEAR HAD ROLLED AROUND

ON ONE COLD AND BLEARY DAY THEY HOOKED THEN A GULF BOUND TRAIN

THEY SHIVERED AND SHOOK WITH DOUGH IN THEIR CLOTHES TO OLD KILGORE AGAIN

OVER HILLS OF SAND AND HARD FROZE ROADS WHERE THE QUTTON WAGONS ROLL

ON PAST THE TOWN OF KILGORE AND ON TO OLD LONGVIEW

WITH THEIR WARP 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 DUGED THEIR LAST STEW POT

THE SMOKE OF PLANE FIRE WENT HIGHER AND HIGHER A MAN COME DOWN THE LINE

HE DUGED HIS HEAD IN THE BLIZZARDLY 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
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
WITH A COLD DEADLY COLD.
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 RATTILING TONGUE.
TLL 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.
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
THEM LONG STEEL RAILS
THEM SHORT CROSS TIES
I'M TRAVELING MY WAY BACK HOME.

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

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
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 IN MY GOOD TIME CLOTHES

TRUE LOVE TRUE LOVE
DON'T LIE TO ME
TELL ME WHERE
AND 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 those days and nights you will
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 HELL
SAID MY 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 DADDY'LL BRING YOUR DADDY BACK HOME AGAIN

I'M NOT LOST
HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE THE CITY LIMITS?

LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU DAD
I LIVE IN THAT CITY

Words & Music: W. W. Woody Guthrie