

# Hootenanny

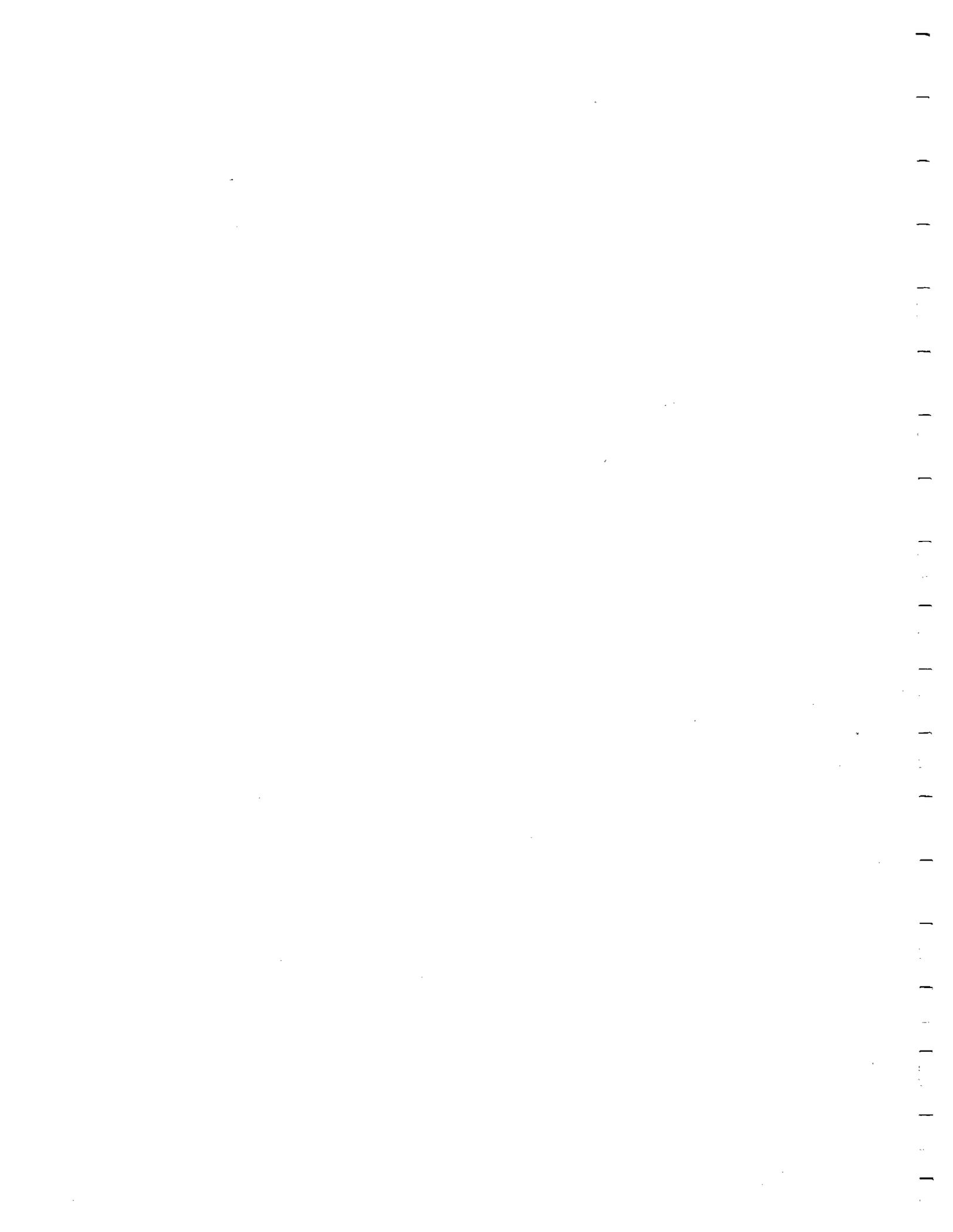


Empires fall, this too shall pass

here's to the day when this

role is through

a  
Songbook  
of  
radical  
campfire  
Songs



☆ acknowledgements ☆

thanks

to the scores of musicians and artists who make this book what it is; thanks to the Fund for Wild Nature for their grant toward this project, and for their support of lots of amazing grassroots groups; an overwhelmed and grateful hug to all the friends who helped the editors veer away from impending songbook-induced doom many a time; and a booty/Earth shakin' break-beat to the spirit of musical resistance itself, which infused and inspired this endeavor.

NO thanks

to elevator, supermarket, wonder-bread McMuzak™; no thanks to MTV and other profit-driven pacifiers of the corporate "music" world; no thanks to the disempowering audience/performer fame mentality; no thanks at all to domestication and Olestra (tastes great, less filling, causes cancer); and a sincere and very wicked curse on the pillagers of the wild and the usurpers of freedom.

"No thanks to the treadmill, no thanks to the grindstone, there's plenty of dissent from these rungs below, the clockwork of destruction hanging low over our heads, always a smokestack cloud or a slow-walking death." ~Uncle Tupelo

though the situation is dire and tragic  
we're taking back our music cuz



-Casey Neill

< @cover art by Roger Peet @ >

A DEDICATION

for all things still wild & free for hanging on;  
for those in cages, plotting & carrying out grand escapes;  
for all our ancestors of protest music, who sang their  
stories in the face of silence, before the mediocrity of  
the conquistadores; for the plants, critters & human  
folk who fight for liberation.

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# GREETINGS!

Welcome to *Hootenanny*, a radical 'zine-style songbook of campfire and frontlines songs. The concept behind this book is that song and struggle go hand in hand. Resistance music keeps us going through thick and thin, while inspiring new folks to come along.

A good number of the songs here are ecological, Earth First! tunes. There are also lots of social-justice style ditties. And yes, we are of the love-songs-can-be-political ilk! A few songs in this book are by "popular" artists because their messages and melodies are good and many people know them. But most importantly, many of the songs herein aren't recorded on any album—you'll only find them at a late-night community jam, at a blockade or on the back of a freight train. These are the songs that most need to get out to people, and we're hoping the distribution of *Hootenanny* will be broad and diverse for that reason. *Hootenanny* is anti-copyright and not for profit. Arrrr, mates...Pirate away! Use blank space to write your own songs in as you collect them!

The songs here are given to you in a typical folk music form: Guitar chords are written above the lyrics, indicating where chord changes should happen. You continue playing a chord until the next chord is indicated.

We haven't included written music, so if you don't know a song's melody and rhythm, knowing the chords will only help you slightly. We figure people will just have to open up and sing and play 'round the fire more so they can learn and memorize these songs. Feel free to find *Hootenanny* editors (or meet people while trying) at Earth First! and other activist events and ask us to sing you a melody. Ask anybody. You'll track down what you're seeking and much more. Our passing along of tunes as oral culture is part of the music we make. Of course, as the folk process allows, you can make up new ways to play these songs without ever hearing them.

For interested folk, we hope to make a helpful campfire recording that can accompany the book and show songs' melodies and styles, as the popular folk songbook *Rise Up Singing* did. We may also add some written music to future editions. Stay tuned. Have a visit to our work-in-progress website for more songs and inspiration that couldn't fit here. If this mammoth of a book weighs ya down, please check out our smaller *Ramblers Edition*.

Apologies for any poorly-photocopied art or wayward chords! *Hootenanny* is dynamic, ever-changing, so please contact us with any suggestions, art, songs or rotten fruit. We want this book to be a well-worn home for your musical self. Write in swapped songs and doodles wherever you can fit them. Spill food, drink and candle wax on the pages. Fiercely live out this grand hootenanny called life.

Yours for music and revolution,  
Yer humble hootenanny hacks

9

By New Model Army

<sup>D</sup>  
She stares at the screen

At the little words of green

<sup>Am G D</sup>  
Tries to remember what to do next

<sup>D</sup>  
There's a trace of frustration

That crosses her face

<sup>Am G D</sup>  
Searching for the keys she should press

<sup>F</sup>  
And I would help her

<sup>D</sup>  
If I only know how

<sup>C F</sup>  
But these things are a mystery to me too

<sup>D G</sup>  
And it seems that the corporate

<sup>Am G</sup>  
Eyes they are watching

<sup>D G</sup>  
She fears for her job

<sup>Am G</sup>  
And the moments are passing

<sup>D G</sup>  
I stare at her nametag

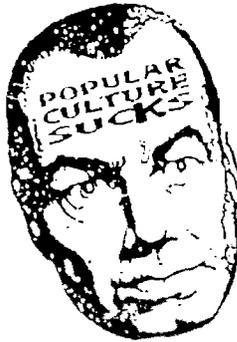
<sup>Am G</sup>  
And think to myself

<sup>D C</sup>  
Both you and I, we never asked

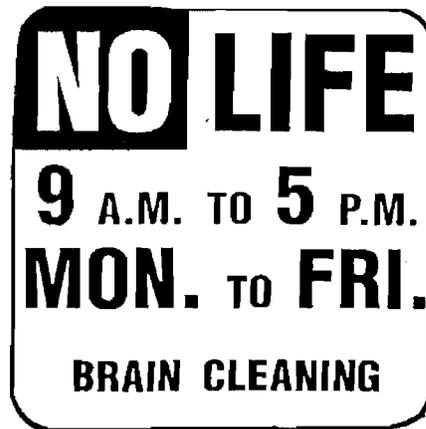
<sup>D</sup>  
For any of this

So let's take a walk  
Up past the chemical works  
Where the sky turns green at night  
And we'll talk about  
'Bout getting away from here  
Some different kind of life  
But even in the freshest/mountain air  
The jet fighters practice overhead

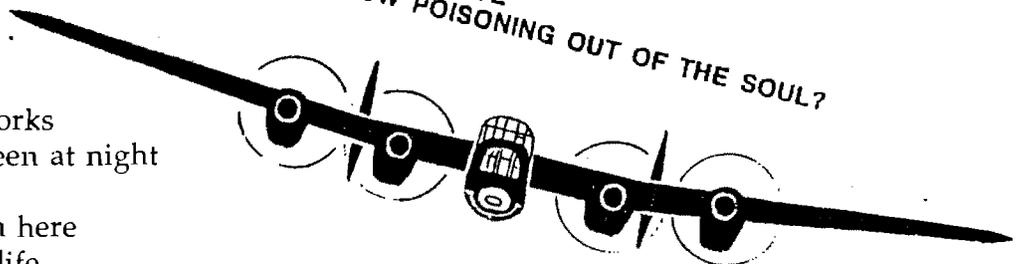
And they're drilling these hills  
For uranium deposits  
And they'll bury the waste



*Rationality is a  
USE  
since it can cause humans  
to forget the natural  
order of things ~  
- russell  
means.*



*WHAT IS THE STATE  
BUT A SLOW POISONING OUT OF THE SOUL?*

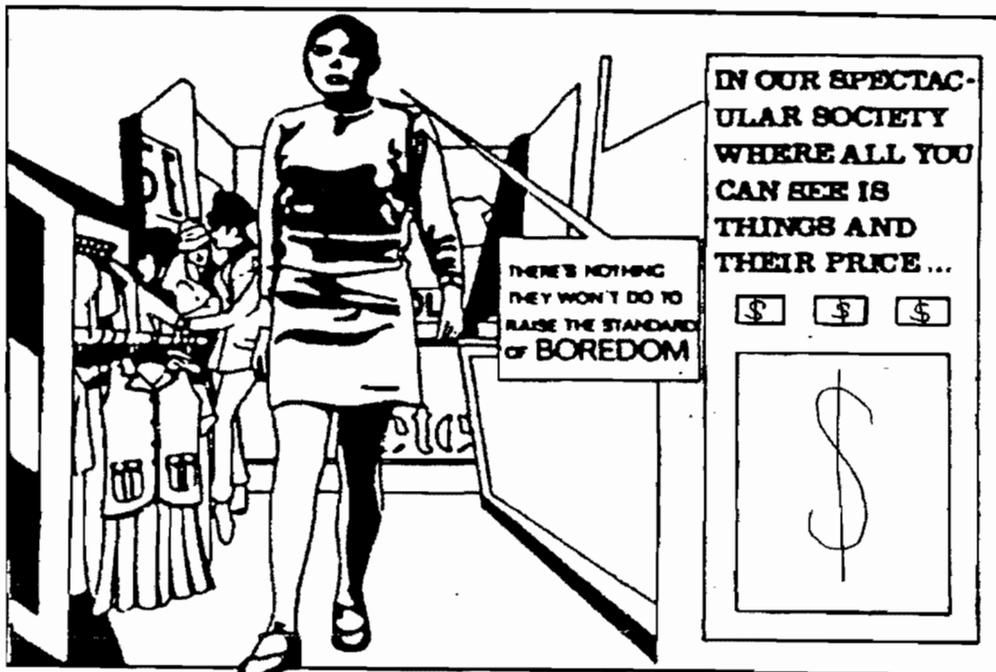
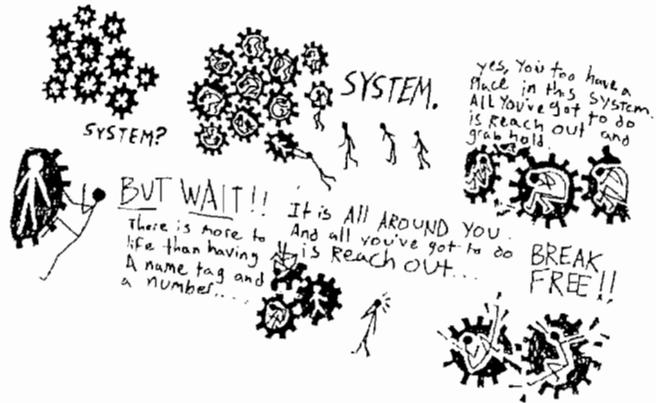


For our children to inherit  
 And though this is all done  
 For our own benefit, I swear  
 We never asked for any of this

Well, this golden age of communication  
 Means everyone talks at the same time  
 And liberty just means  
 Some freedom to exploit  
 Any weakness that you can find  
 We'll turn off the TV/just for a while  
 Let us whisper to each other instead

And we'll hope that the corporate/ears do not listen  
 'Lest we find ourselves committing  
 Some kind of treason  
 And filed in the tapes  
 Without rhyme, without reason  
 While they tell us that it's all  
 For our own protection, I swear  
 We never asked for any of this

D C D  
 Oh I swear we never asked for any of this  
 I swear we never asked for any of this  
 I swear we never asked for any of this



A MIGHTY LOVE  
By Casey Neill

C G D  
She threw down the bridle and spit out the bit

C G D  
Took the blinders off of the brow

C G D  
No longer roped to the drudge of the cart

C G D  
No longer yoked to the plough

Am C  
Sayin', "cut all your fences and take to the hills

Am C D  
Let your mane run free in the breeze

Am C  
Aw, who woulda thought and who woulda dreamed

Am C D  
We'd be livin' through times like these"

CHORUS:

C G D  
And these are the dreams we're dreamin' of

C G D Em  
For a fierce embrace, a mighty love,

C G D G  
A fierce embrace, a mighty love

INSTRUMENTAL: C-G-D-Em-C-G-D-G

Some will tell you love it burns colder  
After the spark has died down

Though closeness grows and embers glow,  
That first passion cannot be found

Oh but let us forget all such talk  
And I'll hold you like never before

Humble to each other yet free in ourselves  
Stoke the fire 'til the furnaces roar

CH

BRIDGE:

Bm A  
When I was a child they said, "son, quit daydreaming"

Bm A  
As if it was some kind of sin

Bm A  
As if their cold world of numbers and ledgers

B E  
Was more important than fantasy and vision

D A E  
On a summer on a porch in the Whiteaker

D A E  
A twelve-pack of Henry's and a sack full of songs

D A E  
With strings all a-ringin' and drums all a-poundin'

D A E  
We sang for the future and for times long gone

Bm D  
And we sang for the rock and we sang for the river

Bm D E  
And for those who answer the call

Bm D  
And we sang for our lovers and sang for our friends

Bm D E  
And we sang for nothin' at all

CH:

D A E  
And these are the dreams we're dreamin' of...

D A E F#m  
For a fierce embrace, a mighty love,

D A E A } x2  
A fierce embrace, a mighty love

A WOMAN WALKS

By Alicia Littletree

*(This song has a cool slide from Fmaj7 to G. Press Your pinky down on the high E string for added effect.)*

<sup>C</sup> I think, Oh no, here it is,  
<sup>G</sup> That same old situation  
<sup>C</sup> Here he's testing the waters,  
<sup>G</sup> While I'm just having a conversation  
<sup>C</sup> This plot hasn't changed since I was  
<sup>G</sup> Thirteen years old  
<sup>C</sup> But now the script is worn out,  
<sup>G</sup> And the story's been told

CHORUS:

<sup>C</sup> It's damned when you don't  
<sup>Am</sup> And it's damned if you dare  
<sup>C</sup> A woman walks two ways  
<sup>Am</sup> With every step she takes  
<sup>F</sup> And always...  
<sup>C</sup> It's twice as long...  
<sup>C - F - G</sup> Getting there

This man isn't listening to  
 A single word I say  
 'Cause to him this isn't talk...  
 It's foreplay  
 Now I'm caught in his crosshairs  
 And I'm puttin' on shy  
 Until I can escape  
 That look in his eye

CH

And after all of these years  
 Of soaking up lies  
 Buying their lines before I



Believe my own eyes  
 I get to feeling so empty...  
 Like a deep well sucked dry  
 I keep asking myself how...  
 We've got to keep asking why

CH

<sup>C</sup> A woman walks two ways,  
<sup>C</sup> She travels twice as far  
<sup>C</sup> Along the way we learn how to  
<sup>C</sup> Fight twice as hard  
<sup>F</sup> And nothing can stop us...  
<sup>C - F - G</sup> From getting there



ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE  
By Kate Wolf

I've been walking in my sleep  
Counting troubles 'stead of counting sheep  
Where the years went I can't say  
I just turned around and they've gone away

CHORUS:

Gone away  
In yesterday  
And I find myself on the mountainside  
Where the rivers change direction  
Across the Great Divide

I've been siftin' through the layers  
Of dusty books and faded papers  
They tell a story I used to know  
One that happened so long ago

CH (It's gone away...)

Well I heard the owl a-callin',  
Softly as the night was falling,  
With a question and I replied  
But he'd gone across the borderline

CH (He's gone away...)

The finest hour that I have seen  
Is the one that comes between  
The edge of night and the break of day  
When the darkness rolls away

CH



pals - utah phillips & kate wolf



the great divide  
in the canadian rockies

ALL USED UP

By Utah Phillips, *anarcho-hobo Wobbly extraordinaire!*

<sup>C</sup>  
I spent my whole life making somebody rich

<sup>F</sup>  
<sup>I</sup> Busted my ass for that <sup>G</sup> son of a bitch

<sup>C</sup> And he left me to die like a <sup>F</sup> dog in a ditch

<sup>G</sup> And told me I'm all used up <sup>C</sup>

CHORUS #1:

<sup>F</sup> He used up my labor, he used up my time <sup>C</sup>

<sup>F</sup> He plundered my body and squandered my mind <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> And gave me a pension of handouts and wine <sup>F</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And told me I'm all used up <sup>C</sup>

My kids are in hock to a God you call work  
Slaving their lives out for some other jerk  
My youngest in Frisco just made shipping clerk  
And he don't know I'm all used up

Young people reaching for power and gold  
Don't have respect for anything old  
For pennies they're bought and for promises sold  
Someday they'll all be used up

CH #2:

They use up the oil, they use up the trees  
They use up the air and they use up the sea  
Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?  
What's left when we're all used up?

I'll finish my life in this crummy hotel  
It's lousy with bugs and my God what a smell  
But my plumbing still works and I'm clear as a bell  
Don't tell me I'm all used up

Outside my window the world passes by  
It gives me a handout and spits in my eye  
And no one can tell me, 'cause no one knows why  
I'm livin', but I'm all used up

Sometimes in my dreams I sit by a tree  
My life is a book of how things used to be

And kids gather 'round just to listen to me  
And they don't think I'm all used up

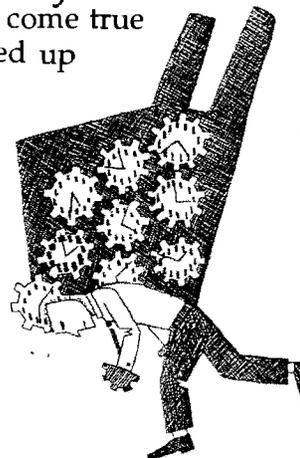
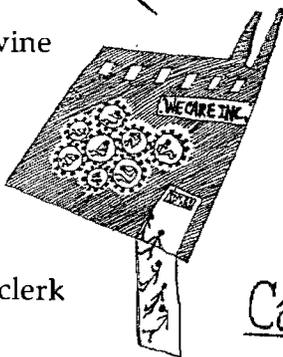
And there's songs and there's laughter  
and things I can do

And all that I've learned I can  
give back to you

I'd give my last breath just to  
make it come true

No, I'm not all used up

CH #2



Capitalism

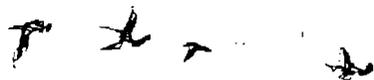


DUMP THE BOSSES  
OFF YOUR BACK

ALL THE WAY OUT THERE

By Katya Chorover

(Fondly nicknamed "The Recon Song" in some night-time hiking circles.)



Em  
May the shoes that you walk in

D Em  
Be weathered and worn

Em C  
Shoes that you walk in

D  
Be strong...

Em  
May your feet take you far

D Em  
As you walk on your journey

Em C  
All the way out there

D Em  
And all the way home

Em C  
All the way out there

D Em  
And all the way home

May the seas that you travel  
Be filled with wonder  
Wind's constant breath  
Fill your boat's heavy sail  
May you always remember  
The land that you come from  
All the way out there  
And all the way home  
All the way out there  
And all the way home

May you walk with the fathers,  
The mothers, the daughters  
Walk with all of  
Your sons...

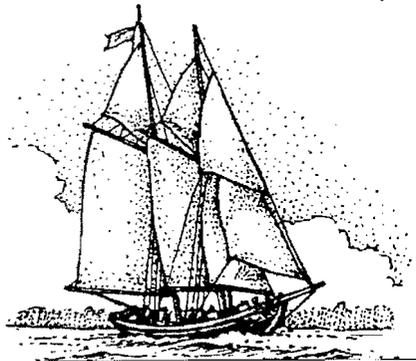
May you walk with the power  
Of the elders behind you

C D Em  
And the generations to come

C D Em  
And the generations to come

Em  
Yes 'n', all the way out there

D Em  
And all the way home



Em C  
All the way out there

D  
And all the way home

Em  
All the way out there

D Em  
And all the way home

Em C  
All the way out there

D  
And alwaaaays...

Em D-Em  
Coming ho-o--ome...

Em-C-D  
Em-D-Em  
Em-C-D-Em  
Em-C-D-Em



# THE ALLIGATOR SONG

By David Rovics

C  
Everybody's getting cancer  
 At a geometrical rate  
 G C  
 C  
 Maybe it's something you drank or breathed  
 D7 G7  
 Maybe it's something you ate  
 C  
 Perhaps this doesn't concern you  
 F Fdim  
 Hey, we've all gotta go sometime  
 C  
 But maybe I can tell you something  
 G7 C  
 To make you change your mind

## CHORUS:

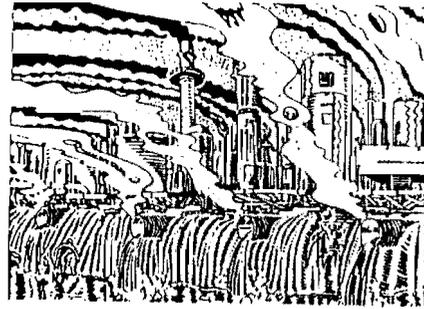
F G  
The alligator dicks are shrinking fast  
 C Am  
 Soon they'll all be through  
 F  
 Yeah, the alligator dicks are shrivelin' up  
 G  
 And it will happen to you  
 F C  
 It will happen to you, boys  
 G Am  
 It will happen to you  
 C  
 The alligator dicks are shrivelin' up  
 G7 C  
 And it will happen to you

They're an indicator species  
 Like canaries in the mine  
 They're the first to kick the bucket  
 When things might otherwise seem fine  
 So let's be frank and honest  
 As the situation begs  
 Boys, what are you gonna do  
 About that thing between your legs

CH

I'm not beating around the bush

IN A WORLD  
 INCREASINGLY  
 TOXIC



WE ARE ALL  
 IMMUNE  
 DEFICIENT

*21<sup>st</sup> Century Illness  
 can make you sick*

*+ +  
 ↓*

I'm making you a promise  
 Say goodbye to Long Dong Silver  
 Hello to Tiny Thomas  
 You can forget about Viagra  
 Boys, what I mean is  
 It's all a matter of minutiae  
 When you've got a half-inch penis

CH →

PCBs in the water  
 Pesticides in the ground  
 Radiation in the wind  
 There's poison all around  
 So if you care about your love life  
 And that good old in-and-out  
 We've got to stop pollution  
 That's what it's all about

CH

# AMERICAN TYRANNY

By Tenaya Wallach

(Sing acapella. Performed by Copper Wimmin, an acapella trio from Sonoma County, CA with a sound like Sweet Honey and the Rock, but also very much their own.)

They wasted my time in highschool  
Teaching me things I'd never need to know  
I learned about the real world  
On my own  
When all they wanted me to do  
Was waste my precious soul

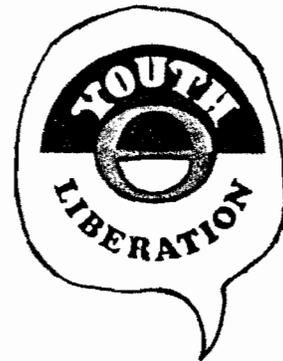
They told me to go to college  
So I could get a high-paying job  
They told me that money  
Would be my freedom  
When all they wanted me to do  
Was sell my precious soul

Oh but now I see  
It's a setup, the American Dream  
The more you have  
The more you want  
The more you get  
The more you need  
And I'm so tired of the American Tyranny

They told me I had to pay my own way  
So I started working sixty hours a week  
Struggling to hold four jobs  
At a time  
When all they wanted me to do  
Was lose my precious mind

Oh but now I see  
It's a setup, the American Dream  
Go to school  
Because you have to  
Go to college  
Just to get a job  
Go to work  
'Cause you have to pay the bills  
And I'm so tired of the American Tyranny

They tell us these things make us happy  
Fulfilling  
Their prepackaged dream  
Their corporations make billions  
Off the consumers they've trained  
Off the consumers they've trained



ANARCHIST LOVE SONG (Green And Black)

By Bonnie & Clyde

CHORUS:

G C G  
Grab your slingshot, we may not come back

G D G  
We're gonna paint the town green and black

G C G  
'Cause you and me, babe, we gotta date

G D G  
You make me wanna smash the state

We might toss a few paint bombs  
Don't implicate me to anyone  
Tell your other lover you'll be home late  
Tonight we're gonna smash the state

Skippin' hand in hand down the alley  
Wheatpastin' about the Mumia rally  
Governor signs, we'll retaliate  
Take back the power and smash the state

When I'm with you, I have no fear  
You give me courage like a homebrew beer  
You're the best buzz in the lower 48  
Girl, you make me wanna smash the state

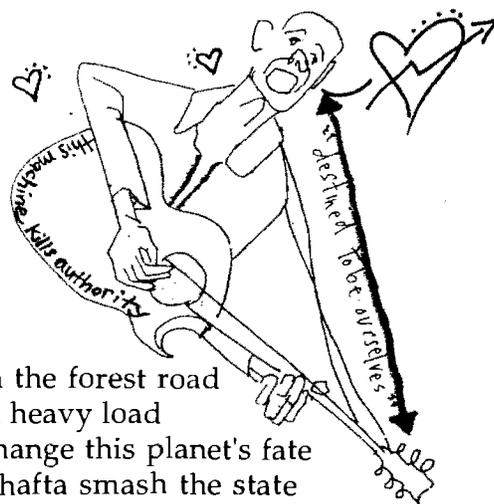
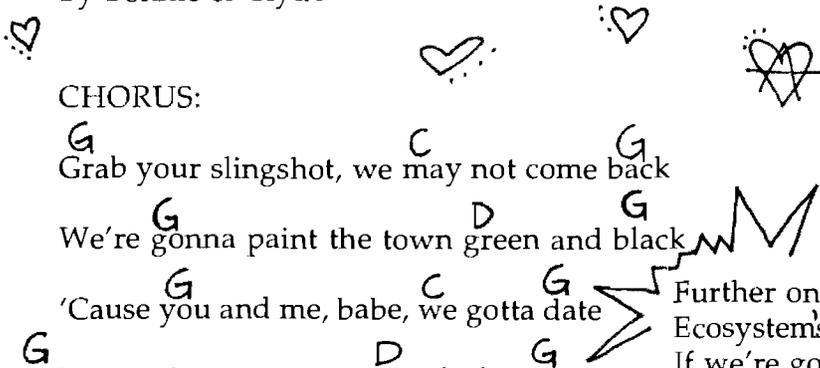
Glad we snuck into that Zapatista movie  
That Marcos guy is so damn groovy  
Dumpstered popcorn made my belly ache  
It's the price you pay when you smash the state

Soy *Delicious* from the corporate store  
Run back in and steal some more  
Fill up a cart and we'll fill our plates  
Some vegan food before we smash the state

CH

Back at the squat, let's make some molten lava  
Ya sure look sexy in that balaclava  
Yer eyes make my heart palpitate  
They make me wanna smash the state

Let's hop on our bikes, head outta town  
If we see a billboard, we'll burn it down  
Them flames make we wanna fornicate  
Light up the night and smash the state



(Soft)

Comin' on back into the heart of town  
Babylon always gets me down  
May be the end of the world, but it ain't too late

(Hard)

With some love and rage,  
we're gonna smash the state!

CH (last line sung slowly)

We shall celebrate with such fierce dancing the death of your institutions!



SMASH THE STATE

BLANK WALLS = BLANK MINDS

GRAFFITI  
A MANDATORY FORM OF EXPRESSION

19

ANGER IN MOTION

By Casey Neill

Intro - play B chord as opening tension-building drumroll sort-of chord

B Well I've bitten my tongue a thousand times  
 A B E  
 Tried to keep things in, pent up and pushed down  
 A B  
 The problem gets worse than it's ever been  
 C Em  
 We paint on our pretensions to avoid conflicting words  
 D  
 While our ire grows and grows  
 E  
 Vendettas become absurd  
 B E  
 Action and reaction, looks exchanged vindictively  
 D E  
 When all the while they could've been set free

CHORUS:

F# E  
 I want to move like anger in motion  
 F# E  
 I'm not suppressing my emotions anymore  
 F# E  
 It's time to clear the floor of all this crap  
 A B  
 That complicates my life  
 A E  
 I am sharpening my knife  
 A B  
 I am sharpening my knife

People want to see change, yeah they say it has to come  
 But then they get mad and don't understand a riot in the slums  
 We don't like your tactics man, they say "just don't break the law"  
 When the law itself is exactly where you'll find the flaw  
 If you don't offend someone then nothing has been done  
 To sabotage the man with the gun

CH

JAM: E-F# - G(barred)] (x3)

barred E, then barred B & hold 'til next verse

So I'm taking off my plastic smile and I'm quitting acting school  
 No more will I be a cog or a tool  
 They pour industrial effluent into our children's brains  
 But I'm taking your consumer cancer



And I'm flushing it down the drain  
 With society's rigid rules, that's it--I'm through  
 A B  
 Let's kiss someone when we want to kiss someone,  
 A B  
 Love someone when we want to love someone,  
 A B  
 Hug someone when we want to hug someone,  
 A B  
 And say fuck you when we want to say fuck you



Fuck you!  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

ANGOLA

By Casey Neill

Am G Am  
1967, three men and a few drinks

Am G Am  
Heated words at the filling station and it happened before you blinked

Am G Am  
Oscar Meeks, the station owner, lay shot down in a pool of red

C E Am G Am  
And the cops of Louisiana sought the men behind the lead

Dm C  
Hayes Williams was arrested

Dm C  
Hayes Williams, he'd been there

Am C E Am  
And it's welcome to Angola, a living nightmare

To the dark holds he was taken, shackled, beaten and confined  
They'll lock up your body but it's worse what they do to your mind  
Rats in the hallways and roaches on the wall  
Fellow inmates all a danger and the guards worst of all  
In the state of Louisiana  
Color is a crime  
So you better get used to Angola and doin' hard time

Some who raised their voices about conditions so severe  
Were gone without a murmur, yeah they just be disappeared  
Hayes collected information, Hayes filed suit  
Hayes was a marked man in an orange prison suit  
But the judge ruled in their favor  
For human right they were controlled  
So you better get used to Angola, kiss goodbye to your parole

Thirty years in a hellhole, a ward of the state  
Thirty years since he was brought there in 1968  
The men who fired the shots that night both had been let go  
With Hayes still inside and growing old  
In '97 he got a retrial  
In '97 they set him free  
And it's farewell to Angola state penitentiary

His six month old baby is a woman full grown  
His aged parents they have now passed on  
The neighborhoods look different, change comes so suddenly  
In this world on the outside it ain't easy bein' free

'Cause they can't take back the beatings

Can't take back the years

Can't give him back his youth

Can't give him back his tears

Hayes Williams, here's to you

May you find peace one day

And never dream of Angola again in all your days

And never dream of Angola again...

ANNA MAE  
By Larry Long

From the womb of Nova Scotia in the land of sunrise  
Used to work building cars on the assembly line  
When she heard a warrior speak of a better day to come  
She quit her job and traveled west...to the land of the setting sun

Survival school she organized and gathered history  
Cookin' food and choppin' wood for the elderly  
When she left, she left behind two children young  
Asking forgiveness from...the creator when the day was done

CHORUS:

Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae  
We can hear your spirit call  
Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae  
When the rain begins to fall  
We can hear your spirit call



On a trail of broken treaties, Anna Mae, she took a stand  
Building bunkers at Wounded Knee, defending sacred land  
Slippin' in, slippin' out behind the lines with supplies late at night  
While the grandfather shielded her...from the swat man's gun site

In the month of June in Oglala, the FBI did come  
On the very same day that the BIA sold the land of the setting sun  
In a fire fight they killed Joe Stuntz and this is what they said,  
"Before the year is out...Anna Mae, we will see you dead."

CH

100 miles from Pine Ridge Town, a body was found  
With a turquoise bracelet on her wrist, frozen to the ground  
Standing by the FBI could not identify  
The body of this woman who...they hauled in one too many times

So they took the turquoise off her hand, and cut 'em off at the wrist  
Sent her hands to Washington, they said for finger-prints  
The doctor said that she was drunk, fell down, and simply froze  
So the FBI buried her...with the name of Jane Doe

A NATION WHICH NEGLECTS  
THE TRUTH OF ITS PAST  
HAS NO FUTURE



BRIDGE:

F Am  
Oh.....Anna Mae

F Am  
Oh.....Anna Mae

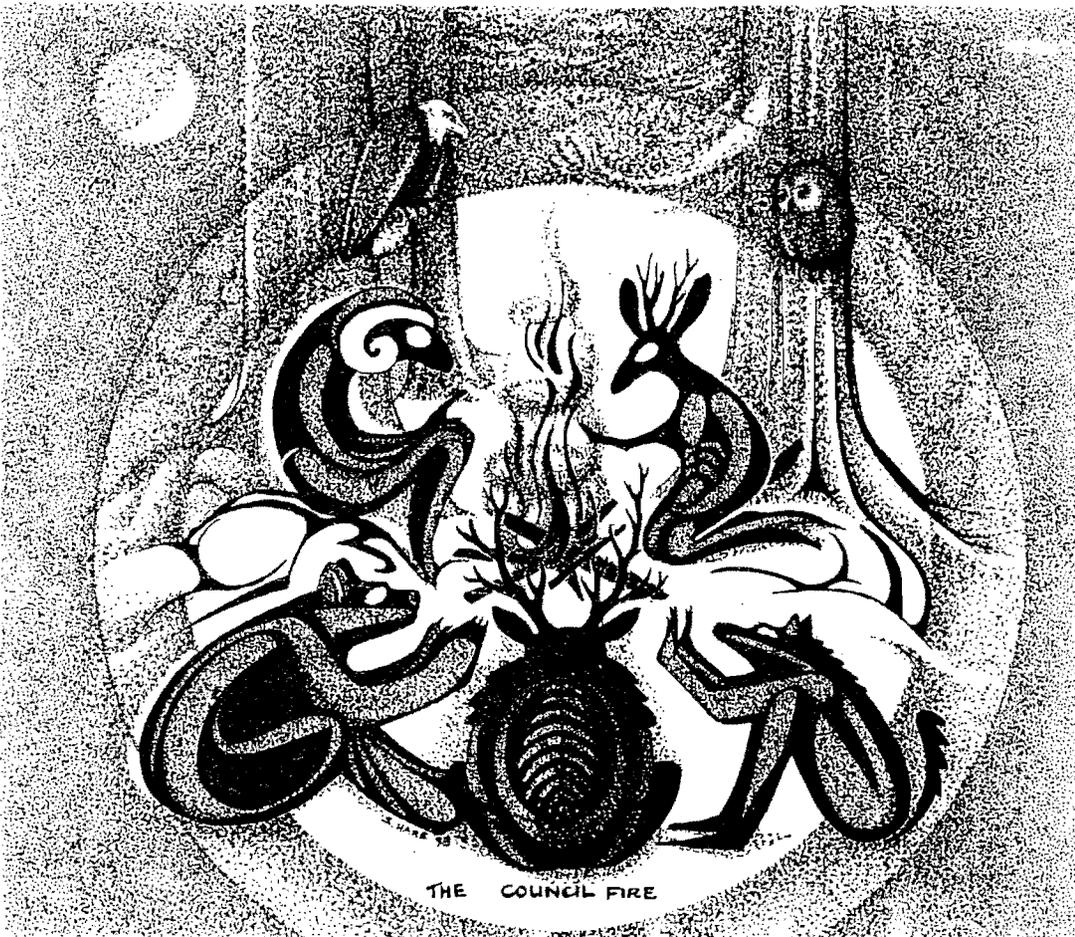
CH

"Homicide!" the people cried, for their Anna Mae  
Forcing the FBI to bring her from the grave  
What they found was a bullet hole in the back of her head  
While the FBI put one more notch...in their gun for one more dead

An Oglala wind blew last night to the sound of the drum  
Heard the voice of Anna Mae, speaking in a Mic Mac tongue  
There's no force made by man that can stop the driving rain  
And where people fight for their land...you will still find Anna Mae

CH

BRIDGE (x2)



APPALACHIA

By Dragonfly  
(Play lively!)

G C9  
Up in old New England  
G C9  
The winters are long  
G C9  
The ponds are frozen over  
G C9  
And the winds blow strong  
F  
There's no leaves left on the trees  
C9 GC9GC9  
The branches blow about in the breeze

But now I live here  
On Cascadia's Westside  
They've been goin' after all the old growth  
And there ain't no place to hide  
They're takin' down every last stick  
Now the forests, they ain't so thick

CHORUS:

G C9 G C9  
(But) Appalachia is my North-woods home  
G C9 G C9  
And I dream of Appalachia wherever I roam  
F C9  
From the rocky shores to the alpine meadows...  
G - C9 - G - C9 - G  
Wherever I go (wherever I go)

This sad tale's all about  
Willamette Industries  
They plunder and profit  
By clearcutting all the trees  
They've stripped the hills of Oregon  
So now they're movin' on

They took their entire milling operation,  
Put it in a truck, sent it down to the southeast  
Where they're chippin' up all the hardwoods  
In a gluttonous feast  
The forest has been suffering  
From the ravages of the timber beast

CH

But my friends've been blockin' the road  
To the George Washington National Forest  
There were some people chained to the dragons  
And the Freddie's could not ignore us  
The loggers' trucks were blocked  
Right where the activists were locked

Now don't forget  
That the father of this country  
Made himself famous  
By choppin' down the cherry tree  
There's a forest in his name  
It's being clearcut just the same

CH



From Georgia to Maine  
The story is the same  
They use their feller-bunching Earth-rapers  
To make their pulp and paper  
They're dumping mercury and lead  
'Til all the shell fish are dead

My bioregion runs  
Like the Appalachian Trail  
And I'm not stopping  
'Til all the CEO's are in jail  
The Earth will be liberated  
And new Free States will be created

Because an eco-logical  
Revolution is here  
Industrial collapse  
Will soon be near  
Appalachia will be rising  
And the corporations will be capsizing

CH

ARIZONA POWER LINES

By Darryl Cherney

Now there's a nuclear demon  
A menace to our time  
And it travels in the deserts on the Arizona power lines

Mark David and Mark Baker

And Margaret Millet, too  
They looked up at those towers

Oh, they knew what they must do

CHORUS:

Oh.....ain't it grand?

Out in the desert with a blow-torch in your hand

Oh.....take it slow

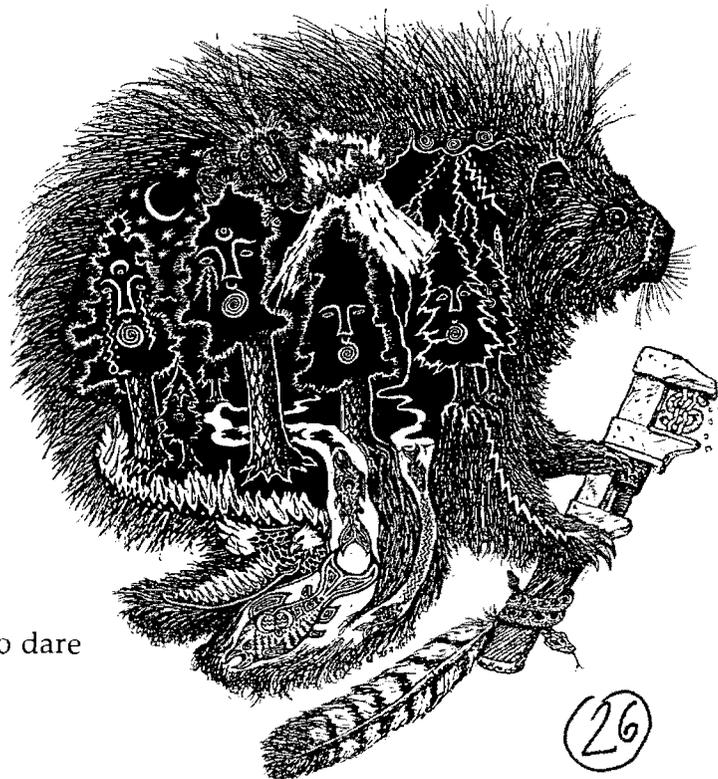
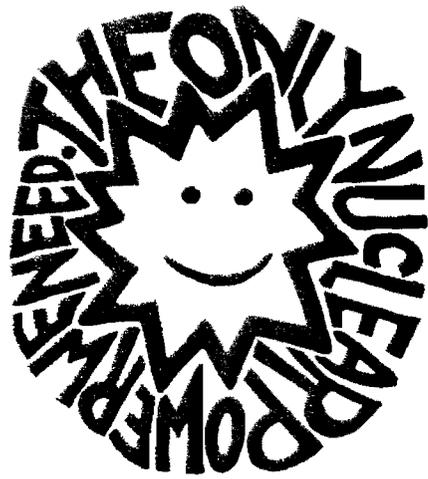
It could all come crashing down on you, you know

Now the FBI was watching  
So they sent in Michael Tate  
A phony Vietnam Veteran  
Vowed to guard the fascist state  
He won their trust and friendship  
To his flaws they all were blind  
'Til those flares lit up the skies above,  
The Arizona power lines

CH

They arrested Dave Foreman  
They said he was behind the scheme  
They jailed a founder of Earth First!  
But they did not stop the dream  
So if you walk Ed Abbey's desert  
And see a little flame that shines  
Won't you say a prayer for the next who dare  
The Arizona power lines

CH (repeat last line)



# THE ATOM

By Casey Connor, music by Simon & Garfunkel

*(Performed by Insect Ballet (Casey Connor, Susan Appe), to the tune of Simon and Garfunkel's "The Boxer." This parody was part of a recording of political parodies put together by the Acapella group Samsara and friends, made for the Pacifica radio show "Democracy Now." See also "I Wanna Log Your Land" on pg. 119, Live/Work, Live/Work pg. 139 & "The Prison Industry" on pg. 172)*

C Am  
I am just an atom and my story's seldom told  
G  
I have squandered nanoseconds  
C  
On a campaign full of mumbles such are promises  
Am G F  
It's all rhetoric, still a proton likes electrons  
C G  
And they offered me a deal, oh lie lie lie...  
C Am  
In their manufactured Cold War they told me I was the best,  
G  
That I'd fight for truth and justice  
C  
And they sure loved my wave-particle duality  
Am C F  
I was naive! I agreed to speak to neutrons that were waiting in the hall  
G F Em Dm C  
I was mighty proud, feeling several angstroms tall

## CHORUS:

Am G  
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie,  
Am G F C  
Lie lie lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie

They said "It works just like the sun except that lots of people die"  
"It's an instrument of peace except that  
All it does is feed our bloated war machine"  
Free energy! yeah, except for all the startup costs and cleanup costs  
And storage costs and health-care costs and environmental costs and political costs  
I asked only for a reason, I went looking for some sense  
But I got no answers,  
Just a dogmatic waffling about "security"  
They are two-faced! the peace-time dividend was spent  
On guns to start a brand new race, oh not again...

CH

<sup>C</sup>  
Now I'm laying out my electron shells and wishing I was gone, <sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Going home...where the Lawrence Livermore labs aren't beating me  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Depleting me... going home  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
In the clearing on Vieques stands the general in charge  
<sup>G</sup>  
With his face lost in a daydream  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Of Space Cowboys and Indians  
<sup>Dm7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
But suddenly I wake up and I know what I must do  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
I am leaving, I am leaving  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
I will not fuse for you! Oh no, no, no...  
CH (x2)

ATOMIC POWER

By The Louvin Brothers

(The band Uncle Tupelo covers this one.)

<sup>A</sup>  
Do you fear this man's invention

<sup>D</sup>      <sup>A</sup>  
That they call atomic power?

Are we all in great confusion?

<sup>E</sup>  
Do we know the time or hour?

<sup>A</sup>  
When a terrible explosion

<sup>D</sup>      <sup>A</sup>  
May rain down upon our land

Leaving horrible destruction

<sup>E</sup>      <sup>A</sup>  
Blotting out the works of man

CHORUS:

<sup>A</sup>  
Are you, are you ready

<sup>D</sup>  
For that great atomic power?

<sup>A</sup>      <sup>E</sup>  
Will you rise and meet your savior in the air?

<sup>A</sup>  
Will you shout or will you cry

<sup>D</sup>      <sup>A</sup>  
When the fire rains from on high?

<sup>E</sup>      <sup>A</sup>  
Are you ready for that great atomic power?

There is one way to escape  
And be prepared to meet the Lord  
When the mushroom of destruction falls  
There is a shielding sword  
He will surely stand beside you  
And you'll never taste of death  
For your soul will fly to safety  
In eternal peace and rest

CH

AY YI  
By Tenaya Wallach  
(Sing Acapella. Performed by Copper Wimmin.)  
Ay yi, they buried my mother  
Ay yi, her body lies under  
Ay yi, your cities and your roads  
Ay yi, they buried my mother  
Ay yi, they poisoned my mother  
Ay yi, her blood flows impure  
Ay yi, waste is thrown into her rivers  
Ay yi, they poisoned my mother  
Ay yi, they've forgotten my mother  
Ay yi, her gifts are unused  
Ay yi, we have lost all we have learned  
Ay yi, they've forgotten my mother  
(Repeat first verse.)



BALLAD OF ABNER LOUIMA

By Stephan Smith

Dm F  
Early one mornin' when the sun was down

C Am  
Flatbush part of New York town

Am  
Hey ho, there ain't no foe

Dm  
All one body got to heal and grow

Dm F  
Abner Louima, his name,

C Am - Dm  
This is how he came to fame

Dm F  
When a club closed for the night

C Am - Dm  
People broke into a fight

Dm F  
Justin Volpe, policeman,

C Am  
Brought to the ground by an unknown man

Am  
Hey ho, there ain't no foe

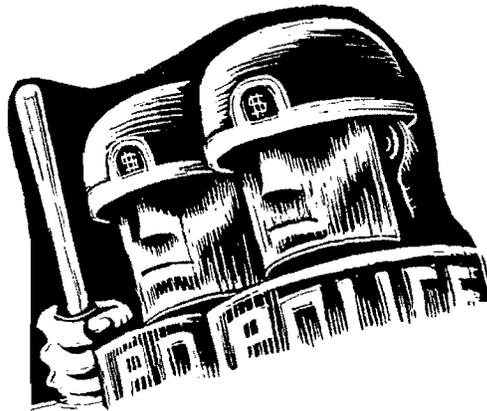
Dm  
All one body got to heal and grow

Volpe grabbed Louima, why?  
Said he was just standing by  
Beat him in the car to the seven-o  
Put him in a cell for an hour or so  
Then drag him from his holding cell  
And do what no tongue can tell  
Hey ho, ain't no foe  
All one body on the judgment day

Some say hate's what caused this crime  
Some say Giuliani time  
But blame hate or mayor or blame police  
All of us must hold the peace  
Hey ho, ain't no foe  
All one body got to heal and grow

I ask Louima how he feels  
All he says is "time to heal"  
Hey ho, ain't no foe  
All one body got to heal and grow

So Abner in the hospital for a while



Four policemen bound for trial  
Near ten thousand marched today  
Some set to fight and some to pray  
Hey ho, there ain't no foe  
All one body got to heal and grow

Well I asked my mama, here's what she say:  
"All one people on the judgement day  
Hey ho, there ain't no foe  
And all one body got to heal and grow"



BALLAD OF ACCOUNTING

By Ewan MacColl

(Karan Casey does a wicked rendition of this. Ewan also wrote "Manchester Rambler," a tune all ramblers should look up.)

<sup>Bm</sup> In the morning we built this city, <sup>A</sup> in the afternoon walked through the streets

<sup>Bm</sup> Evening <sup>A</sup> saw us leaving

<sup>G</sup> We wandered through our days as if they would never end <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Bm</sup> All of us imagined we had endless time to spend <sup>A</sup>

<sup>Bm</sup> We hardly saw the crossroads and small attention gave <sup>A</sup>

<sup>Bm</sup> To the landmarks on the journey <sup>D</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>

<sup>A</sup> From the cradle to the grave <sup>Bm</sup>

<sup>A</sup> Cradle to the grave <sup>Bm</sup>

<sup>A</sup> Cradle to the grave <sup>Bm</sup>

Did you learn how to dream in the morning, abandon dreams in the afternoon

Wait without a hope in the evening

Did you stand there at the traces and let them feed you lies

Did you shuffle off behind them wearing blinkers on your eyes

Did you kiss the foot that kicked, did you thank them for their scorn

Did you ask for their forgiveness

For the act of being born

Act of being born

Act of being born

Did you alter the face of the city, make any change in the world you found

Did you observe all the warnings

Did you read the trespass notice, did you keep off the grass

Did you shuffle off the pavement just to let your betters pass

Did you learn to keep your mouth shut, were you seen and never heard

Did you learn to be obedient

And jump to at a word

Jump to at a word

Jump to at a word

Did you ever demand any answers, the who and the what and the reason why  
Did you ever question the set up  
Did you stand aside and let them choose while you took second best  
Did you let them skim the cream off and then give to you the rest  
Did you settle for the shoddy and did you think it right  
To let them rob you right and left  
And never make a fight  
Never make a fight  
Never make a fight

What did you learn in the morning, how much did you know in the afternoon  
Were you content in the evening  
Did they teach you how to question while you were at the school  
Did the factory help you grow, were you the maker or the tool  
Did the place where you were living enrich your life and then  
Did you mix among the standing  
Of all your fellow men  
All your fellow men  
All your fellow men and women

# THE BALLAD OF BILL POSTERS

By Paul Gill & Becky Taylor

(The legend "bill posters will be prosecuted" appears bold in just about every empty shop window in every town in England. "Bill poster" is the term used for an unauthorized advertisement (for clubs, gigs, demos, etc.). It has been a long-running joke that Bill Posters is innocent. The novelist Alan Sillitoe, writing in 1965, cast him in an inspiring role: resourceful underdog, working class hero, always one step ahead of the pursuant authorities. "The Ballad of Bill Posters" has good ol' Bill illustrate the scope of grassroots resistance in England in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; "Captain Swing" was the umbrella name given for rural workers in East Anglia who smashed the new machinery that threatened agricultural livelihoods and similarly, the name "Ned Ludd" referred to textile workers in the Midlands. Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, both in London, have consistently been the settings for rallies and demonstrations, often turning into running battles with the police. Hundreds of people were transported to Australia and elsewhere for poaching rabbits or deer from "private" land (often enclosed common land). A large part of Windsor Castle (a residence of our illustrious royal family) was destroyed by fire in the early 1990's. That this was an act of arson is pure fantasy on our part. This song is available on the cassette "Solid Ground" by Paul Gill.)

<sup>D</sup> On every street corner they spell out his name  
<sup>A</sup>  
And the boarded shop windows all herald his fame  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
That they'll catch him and bring him to justice they claim  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Bill Posters is that man

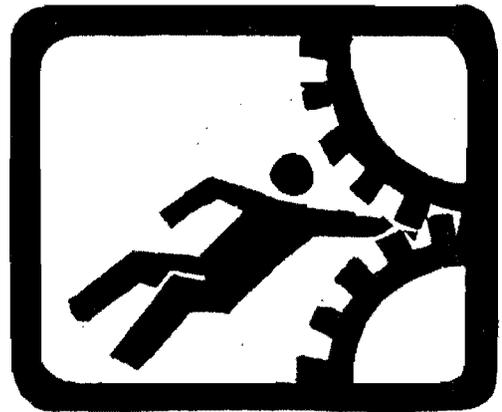
At the scope of his mischief we only can guess  
And he's no need to hide as they can't put a face  
To the acts of defiance we read in the press  
They'll never take our man

## CHORUS:

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Bill Posters, Bill Posters will be prosecuted  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
For years upon years he has been persecuted  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
But they'll never catch him, let no one dispute it  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Bill Posters, he's our man

He was out with Ned Ludd, Captain Swing and the rest  
At Hyde Park and Trafalgar he has stood with the best  
He was there when the strikers were put to the test  
Bill Posters was that man

Making deals with bosses is alright for some  
But when the courses of talks and inquiries have run



**DANGER ! TECHNOLOGY  
AT WORK**

And it's actions, not words, that'll get the job done  
Bill Posters, he's your man

CH

It's only the rich man he'll do any harm  
As he walks their estates, pheasant under each arm  
Or tickles the trout from the private fish farm  
Bill Posters is that man

He's the brick through their window, the car overturned  
Where was he the night Windsor Castle was burned?  
He will carry the fight on until they have learned  
From Bill Posters, our man

CH

He's the one in the crowd with the egg in his hand  
To hurl at the smug politicians who stand up and  
Promise the earth, whilst flogging the land  
Bill Posters is that man

An industrial Robin Hood wielding a wrench  
He'll disable the digger, he'll take down the fence  
If it's criminal damage with moral intent  
Bill Posters, he's your man

CH

Our Bill, well he'll give it his very best shot  
To bring down the rich, to get rid of the lot  
A saint, a hero, a martyr he's not  
He's Bill Posters, our man

You've heard of his name, now you've heard of his deeds  
Of more people like Bill the world has a need  
It's time for us all to take up the creed  
Of Bill Posters, our man

CH ( x2, then repeat last line )



Taking over a motorway  
and holding a party,  
reclaiming traffic-filled high  
streets and allowing you to  
be realistic and demand the  
impossible.

JUST PURE  
CREATIVITY  
COURAGE &  
CHEEK

0171 281 46 21

DIRECT ACTION-YOU  
KNOW IT MAKES SENSE

34

BALLAD OF THE FISH TOMATO

By Laurel Luddite

(Come now, friends--to the fields!) C\* = C shape slid up two frets (index finger on third fret)

CHORUS:

<sup>G</sup> You can run to the mountains when the <sup>C</sup> rain of fire falls

<sup>G</sup> You can still find canyons where you can escape it all <sup>Am</sup>

But if <sup>G</sup> Monsanto and Novartis bring their ugly plans to seed <sup>C</sup> <sup>C\*</sup>

There'll be nowhere that you can go to escape their <sup>C</sup> greed <sup>G</sup>

Beneath the <sup>G</sup> peak of Mt. Diablo, fields of <sup>D</sup> cornstalks rising high

Hold a <sup>C</sup> hidden deadly secret somewhere deep inside <sup>G</sup>

In the <sup>G</sup> dry stalks and the drying ears a <sup>D</sup> genetic nightmare waits

For <sup>C</sup> cross-pollination to set it free from <sup>C\*</sup> monoculture <sup>G</sup> gates

And on the banks of the San Joaquin along the old levee  
Another cornfield rises high from "Roundup-Ready" seed  
The farmer sprays his biocides, not worried 'bout the crop  
While downstream from his doorstep the salmon runnings stop

CH

<sup>G</sup> Now Monsanto makes big promises of food and health and fun <sup>D</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Novartis says it'll feed the world (mutant food for everyone!) <sup>D</sup>

But if we can thank these companies for <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup> (one strum & dramatic pause)  
Agent Orange and NutriSweet

<sup>G</sup> (pause)  
Cancer rates and LSD

<sup>G</sup> (pause)  
Five hundred dead in Texas City

<sup>C</sup> Then we can do without their plans

And without their mutant seed! <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

→ Across the sea in Europe now,  
they got a good idea  
Of how to stop this gene-ocide,  
and now it's happenin' here  
By dark of night or broad daylight  
the people take a stand  
And tear up every mutated crop by hand!

CH

THE BEAUTY OF THIS LAND

By Leora Hava

G D C G

Sun rising over the ridge

G D C G

A new day begins, I'm ready to cross any bridge

G D C G

I take a walk amongst the trees

G D C G

And soak up the beauty surrounding me

G D

From the stillness of the land

C G

To the flowing of the water

G D

From the rainbow with no end

C G

To the sun where life begins

G D C G

As the clouds drift by with the blowin' of the winds

G D C G

Come walk with me my sisters, my brothers, my friends

CHORUS:

D CG D C G

Let's walk together, hand in hand

D C G

And we will surely see

D C D C D C G

The beauty, the beauty, the beauty of this land

Rain fallin', hills turn green

Wildflowers bloomin', many colors in the spring

The birds are singin' sweet melodies

Sharin' their message of beauty with me

CH

I take a walk at the setting of the sun

And celebrate the beauty as the darkness comes

Moon waxin' and wanin' night to night

Silhouettes and shadows changin' dark to light

CH



VISUALIZE  
INDUSTRIAL COLLAPSE

# BELLY OF THE BEAST

By Marshall Lough

*Am*  
America, you were never *G* America to me *Am*  
*Am*  
You stole the land and you killed from sea to sea *Am*  
*Am*  
You linger now like a bad memory *G Am*  
*Am*  
Here's a mirror of your history *G-Am*

On Gory Island prison windows stare  
Shackles dangle in the early morning air  
Africa weeps -- her children are not there  
Stolen away to American despair

## CHORUS:

*C G Am*  
But the Spirit, she is stronger  
*C G Am*  
And her song, it lasts longer  
*C G Am*  
And the struggle feeds our hunger  
*C G Am line*  
In the belly of the beast (x2)

The government says everything has changed  
Everyone is equal and no one's to blame  
But the prison walls are bursting with Africa's pain  
And chain gangs are swinging on the Georgia plains

To vote is a joke, when both parties are white  
Belief in the system is a hangman's delight  
Like sheep to the slaughter unless we fight  
For the noose is getting tighter in the hands of the right

## CH

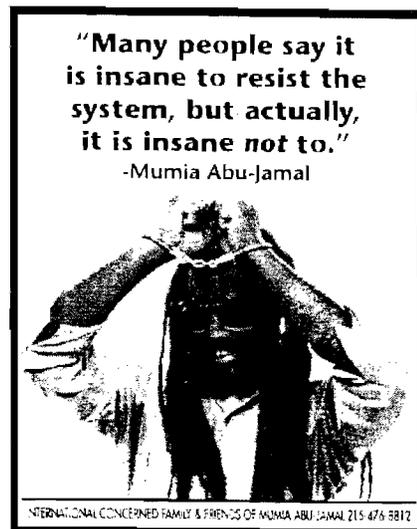
Somewhere back in the 1970's  
Black Panthers organized to change history  
Some became the MOVE family  
They were killed, jailed, and bombed for trying to be free

Now Mumia's on death row -- he's pounding at the door  
He wants you to know he's a prisoner of war  
Listen to his words and you'll know what's in store  
For a storm is a-brewin' in the ranks of the poor

## CH#2:

But Mumia, he is stronger  
And his voice, it lasts longer  
And his struggle feeds our hunger  
And we'll fight until he's free (x2)  
In the belly of the beast (x2)

*(Sing first verse again acapella,  
then sing CH#2)*



BIG DRILL  
By Bedlam Rovers

B E B E  
Ohhhhh Columbus

B E B E  
Sailed the high seas so treacherous

E Ema<sup>j7</sup>C<sup>#m</sup> B  
And in the squares, the heads did roll

E Ema<sup>j7</sup>C<sup>#m</sup> B  
Sunday mornings, and the bells do toll

E Ema<sup>j7</sup>C<sup>#m</sup> B-E-B-E  
They toll for you, what did ya do?

Ohhhhh Columbia  
In the sky over Florida  
Someone said they saw the flag in your plume  
And I was scared 'cause I saw it too  
Now the rain does know, I hope you don't explode

Ohhhhh General Custer  
Did it take all the strength you could muster?  
Someone said you died like a porcupine  
And someone said you died with piss in your pants  
I heard it in a song, I guess you were scared

Ohhhhh Los Alamos  
Where great scholars turn their minds to toast  
Splitting atoms and pulling hair  
Cancer clusters from people who care  
About our safety, about the enemy

JAM

Ohhhhh Antarctica  
Not the timber of South America  
Maybe rocks or maybe oil  
But a mile of ice to reach your soil  
It takes a big drill, a really big drill  
It takes a big drill, a really big drill  
It takes a big drill, a really big drill...

# BLACK BOYS ON MOPEDS

By Sinead O'Connor

D A G  
Margaret Thatcher on TV

D A G  
Shocked by the deaths that took place in Beijing

D A G  
It seems strange that she should be offended

D A G  
When the same orders are given by her

I've said this before now  
You said I was childish and you'll say it now  
Remember what I told you  
If they hated me they would hate you

## CHORUS:

D A G  
England's not the mythical land of Madame George and roses

D A G  
It's the home of police who kill black boys on mopeds and

D A G  
I love my boy, and that's why I'm leaving

D A G  
I don't want him to be aware that there's any such thing as grieving

Young mother down at Smithfield, 5 A.M.,  
Looking for food for her kids  
In her arms she holds two cold babies  
And the first word that they learned was "please"

These are dangerous days  
To say what you feel is to make your own grave  
Remember what I told you  
If you were of their world they would love you

CH



PRESENT POLICIES  
ARE NOT  
ACCIDENTAL



CAPITAL WILL  
PUT UP A FIGHT

39

BORN AGAINST

By \$eth!

(Punk as fuck!)

E A G C  
 I hope my song offends you  
 E A G C  
 'Cause that's what it's supposed to do  
 We need some opposing opinion  
 On this farce that you call god  
 I used to be a christian  
 Until I saw there was no god  
 And now I must laugh at you  
 'Cause you're running blindly in circles  
 And if you want to argue  
 Only "fuck you" will leave my mouth  
 Your basis for fact is pure fantasy  
 And I'm not in a Disney movie

CHORUS:

C A G E  
 I'm a born again pagan  
 C A G E  
 And your god doesn't mean shit to me  
 I'm a born against christian  
 And your god doesn't mean shit to me

And stop trying to save me  
 From burning for eternity in hell  
 I won't burn 'cause there's no hell  
 Another wet dream in christianity's brothel  
 And if there was a god  
 Where is he right now?  
 Come on, pal, show your face  
 Even an angel will suffice  
 And if he turned out to be true  
 I'd simply have to kill him  
 Overthrow god and the kingdom of heaven  
 No one should be the ruler over anyone

CH

Fuck you, god, you made a shitty fine mess  
 Famine, poverty, war and distrust  
 And don't tell me that it's satan  
 You're one in the same with a plastic party mask  
 In a thousand years will your name be Mickey Mouse  
 Another bunch of idiots following your mess

Your book on its own is a written contradiction  
 One page this and another page twisted  
 And I must say to you  
 You're pretty popular 'round here  
 But I caught the lies before they caught me  
 You did a pretty good job of con-man

CH

God Wants to Know

God would like to thank you for your belief and patronage. In order to better serve your needs, He asks that you take a few moments to answer the following questions. Please keep in mind that your responses will be kept completely confidential and that you need not disclose your name or address unless you desire a direct response to your comments or suggestions.

- How did you first find out about God?
  - newspaper
  - television
  - word of mouth
  - Divine Inspiration
  - other:
- Are you currently using any other sources of inspiration, security or guidance in addition to God? Please check all that apply:
  - none
  - tarot
  - fortune cookies
  - horoscopes
  - self-help books
  - biorhythms
  - insurance policies
  - lottery
  - television
  - advice columns
  - sex
  - alcohol
  - other:
- God generally employs a limited amount of Divine Intervention to keep a balanced level of felt presence and blind faith. Would you prefer (circle one):
  - A. more Divine Intervention
  - B. less Divine Intervention
  - C. current level of Divine Intervention just right
  - D. don't know
- God also attempts to maintain a fairly balanced level of disasters and miracles. Please rate on a scale of 1-5 His handling of the following:
 

a. disaster (flood, famine, war)	b. miracles (recovery from disease, heroic rescues, sports upsets)
1. unsatisfactory	1. unsatisfactory
2. poor	2. poor
3. average	3. average
4. good	4. good
5. excellent	5. excellent
- Do you have any additional comments or suggestions for improving the quality of God's services? \_\_\_\_\_

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Thank you.

BREAK-UP SONG

By Solstice

Em G Am C  
 So you're building a better tomorrow out of the redwood forests  
 Em G Am C  
 And you're building a better tomorrow out of the Gulf Stream waters  
 Em G Am C  
 And you're building a better tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow  
 Em G Am C Em-G-Am-C/D  
 What is this better tomorrow? "tomorrow" is a word you don't know  
 Your future space stations don't house people  
 They only house power  
 Will future generations be born dependent  
 Upon your products? no,  
 Your science diet will incite a riot

And more than a riot this time

BRIDGE:

A# D D C  
 Will we sit by and let Mother die?  
 Em G Am C  
 Am I a part of the Earth or am I a product?  
 A# D D C  
 I won't sit by and let Mother die  
 Em  
 No I won't, no I won't, no I won't

Em-D-G-C

For this I pledge

Em-D-G-C

To sabotage

Em-D-G-C

The grand

Em D G

Machine you've made

C D Em-G-Am-C

To destroy her

Em G-Am-C-D-Em

To plunder her

CHORUS:

Em G Am C  
 And this is a break-up song, break-up song  
 And this is a break-up song, break-up song  
 We're breaking up with you, Babylon  
 Em G Am-C/D  
 This is a break-up song

Though we were offered a slice of the pie  
 Still we're defectors, defectors  
 New mercenaries, we're the canaries  
 In the coal mine and we don't intend to stop our song  
 Just yet, not just yet  
 Your shafts are fragile as never before  
 And gravity will bring your mountain down  
 With a little help, with a little help  
 From the canaries in the coal mine  
 We're the canaries in the coal mine  
 We're the canaries in the coal mine, coal mine  
 Coal mine, and we don't intend to stop our song

BRIDGE

'Cause we'll support anything, anything that'll throw  
 Your throne into the sea  
 We'll get behind anything, anything that'll sink  
 Your battleship  
 Community, autonomy, community, autonomy  
 There's no such thing until you are, 'til you are,  
 'Til you are, 'til you are usurped  
 By the canaries in the coal mine  
 We're the canaries in the coal mine  
 We're the canaries in the coal mine, coal mine,  
 Coal mine and we don't intend to stop our song  
 Just yet, not just yet

CH (Last line twice)

BRING IT ON  
By Stephan Smith

<sup>G</sup> C'mon everybody, wherever you are <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> From every nation, from near and from far <sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> A story as old as the wind and the rain <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Is risin' up from the surface again <sup>Am</sup>

CHORUS:

<sup>Em</sup> Singin' oh yeah, bring it on <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Yeah...bring it on <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> All wind and all rain come and sing me a song <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Once again the water runs over the dam  
The men at the gates are doin' all that they can  
To bring down the wool, to cover our eyes  
While clouds of dark color are fillin' the skies

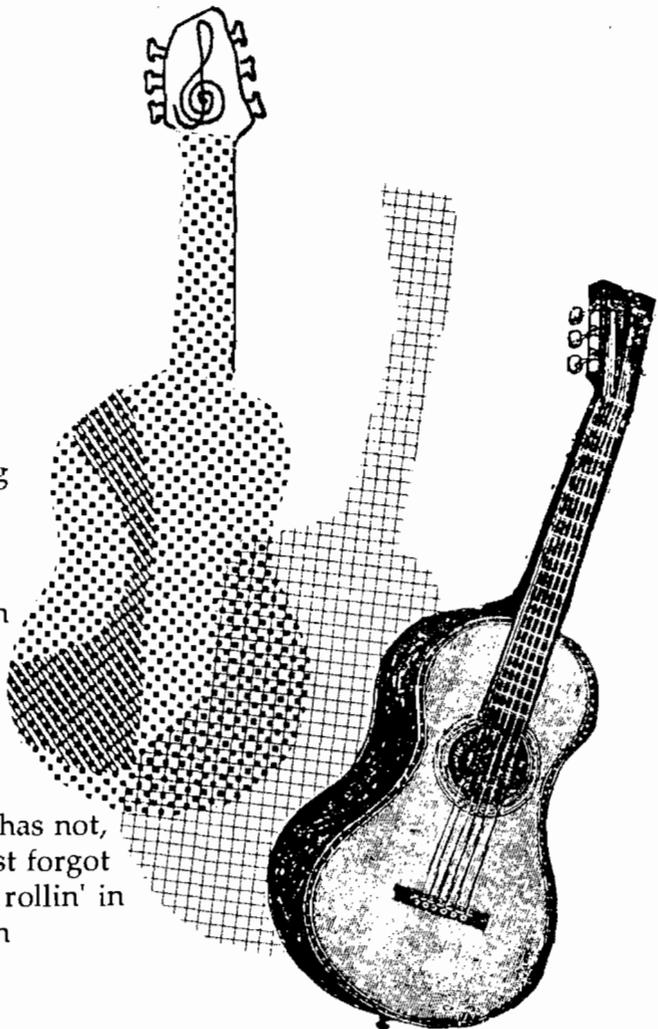
CH

Well the time sure has changed, but the story has not,  
And it changed so darned much that we almost forgot  
But the wind's finally blowin' and the clouds rollin' in  
Some folks will shudder while others will grin

CH

So to all you who think that this story's too old  
Your dreams are all frozen and your hopes have been sold  
And if you should ask me where I got this song  
I'll tell you it's one that we've known all along  
And if you should want to hear it again  
Just go take a walk in the wind and the rain

CH



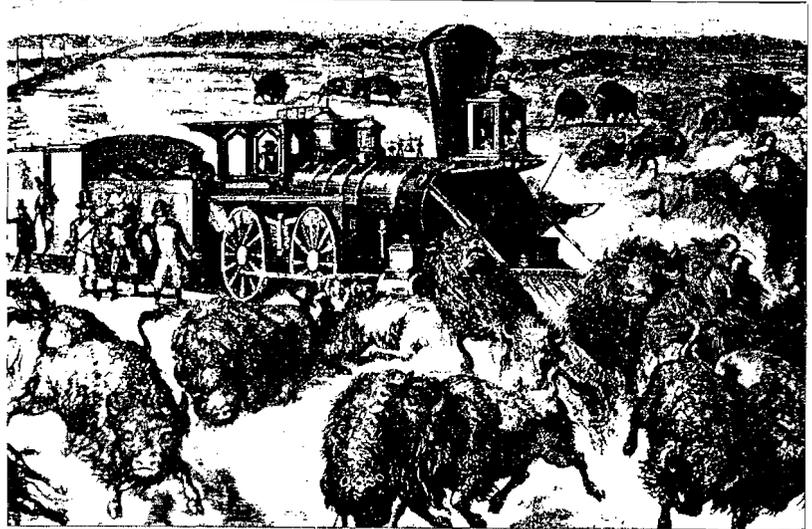
# THE BUFFALO SONG

By Timothy Hull

E D E  
One fine day when the land was young  
A young boy watched the wagons come  
A E D E  
Oxen teams on the westward ho  
A Into the land of the buffalo  
Eastern seaboard, settled towns  
Wagon ruts in the prairie ground  
Canvas-covered wagon homes  
A D E  
Great expanse of the buffalo

## CHORUS:

F#m A E  
They used to roam sixty million strong  
F#m A E  
Spirit chant, spirit song  
F#m A E  
Flesh and breath and blood and bone  
D E  
Life for the people of the buffalo



One fine day when the land was young  
A young man watched the railroads come  
Spitting steam on the westward ho  
Rifles out the windows, shooting buffalo  
They made quick work of their decree  
Of ownership from sea to sea  
Flags and bibles and the blessed right  
To gun 'em down in cold blood in the morning light

## CH #2:

Gun 'em down they did so well  
Name by name, the people fell  
'Til the buffalo were all but dead  
And the people's lives were shattered as they wept and bled

## INSTRUMENTAL:

One fine evening when winter had come  
An old man told a story  
A tale from when the land was young  
And the world was in her glory  
From the Pleiades to the Black Hills,

To the Trail of Tears we're walkin' still  
The glory days to Wounded Knee,  
The buffalo, the people and the history

## CH #3 (x2):

I dreamed I saw their shapes again  
I dreamed they had returned again  
The saddest tale I have ever heard  
The killing of the tribes and the buffalo herd

43

BULLSHIT

By Larry Lucas and Dakota Sid Clifford

D A  
 People on the planet got a look in their eye  
 G D  
 Everybody's lookin' like they're ready to cry  
 D A  
 Can't see the sun 'cause you can't see the sky  
 G D  
 And everybody's livin' a lie

Me and Uncle Rumble, we've been wonderin' why  
 Everybody's stoned, ain't nobody high  
 Chompin' and a-chokin' on the gospel pie  
 And everybody's got an alibi

CHORUS:

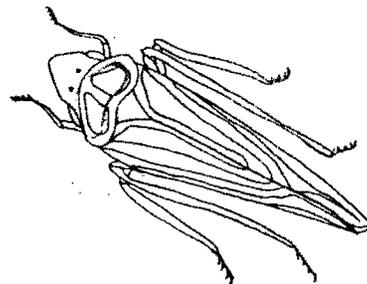
G  
 It's all bullshit!  
 D  
 It's all bullshit!  
 A D  
 Just a little bit of that good ol' white man jive  
 G  
 It's all bullshit!  
 D  
 It's all bullshit!  
 A  
 And it ain't foolin' me  
 It ain't foolin' you  
 D  
 It's just a two-bit bullshit lie!

People gettin' greedy, gotta have more  
 Livin' on time they can't really afford  
 Treatin' Mother Nature like a grocery store  
 And nobody's keepin' the score

Now me and Uncle Rumble, we've been there before  
 We wonder what the hell people doin' that for?  
 They gotta make a little money so they make a little war  
 And they do it in the name of the Lord

CH (...good ol' military jive...)

The Federale Government is robbin' us blind  
 Local politicians, they ain't far behind  
 A poor man's money buys a rich man's wine



And they got ya workin' overtime

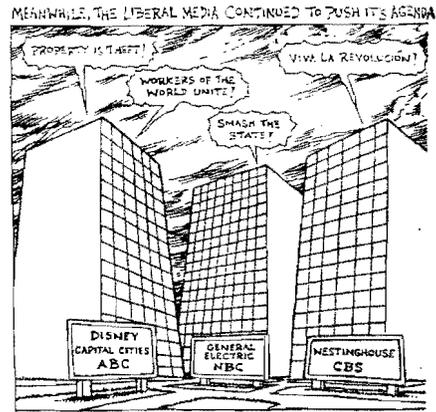
Now freedom is a word they hold up tall  
To make you think you're gettin' something for it all  
But the wolves are gonna howl and the pigs are gonna fall  
And the truth is on the bathroom wall

CH:

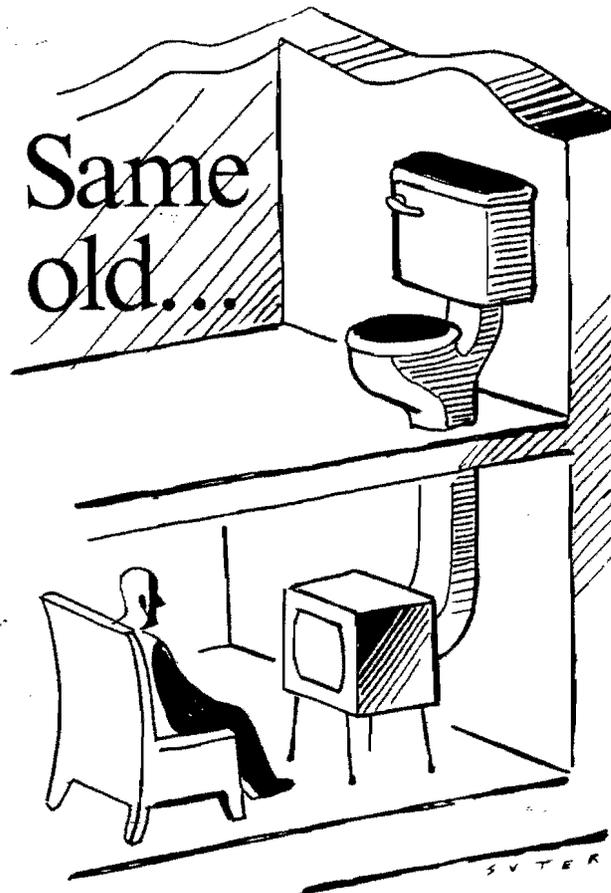
And it says: bullshit!  
It's all bullshit!  
Just a little bit of that good ol' corporate jive  
It's all bullshit!  
It's all bullshit!

And it ain't foolin' me  
It ain't foolin' you  
It's just a two-bit bullshit --  
Everybody's doin' it --

A two-bit bull-shit lie! **D-A-D**



*(Note: Hootenanny editors apologize to all pigs for being used to describe humans' bad behavior. Pigs are cuter, smarter, and more sane than humans.)*



BURN THEM DOWN

By the Elves, Music by Ben Harper



G  
Let us burn them from coast to coast

Em C  
Burn 'em up like a piece of toast

G  
Burn 'em hot and burn 'em long

Em C  
Save the lynx before they're gone

CHORUS:

G  
If you don't like our fire

Em  
Then don't come around

Em D C-G  
'Cause we're gonna burn them down

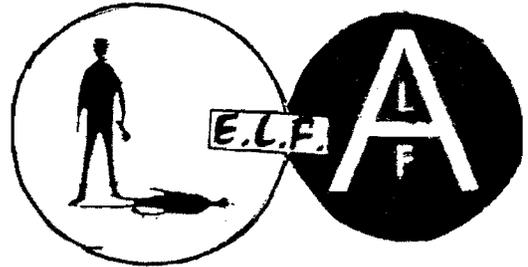
Em D C G  
Yes we're gonna burn them...dow-ow-own

Our tactic's what we choose to do

And if we're harmin' no life it shouldn't bother you

Your style is who you choose to be

All tools in the box are alright with me



CH

Fire is a gift of the Earth

And what's of the Earth is of the greatest worth

So before you knock it, try it first

You'll see it is a blessing and it's not a curse

CH (end by shouting "Burn Them Down!" where the do-ow-own usually is)



BURNING TIMES

By Charlie Murphy and Deena Metzger and Caitlin Mullin

In the cool of the evening, they used to gather

'Neath the stars in the meadow, circled near an old oak tree

At the times appointed by the seasons

Of the Earth and the phases of the moon

In the center often stood a woman,

Equal with the others and respected for her worth

One of the many we call the witches,

The healers and teachers of the wisdom of the Earth

And the people grew through the knowledge she gave them

Herbs to heal their bodies, spells to make their spirits whole

Hear them chanting healing incantations,

Calling forth the wise ones...celebrating in dance and song

CHORUS:

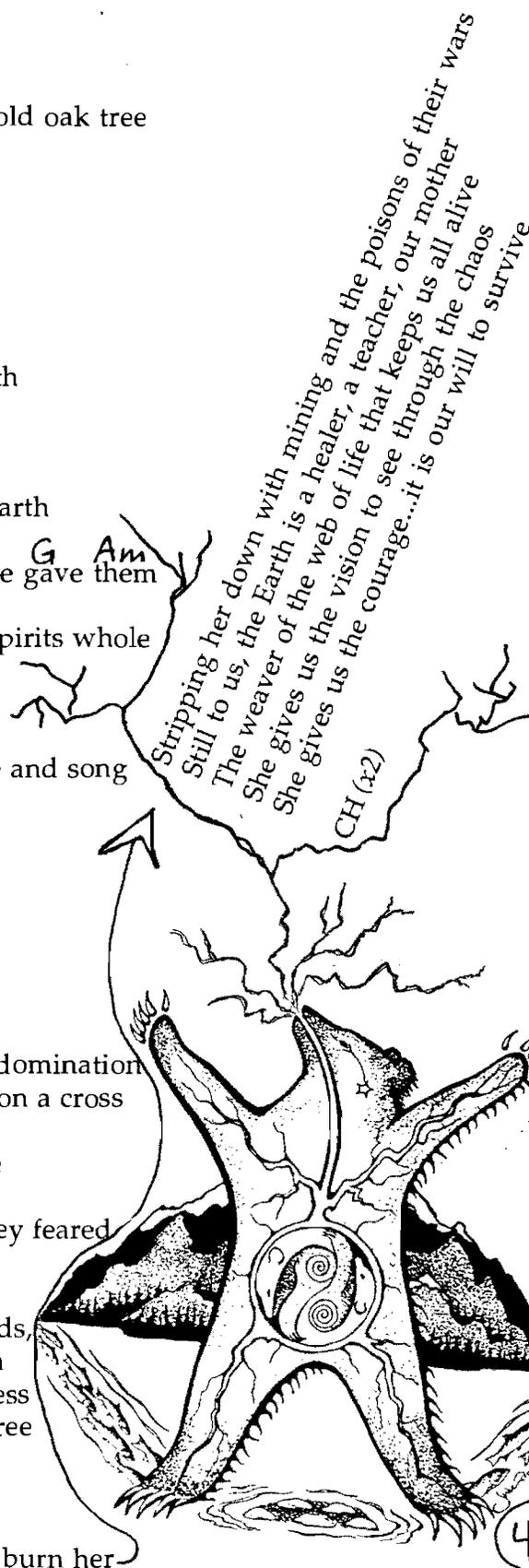
Isis Astarte Diana Hecate Demeter Kali Inanna

Isis Astarte Diana Hecate Demeter Kali Inanna

There were those who came to power through domination  
And they bonded in the worship of a dead man on a cross  
They sought control of the common people  
By demanding allegiance to the church of Rome  
And the pope declared the inquisition  
It was war against the women, whose powers they feared  
In this holocaust against the nature people  
Nine million European women died  
And the tale is told of those who, by the hundreds,  
Holding together, chose their deaths into the sea  
While chanting the praises of the Mother Goddess  
A refusal of betrayal...women were dying to be free

CH

Now the Earth, she is a witch, and the men still burn her



Stripping her down with mining and the poisons of their wars  
Still to us, the Earth is a healer, a teacher, our mother  
She weaves the web of life that keeps us all alive  
She gives us the vision to see through the chaos  
She gives us the courage...it is our will to survive  
CH (x2)

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE

By Buffy Sainte-Marie

(When people ask, "What happened to the North American Indians in the 1880 s?", you can pretty much point to the robber barons of the time who needed to make a fortune in oil, gold, and other precious metals. Simple greed in the hands of a powerful few who manipulated the media and politicians. When people ask, "What happened to the Indian movement of the sixties and seventies?", you can pretty much point to the same motives a hundred years later, with uranium added to the list in very big print. The shocking information in this song is not new, but strung together; the events tell a story that most non-Indian people don't know. Dedicated to Leonard Peltier and the memory of Anna Mae Aquash and Joseph Stuntz.)

INTRO:

<sup>D</sup> Indian legislation on the desk of a do-right Congressman  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Now, he don't know much about the issue <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>A</sup>  
So he picks up the phone and he asks advice from the  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
Senator out in Indian country  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
A darling of the energy companies, who are  
<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Ripping off what's left of the reservations. Huh.



*Verse*  
I learned a safety rule, I don't know who to thank <sup>A</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
Don't stand between the reservation and the corporate bank <sup>A</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
They send in federal tanks, it isn't nice but it's reality... <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>

CHORUS:

<sup>D-C-G</sup>  
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee  
<sup>D-C-G</sup>  
(Rest it) Deep in the Earth  
<sup>D-C-G</sup>  
(Won'tcha) Cover me with pretty lies  
<sup>D-C-G</sup>  
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh.



*Verse*  
They got these energy companies that want to take the land  
And they've got churches by the dozen tryin' to guide our hands  
And sign Mother Earth over to pollution, war and greed  
(Get rich...get rich quick!)

CH

We got the federal marshals, we got the covert spies

We got the liars by the fire, we got the FBI  
They lie in court and get nailed  
And still Peltier goes off to jail  
(The bullets don't match the gun!)

CH

My girlfriend Annie Mae talked about uranium  
Her head was filled with bullets and her body dumped  
The FBI cut off her hands and told us  
She'd died of exposure  
(Yeah right!)

CH

We had the Goldrush Wars, aw, didn't we learn to crawl?  
And still our history gets written in a liar's scrawl  
They tell ya "Honey, you can still be an Indian  
D-d-down at the Y on Saturday nights"

CH

OUR HEROES HAVE ALWAYS KILLED COWBOYS



1886 - Yanozha, Chappo (Geronimo's son), Fun & Geronimo

(49)

CALEB MEYER

By Gillian Welch

(Give this song its intense, droning vibe by leaving the B string open on the Am chord, and the high E string open on the D chord. Capo sixth fret.)

INTRO: Am . . .

Am

Caleb Meyer he lived alone

G

In them hollering pines

D

And he made a little whiskey for himself

Am

Said it helped to pass the time

Long one evening in back of my house

Caleb come around

And he called my name 'til I went out

With no one else around

I drew that glass across his neck

Fine as any blade

Then I felt his blood pour fast and hot

Around me as I laid

CHORUS:

Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna

Wear them rattling chains

But when I go to sleep at night

Don't you call my name

CH x2 (second time, play only Am as you

sing it through)

"Where's your husband, Nellie Cane

Where's your darlin' gone?

Did he go on down the mountainside

And leave you all alone?"

"Yes my husband's gone to Bowling Green

To do some business there"

And Caleb threw that bottle down

And grabbed me by my hair

CH

He threw me in the needle bed

Across my dress he lay

Then he pinned my hands above my head

And I commenced to pray

I cried my God I am your child

Send your angels down

Then feeling with my fingertips

The bottle neck I found

# CAMPFIRE

By Celilo, music by Mike Williams

(To the tune of "Highway" by Mike Williams [See page 109].)

Am C  
Gila River is high

Am C  
My camp is far above the shore

G D  
And the coyotes laugh

Em D  
In the growing of the moon

C G  
And I think 'bout rattlers

C G  
And I think 'bout bears

## CHORUS:

Em D C G  
And this campfire is my friend

D G  
Oh my sycamore's burning

Em D C G  
As long as I've got a song in my heart

D C  
I'm as free as a hawk above this canyon

D C G  
Swift as the trout named for this river...

Ponderosa smells sweet  
Vanilla skates along the breeze  
And the wind picks up and tears  
Through the canyons and the trees  
And it sounds like a highway  
And it sounds like rain

CH (...Oh my cottonwood's burning...)

Mexican gray wolf ran here  
I dream her tracks in the sand  
But our people drove her off  
In their greed and their fear  
Paying men on horses  
With bullets and guns

CH (...Oh my juniper's burning...)

Green fire stalks the night  
Pads softly near my bed  
And I soar in my sleep  
With the wind above my tears  
And she looks at me  
And she walks away

THE CARIBOU POLKA

By Dennis Fritzing, with help from Robert Hoyt

(Acapella, to a lively Polka beat.) *This can also be played on guitar, but we opted for acapella*

We went up to Albany  
Tryin' to set some rivers free  
Said cancel contracts—that's a fact—  
We want the ecosystem back  
At the Statehouse, what'd we hear?  
Polka music in our ear  
We danced, it's no joka  
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CHORUS:

Do the Caribou Polka,  
The Caribou Polka,  
A caribou is what I am  
Do the Caribou Polka,  
The Caribou Polka—  
Polka hole in the dam

We were blocked, and so we drowned  
Our bodies stank like smoka—  
No more Caribou Polka!

CH

Of course it was all in fun  
Let you guess what next we done  
All decided to revive  
One by one we came alive  
Spontaneous, it was no plan  
Poked a hole in that dam  
Gave a victory croaka  
An' did the Caribou Polka!

CH (three times, repeat last line twice more on final chorus)

We grazed to the left and right  
That music gave us appetite  
Grabbed our partners, danced around  
Messed up our migration ground  
All at once the music stopped  
Right back down again we dropped  
Exhausted we could croaka,  
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CH

Once more the music did begin  
We found we had our second wind  
Danced 'til sweat rolled off our backs,  
More fun than recitin' facts  
Angry at the Gov.'s flimflam  
Thinkin' 'bout that dadgum dam  
We gave ourselves a soaka,  
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CH

The dam in place, we couldn't wait  
We came here to migrate  
Reflectin' pool was in our way,  
Dam across it plain as day  
We forded it an' then we found

THE CART

By Ferron

(A haunting song about the ever-changing nature of Nature. The chord progression is repetitive, and it sounds great with harmonies.)

The strap that holds  
 C G Em  
 The cart in reign  
 C G Em  
 Has been let loose  
 C G Em  
 By wearing thi-in  
 C G Em  
 By wearing thin  
 C G Em  
 By biting through  
 C G Em  
 The shift in power  
 C G Em  
 Leans to you-ou

CHORUS:

C D  
 And the cart is on  
 Em  
 A wheel

I've wept with joy  
 For the things I've done  
 And I've wept as hard  
 For what I left undone  
 What I left undone  
 What I couldn't deem mine  
 What I thought was yours  
 So I drew the line

CH#2:

And the cart is on  
 A wheel  
 C D  
 And the wheel is on  
 Em  
 A hill

I heard someone fall  
 I saw another one flail  
 I saw an arm dig deep  
 Where there was no ra-ail

**Pygmy Legend**  
 A boy finds a bird with a beautiful song and brings him home. His father doesn't want to feed a mere bird, so he kills it. With the bird he killed the song, and with the song, himself. He was dead, completely dead, forever.

Well there is no rail  
 And there's no "because"  
 Though the body be strong  
 The spirit is law-aw

CH#3:

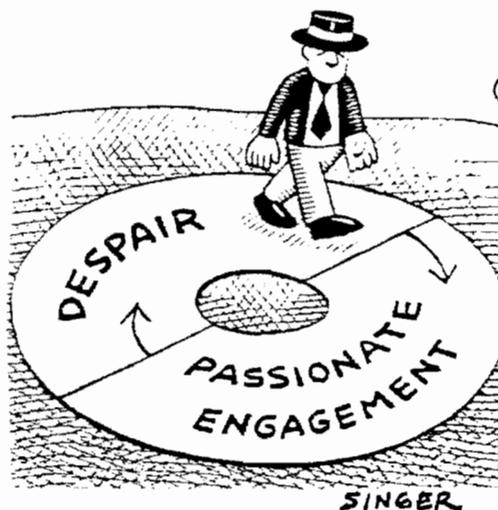
And the cart is on  
 A wheel  
 And the wheel is on  
 A hill  
 C D  
 And the hill is shifting  
 Em  
 Sand  
 C D  
 And inside these laws  
 Em  
 We stand

If we are lives  
 And souls to keep  
 If we are love  
 I hope we do not slee-eep  
 I hope we do not sleep  
 I hope we stay our ground  
 Hold fast to the mother  
 As she spins us 'round

CH#3

Hold fast to the mother  
 Em  
 C G Em  
 Hold fast  
 C G Em  
 Hold fast to the mother  
 C G Em-C  
 Hold fa-ast  
 G Em  
 Hold fast  
 C G Em  
 Hold fast

LIFE



# CASCADIA

By Laurel Luddite

(All barre chords, punkrock feel. Each number refers to the fret where the A string is played by the first finger, while the third finger bars D and G two frets later. For instance, chord "5" has the first finger on A on 5th fret, third finger on D and G on 7th fret. Low E string is always open. Someday I'll learn what these chords are officially called [anyone feel inspired to write in?], but this works for us folkies!)

5 6 5 3 5 6  
Cascadia rise in the dark of the night

5 6 3  
When mist the mountain hides

5 6  
Bear arms of barricades

3 5  
And your body an ancient Fir

6  
Unsheathe your claws and teeth again

3 5  
Your soft heart to defend

6 3 5  
But hold us close, the ones who wish you well

3 5 6  
O-o-oh, when the 'dozer came

6 5  
It ripped a road through a living thing

6 5 3 5  
The forest connected through roots that they destroyed

3 5 6 5  
O-o-oh, when the 'dozer comes again

6 5  
We will arm ourselves with what it takes to win

6 3 5  
In true defense, smashing sticks against the State

6 3 5  
The monkey wrench, the match, our burning rage

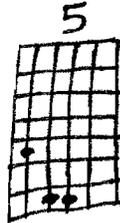
(all quiet and emo-ish) *fingerpicking*

5  
This will call for shadows

3 5  
And the dark of the night

5  
Running through shadows,  
(raging again)

3 5  
Cascadia rise!



Children rise to the branches  
above  
In our hearts, hatred grows from love  
To see forests undisturbed,  
The wisdom of the mountain's earth  
destroyed in the last  
days of the  
Earth

CHESAPEAKE  
By Kale Kalloch

G D C9 G D C9  
I am a rolling stone, I am the Chesapeake  
G D C9 - G - D - C9  
I am not a fool  
G D C9 G D-C9  
And when I offer what I have to share  
G D C9 G D-C9  
I do it with my heart and so-o-oul

CHORUS:

D C9 G  
You ask me what the hell am I thinking  
I haven't had a clear thought all day  
D C9 G  
You want me to make you promises  
D C9 G D-C9  
I don't know how long I can staaaaay

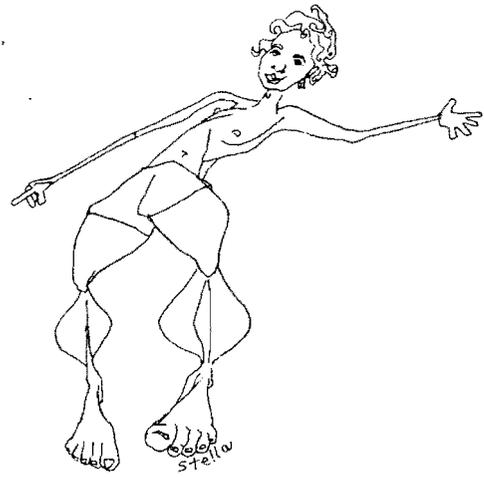
I am a riverboat, I am floating along  
Full of smoke and music and laughter  
I just might pick you up, I might float away  
And I might not come back 'til some far away day

CH

I am not a mountainside for you to climb  
I think I'm more like a river  
I bring you fish and leave you shivering  
I will not ask you for anything

CH

(Repeat first verse)



Big legs small tits  
and  
ing all woman all the time  
gophigyer



## THE CLEARING

By Katya Chorover

(Capo on second fret)

(Fingerpicking)

<sup>G</sup> Where have you gone, my darling young one?

<sup>G</sup> When was the moment you decided to run?

<sup>C</sup> Well the race is a long one and it might grind you down

<sup>C</sup> So I'll meet you in the clearing at the out skirts of town

<sup>G</sup> Where have you gone, my darling young one

<sup>G</sup> The city's so quiet seems nobody's home

<sup>C</sup> Well the streets are all empty, in the night air

<sup>C</sup> But in the silent darkness, some mystery calls us

<sup>C</sup> To howl and remember, the wild ones out there

(Begin strumming, same chords as second verse)

Oh where have you gone, my darling young one?

The pavement shifts quickly beneath firing guns

And the babies are growin' to the reckless sounds

Of the TV blaring, talk radio daring

People to hate and forget to care

(First verse chords)

Oh where have you gone, my darling young one?

This is the moment I am choosing to run

Well the race is a long one, and it might grind me down

So I'll meet you in the clearing at the out skirts of town

(Second verse chords)

Yes that's where I'll find you, my darling young one

We'll dance till dawn and greet the rising sun

And if I didn't have you this world might grind me down

So I'll meet you in the clearing and we'll dance 'til the morning

Oh I'll meet you in the clearing at the outskirts of town

## COAL TATTOO

By Billy Ed Wheeler

(Hazel Dickens does a great version of this on her album "A Few Old Memories".)

Am G Am  
Travelin' down that coal-town road  
C G Am  
Listen to those rubber tires whine  
Am C Am  
Goodbye to buckeye and white sycamore  
C G Am  
I'm leavin' you behind

### CHORUS:

C G C  
I've been a coal miner all my life  
C G F-G  
Layin' down track in the hole,  
C F C  
Got a back like an ironwood bent by the wind  
C G Am  
Blood veins blue as the coal

Somebody said, "That's a strange tattoo  
You have on the side of your head"  
I said, "That's a blue print, left by the coal  
Just a little more and I'd be dead"  
And I love the rumble and I love the dark  
I love the cool of the slate  
But it's on down the new road lookin' for a job  
It's the travelin' and lookin' I hate

### CH

I've stood for the union, walkin' the line,  
Fought against the company  
Stood for the U. M. W. of A.  
Now who's gonna stand for me?  
I got no house and I got no pay  
Just got a worried soul  
And this blue tattoo on the side of my head  
Left by the number nine coal

### CH

Someday when I'm dead and gone  
To Heaven, the land of my dreams,  
I won't have to worry on losin' my job  
To bad times 'n' big machines  
I ain't gonna pay my money away  
For pensions and hospital plans.  
I'm gonna pick coal where the blue heavens roll  
And sing with the angel bands

57

# COLD MISSOURI WATERS

By James Keelaghan

(A true story of 13 Forest Service smoke jumpers who died fighting a forest fire, and how one man lived by climbing inside a fire circle he lit and letting the forest fire jump over him. Novel by Norman Maclean: "Young Men and Fire.")

<sup>C G C G</sup>  
My name is Dodge, but then you know that  
<sup>C G D</sup>  
It's written on the chart there at the foot-end of the bed  
<sup>C G C G</sup>  
They think I'm blind, that I can't read it  
<sup>C G D</sup>  
But I've read it every word and every word it says is death  
<sup>Em C D</sup>  
So confession. Is that the reason that you came?  
<sup>Em C D</sup>  
Get it off my chest before I check out of the game  
<sup>Em C D</sup>  
Since you mention it, there's 13 things I'll name  
<sup>Em D Em</sup>  
13 crosses high above the cold Missouri waters

August '49, North Montana  
The hottest day on record and the forest tinder dry  
Lightning strikes in the mountains  
I was crew chief at the jump base, I prepared the boys to fly  
Pick the drop zone, C-47 comes in low  
Feel the tap upon your leg that tells you when to go  
See the circle of the fire down below  
15 of us dropped above the cMw

Gauged the fire, I'd seen bigger  
So I ordered them to side-hill and we'd fight it from below  
We'd have our backs to the river  
We'd have it licked by morning even if we took it slow  
But the fire crowned, jumped the valley just ahead  
There was no way down, headed for the ridge instead  
Too big to fight it, we had to fight the slope instead  
Flames one step behind above the cMw

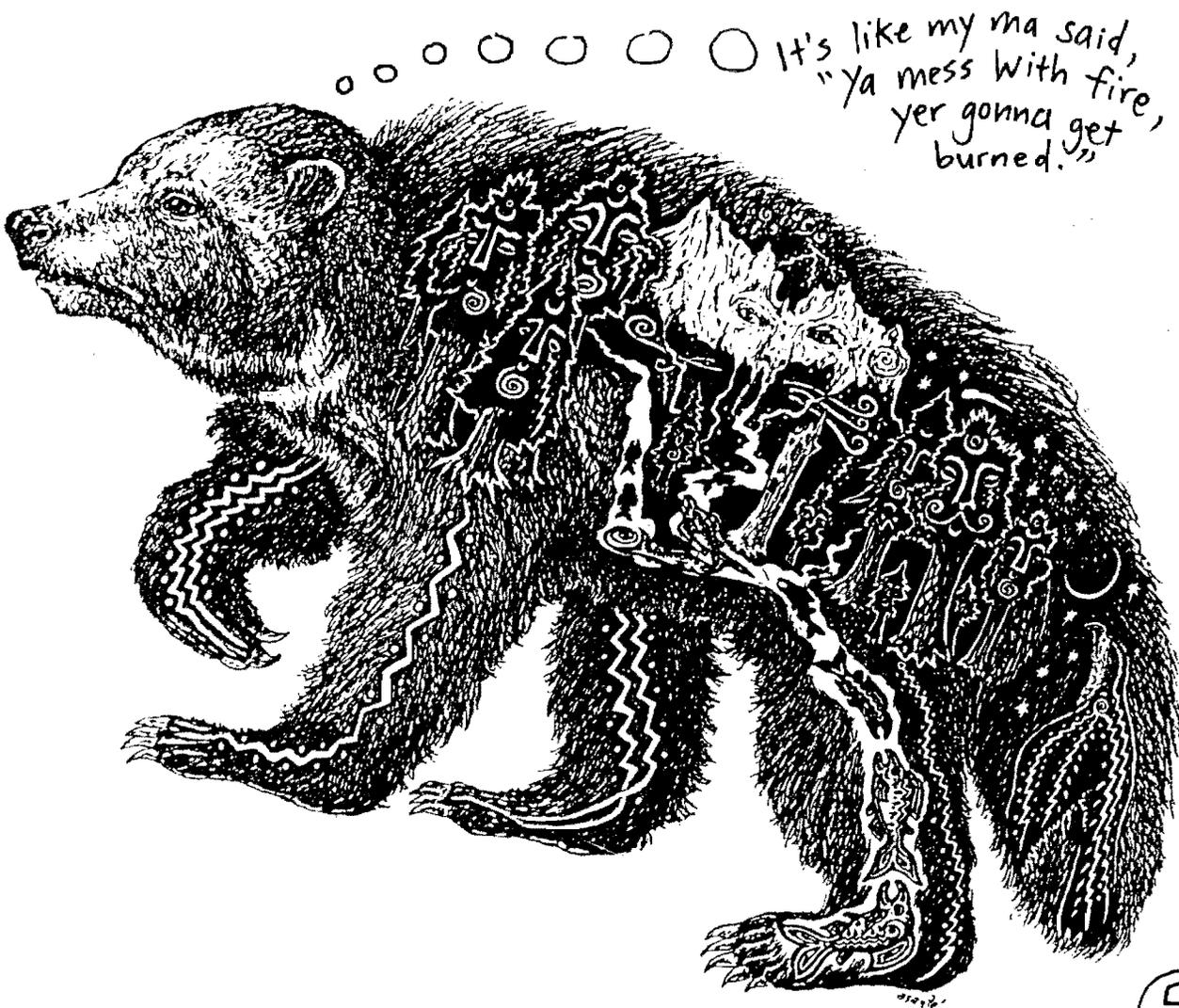
Sky it turned red, smoke was boiling  
200 yards to safety, death was 50 yards behind  
I don't know why, I just thought it  
I struck a match to waste-high grass, runnin' out of time  
I tried to tell them, "step into this fire that I've set"  
We can't make it, this is the only chance you'll get"  
But they cursed me, ran for the rocks above instead  
I laid face down and prayed above the cMw

And when I rose like the phoenix



In that world reduced to ashes there were none but two survived  
I stayed that night and one day after  
Carried bodies to the river, wondered how I'd stayed alive  
13 stations of the cross to mark their fall  
I've had my say, I'll confess to nothing more  
I'll just join them now, those that left here long before  
13 crosses high above the cMw

13 crosses high above the cold Missouri shore



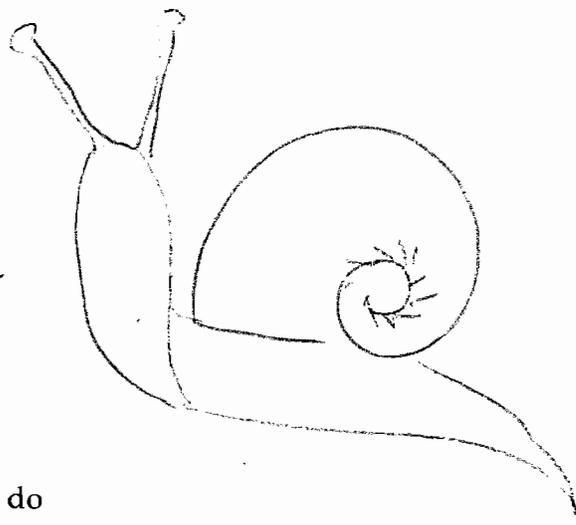
# COLLARD GREENS AND SNAILS

By Antonia Lamb

<sup>G</sup> Times are getting harder, <sup>C</sup> things are getting rough  
<sup>D</sup> Folks out here are talking, 'bout how life is tough  
<sup>G</sup> But out in my backyard is the answer to our prayers  
<sup>D</sup> You and I can always eat collard greens and snails

## CHORUS:

<sup>G</sup> Yum, yum, yum—<sup>C</sup> collard greens and snails  
<sup>D</sup> Go out to the backyard and pick yourself a <sup>G</sup> pail  
<sup>G</sup> Collard greens and snails, <sup>C</sup> gettin' thin as rails  
<sup>D</sup> You and I can always eat collard greens and snails



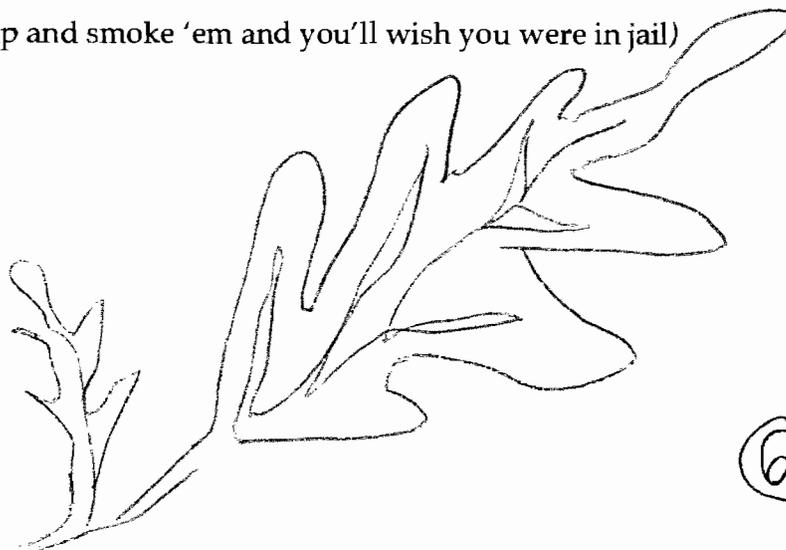
Store-bought food, it costs too much, I wonder what to do  
Tried to grow a garden but the only thing that grew  
Right out in our backyard, the supply that never fails  
You and I can always eat collard greens and snails

CH (second line: Roll 'em up in cornmeal and fry their little tails)

Stuff it smoke, it costs too much, decided to grow my own  
Everything was going great and all my seeds were sown  
But out in my garden, the crop that didn't fail  
Sixteen keys of collard greens and seven quarts of snails

CH (second line: Roll 'em up and smoke 'em and you'll wish you were in jail)

CH (first version)



COMMON ENEMY

By Blackfire

(Blackfire is a Native Dine (Navajo) punk band. This one is to a marching beat, sung like you live in a country that steals your land, rapes your mind and your people, forces you into poverty while it strips away your self-sufficiency, denies your identity, and continues to commit genocide.)

D\* = open D

INTRO: D - D\* - F

D D\*-F-D D\*-F  
Arm yourselves with the truth, we're marching out of 500 years of lies

D D\*-F-D D\*-F <D-D\*-F-F#>  
Burning that bridge to the ground, it's been crossed one too many times x2

There's no money in our culture for your system, so all eyes turn to the youth  
Their minds imprisoned, their thoughts convicted in schools <D-D\*-F-F#> x2

D D# F F#  
The voice of reason is sore from screaming  
Tolerance mutes the cries now no ones listening  
How can you live in the shadow of these lies?  
Your life is outweighed by the greed in their eyes

Instrumental: D-D\*-F > x3, D-D#

D D\*-F D D\*-F  
They fear you so they shelter you with lies, to keep you from the truth of liberty

Kept us in the dark, now we got a light, we got a common enemy!  
The voice of reason is sore from screaming, tolerance mutes the cries now no one's listening  
How can you live in the shadow of these lies? Your life is outweighed by the greed in their

D-C-D\*-D in their eyes D-C-D\*-D in their eyes eyes  
D-C-D\*-D in their eyes

D C D# D D C D# D  
It's written in blood and on the walls  
The bigger they are the harder they fall  
What good is action when you only react  
How can you tolerate the lies when you know the facts?

(First verse twice)

CHORUS:

D D\* D D\*  
Unify, Defy!

D\* <D-D\*-F-F#> x4  
We got a common enemy

Unify, Defy!  
We got a common enemy  
(section x2)

Unify, Defy!  
Unify, Defy!  
Unify, Defy!  
Unify, Defy! We got a common enemy!

Instrumental: D-C-D\*-D x4

Unify! Defy!  
Unify! Defy!  
Unify! Defy!  
D C-D# D  
UNIFY!

(verse chords)  
Why do we settle for lies when we know the truth  
Why do we step aside when we witness the abuse  
Why do we compromise when they've taken everything  
Unify, Defy!...We got a common enemy

# COMPANY TOWNS

By Katya Chorover

<sup>F</sup>  
 From the hills of West Virginia <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 Come the stories of the mines  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Of the coal dust and the darkness  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 And of those who lost their lives  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 There's a song they know so well there  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 About the company slavery  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 They've sung in strikes for generations  
 But still they're not free  
  
 In the streets of Detroit, Michigan  
 The wind blows frigid off the lake  
 And the factory lies empty now  
 No trucks and cars to make  
 Well the company packed it up and went  
 To some warmer kinder clime  
 While working men and women and their kids  
 Are left behind

## CHORUS:

<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 (So you see) The company came in and they claimed  
<sup>Am</sup>  
 This town as their own  
<sup>G</sup>  
 They built supermarkets and banks and  
<sup>Am</sup>  
 Streets filled with homes (*Variation: High-priced homes*)  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 They provided the goods the people had to buy  
<sup>G</sup>  
 Did they think they were doing us a favor  
 Slicing up our lives  
 Like we're pieces of  
<sup>Am</sup>  
 A company pie  
  
 And in the forests of the northwest...

And the mill towns in the rain  
 This pattern we've been seeing  
 Seems it's always the same

The company liquidates their assets

Leaves a desert in our hills

And the work is getting scarcer

As they're closing down the mills

They pile their freighters high with lumber

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 Asia bound, where profits please

<sup>G</sup>  
 And the people watch and wonder

Why we line the big boys' pockets

With the last of our old growth trees

CH



CONCRETE AND BARBED WIRE

By Lucinda Williams

Until all are free

<sup>G G</sup>  
 This wall divides us  
<sup>C G</sup>  
 We're on two different sides  
<sup>C G</sup>  
 But this wall's not real  
<sup>C G</sup>  
 How can it be real?  
<sup>G D G G</sup>  
 It's only made of concrete and barbed wire



we are all imprisoned

CHORUS:

<sup>C G</sup>  
 Concrete and barbed wire  
<sup>C G</sup>  
 Concrete and barbed wire  
<sup>G D G</sup>  
 It's only made of concrete and barbed wire

Back in Algiers, my darlin' broke my heart  
 But he can't seem to break down this wall  
 With two strong hands he couldn't move it all  
 And it's only made of concrete and barbed wire

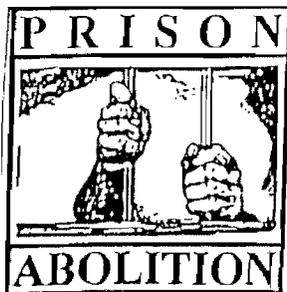
CH

Down in Opelousas, dogs are at the gate  
 And they're mean, Lord, they're mean  
 There's a wall between us, but it's not what it seems  
 It's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CH

Somewhere in Louisiana, my sugar's doin' time  
 But he can't spend time with me  
 If he could just get over this wall he'd see  
 That it's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CH (x2)



# COPS OF THE WORLD

By Phil Ochs

(The more things change...)



E A E A  
Come, get out of the way, boys

E A E E7  
Quick, get out of the way

G C G C  
You'd better watch what you say, boys

G C B7  
Better watch what you say

E A  
We've rammed in your harbor and tied to your port

E A  
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short

E B7 E A G#m-A  
So bring your daughters around to the port

B7 E  
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys

B7 E  
We're the Cops of the World

we  
We pick and choose as please, boys

we  
Pick and choose as please

You'd best get down on your knees, boys

Best get down on your knees

We're hairy and horny and ready to shack

We don't care if you're yellow or black

Just take off your clothes and lie down on your back

'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys

We're the Cops of the World



Our boots are needing a shine, boys

Boots are needing a shine

But our Coca-Cola is fine, boys

Coca-Cola is fine

We've got to protect all our citizens fair

So we'll send a battalion for everyone there

And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years

'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys

We're the Cops of the World



Dump the reds in a pile, boys

Dump the reds in a pile

You'd better wipe off that smile, boys

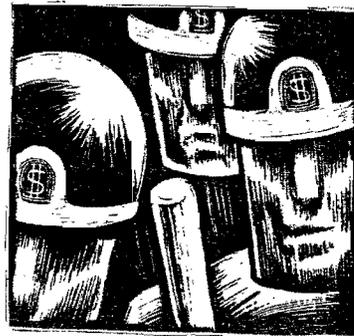
Better wipe off that smile

We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck

We'll find you a leader that you can't elect

Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck

'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys



64

We're the Cops of the World

Clean the johns with a rag, boys  
Clean the johns with a rag  
If you like you can use your flag, boys  
If you like you can use your flag  
We've got too much money we're looking for toys  
And guns will be guns and boys will be boys  
But we'll gladly pay for all we destroy  
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys  
We're the Cops of the World



Please stay off of the grass, boys  
Please stay off of the grass  
Here's a kick in the ass, boys  
Here's a kick in the ass  
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to knock  
We've done it before, so why all the shock?  
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block  
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys  
We're the Cops of the World



When we butchered your sons, boys  
When we butchered your sons  
Have a stick of our gum, boys  
Have a stick of our bubble-gum  
We own half the world, oh say can you see  
The name for our profits is "democracy"  
So, like it or not, you will have to be free  
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys  
We're the Cops of the World



CORRECTIONS BY ASSASSINATION

By Angry Folk

(On this one you're supposed to scream real loud and the chord changes are pretty fast. All power chords; sing it pissed!)

Bb(flat) F  
No education, locked away

Bb C  
Same routine, every day

Bb F  
They call it corrections, but this is hell

Bb C  
And it's the state, in which they dwell

D A B  
In a march to death

D A B  
A march to death

D A B  
A march to death

A march to death!!!

(Slide pick down guitar punk-rock style)

You question the judge, point out the flaw  
Of the racism in this KKKourt of law  
No money to mount the fight you need  
Only rights for the wealthy in a system of greed

D A B  
A death sentence

D A B  
From the day you were born

A death sentence

From the day you were born!!!

(Keep moving toward 12th fret) C-D-E  
C-D-E

C D E  
Meanwhile the upper class feasts

C D E  
On the excess this inequality creates

C D E  
Raising children filled with prejudice and lies

C D E  
The cells hold back imprisoned CRIES!!!

Time ticks down with a date to die  
Morning brings news -- another suicide  
A hanging, a burning  
Their death, our learning

D A B  
For this to end!



"Of what use is it to sheep that no one abridges their freedom of speech? They stick to bleating." --Max Stirner



# THE COURAGE YOU'VE SHOWN

By Casey Neill

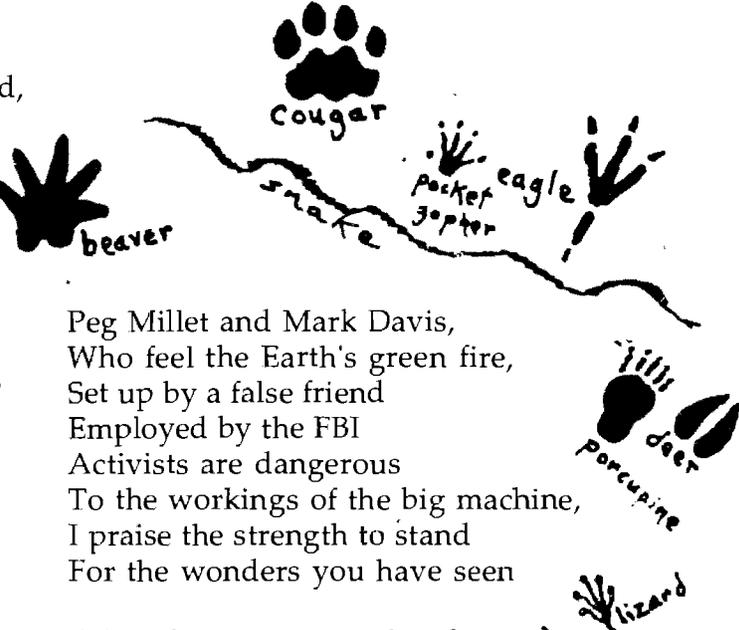
(This song appears on Casey's first album, "Pawprints," which is hard to come by these days. It's quite a collector's item. However, it just might be available through him or the Earth First! Journal.)

With the blowing of the wicked wind,  
 'Cross the land of fire and sage,  
 On the growing of a movement,  
 At the end of an age,  
 Where the powers that be  
 And the bosses of the industry,  
 roll over our children's heritage,  
 Across the landscape

With the rising tide of malice,  
 Across the badlands and Black Hills,  
 To keep alive tradition,  
 They had to stand with strong wills  
 The spirit of Anna Mae,  
 And Leonard Peltier in jail today  
 The stories of your struggles,  
 They carry us on

## CHORUS:

And ya may not see the tree rise  
 From the seeds that you have sown,  
 But in time down the line,  
 She will be fully grown,  
 And the great song of freedom  
 'Round the world will be blown  
 Oh-oh-oh,  
 The courage you've shown  
 Oh-oh-oh, The courage...you've shown

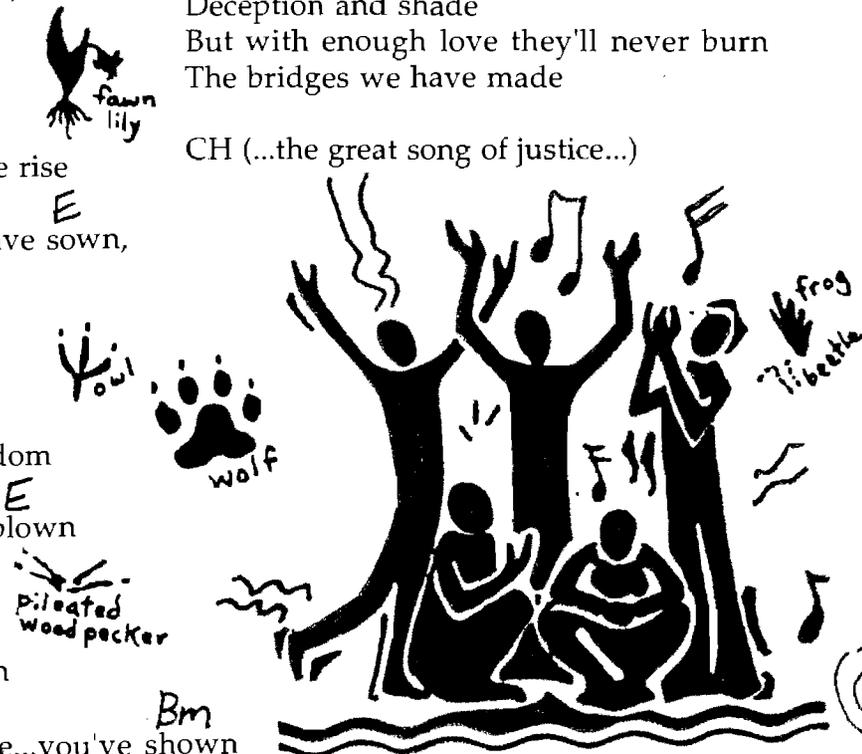


Peg Millet and Mark Davis,  
 Who feel the Earth's green fire,  
 Set up by a false friend  
 Employed by the FBI  
 Activists are dangerous  
 To the workings of the big machine,  
 I praise the strength to stand  
 For the wonders you have seen

CH (...the great song of ecology...)

They'll haunt you with their lies,  
 Do all to divide good friends  
 But arm in arm we'll continue on  
 Until the destruction ends  
 They'll use incarceration and murder,  
 Deception and shade  
 But with enough love they'll never burn  
 The bridges we have made

CH (...the great song of justice...)



COWS WITH GUNS

By Dana Lyons

INTRO: Am — G-Am  
Am — G-Am

Am

Fat and docile, big and dumb

They look so stupid, they aren't much fun

G Am  
Cows aren't fun

They eat to grow, grow to die

Die to be et at the hamburger fry

Cows well done

Nobody thunk it, nobody knew

No one imagined the great cow guru

Cows are one

He hid in the forest, read books with great zeal

He loved Che Guevera, a revolutionary veal

Cow Tse Tongue

He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred

He felt like an outcast, alone in the herd

Cow doldrums

He mooed we must fight, escape or we'll die

Cows gathered around, cause the steaks were so high

Bad cow pun

But then he was captured, stuffed into a crate

Loaded onto a truck, where he rode to his fate

Cows are bummed

He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy

No one suspected he was packing an Uzi

Cows with guns

They came with a needle to stick in his thigh

He kicked for the groin, he pissed in their eye

Cow well hung

Knocked over a tractor and ran for the door

Six gallons of gas flowed out on the floor

Run cows run!

(Spoken) He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay

"We are free roving bovines! We run free today!"

CHORUS:

F C  
"We will fight for bovine freedom

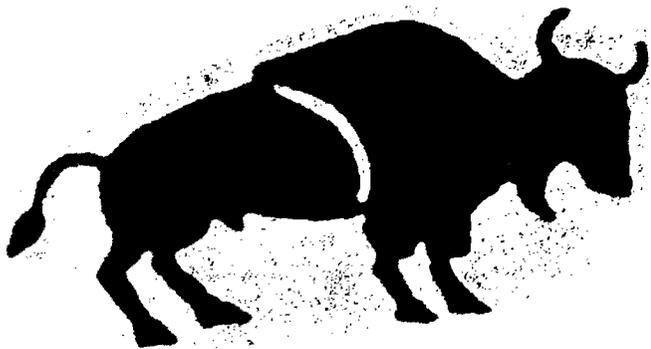
E Am  
And hold our large heads high

THE COCKROACHES RESPOND  
WITH A LIST OF THEIR OWN  
DEMANDS.



Cow Tse Tongue

68



We will <sup>F</sup>run free with the <sup>C</sup>Buffalo  
 Or die... <sup>E 11</sup>

<sup>Am</sup>  
 Cows with guns

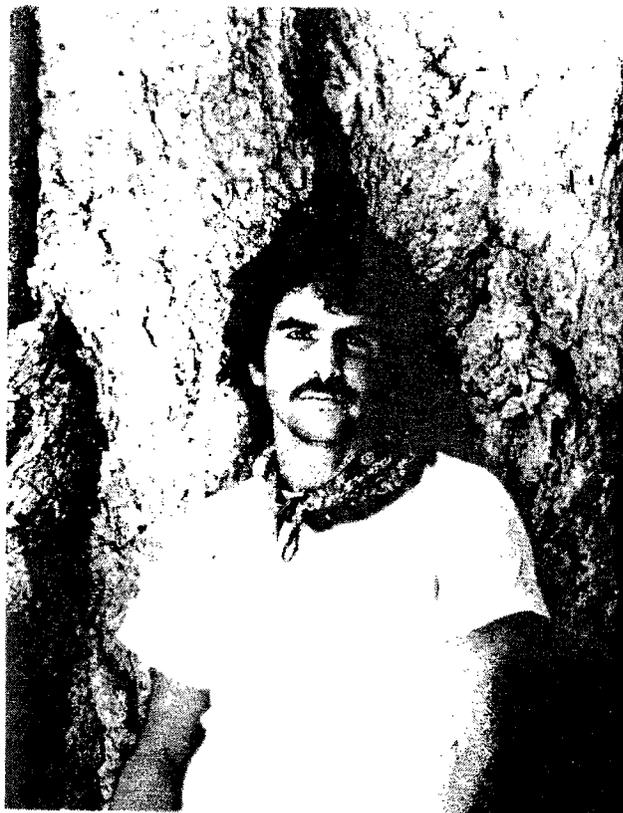
They crashed the gate in a great stampede  
 Tipped over a milk truck, torched all the feed  
 Cows have fun  
 Sixty police cars were piled in a heap  
 Covered in cow pies, covered up deep  
 Much cow dung  
 Black smoke rising, darkening the day  
 Twelve burning McDonald's--  
 have it your way!

CH

The President said "Enough is enough --  
 These uppity cattle, it's time to get tough"  
 Cow dung flung  
 The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief  
 Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef  
 Cows on buns  
 The cows were surrounded, they waited and prayed  
 They mooed their last moos, they chewed their last hay  
 Cows out-gunned

*(Spoken)* The order was given to turn cows to whoppers  
 Enforced by the might of ten thousand coppers  
 But on the horizon surrounding the shoppers  
 Came the deafening roar of chickens in choppers!

CH *(last line should end slowly and dramatically like you've got Dana's mariachi band  
 backin' ya up.)*



DANCING ON THE RUINS (of Multinational Corporations)

By Casey Neill

CHORUS:

G D C D  
We're dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations

G D C D  
Dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations

G D C D  
Dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations

G C D  
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

Say goodbye to plastic and goodbye to cars  
No more convenience stores hello to stars  
No more Wall Street and no more Pentagon  
Thinking about these things makes me happy

CH

Goodbye to polystyrene, we'll put an end to the waste  
There's no time for debating, we've got to make haste  
If we are going to survive without computer program minds  
We're going to have to can pop culture  
And say hello to campfires and stomping bare feet  
And naked amoebas hungry to eat  
Hello to primal consciousness and love for the land  
Now that coyotes are running the country

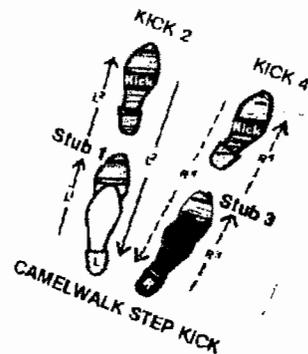
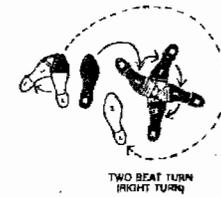
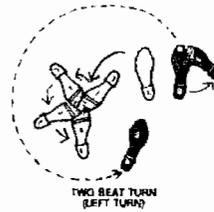
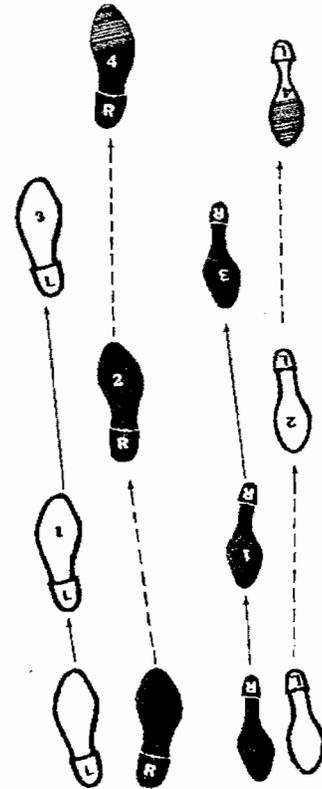
CH

Sayonara to suburbia and well-manicured lawns  
Bye bye to Barbie and Ken doll pawns  
No more developers or slimeball execs  
Your condos are on fire (FIRE!)

CH

We'll frolic in the forest and have pagan deities  
And when we've destroyed technology we all will be free  
The pavement will be ripped up and the skyscrapers cut down  
YES! We are coming for your children (or: our parents)

CH





THE DIGGERS SONG

By Gerrard Winstanley (of the Diggers)

(Performed by Chumbawamba. For more on the Diggers, see Leon Rosselson's "The World Turned Upside Down," page 254.)

Em Bm  
You noble Diggers all  
Stand up now  
Em  
Stand up now  
Bm  
Stand up now  
Em Bm  
You noble Diggers all  
Stand up now  
Em  
Stand up now  
G  
The wasteland to maintain  
D  
Seeing cavaliers by name  
Em  
Your digging does maintain  
Bm  
And persons all defame  
Em  
Stand up now  
Em  
Stand up now  
  
Your houses they pull down  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
Your houses they pull down  
Stand up now  
Your houses they pull down  
To fright your men in town  
But the gentry must come down  
And the poor shall wear the crown  
Stand up now  
Diggers all!  
  
With spades and hoes and ploughs  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
With spades and hoes and ploughs  
Stand up now  
Your freedom to uphold  
Seeing cavaliers are bold  
To kill you if they could  
And rights from you to hold  
Stand up now  
Diggers all!

The gentry are all round  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
The gentry are all round  
Stand up now  
The gentry are all round  
On each side they are found  
Their wisdom so profound  
To cheat us of our ground  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
  
The lawyers they conjoin  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
The lawyers they conjoin  
Stand up now  
To arrest you they advise  
Such fury they devise  
The devil in them lies  
And have blinded both their eyes  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
  
The clergy they come in  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
The clergy they come in  
Stand up now  
The clergy they come in  
And say it is a sin  
That we should now begin  
Our freedom for to win  
Stand up now  
Diggers all!  
  
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests  
Stand up now  
For tyrants they are both  
Even flat against their oath  
To grant us they are loathe  
Free meat and drink and cloth  
Stand up now

Diggers all!  
The club is all their law  
Stand up now  
Stand up now  
The club is all their law  
Stand up now  
The club is all their law  
To keep poor men in awe  
But they no vision saw  
To maintain such a law  
Stand up now

Diggers all!

DON'T GET CAUGHT!

By Dragonfly

(All ~~base~~ chords, fast and punk-style.)

INTRO: B-D-C-B (x3)

G-A-B (x3)

B Em Dm  
You walk into the woods

A B  
You see an Earth-rapin' machine

Em Dm  
You'd like to stop that thing cold

A B  
If you know what I mean

Em Dm  
You'd like to see that hunk

A B  
Of steel well-rusted

Em Dm  
But watch your back --

A B  
You might get busted

A B  
No! Don't get busted

CHORUS:

D C B D C B D C B  
Fuck shit up! Fuck shit up! Fuck shit up!

G A B G A B G A B  
Don't get caught! Don't get caught! Don't get caught!

The caterpillar bulldozers are plowin' so fast  
So little native forest left--it's not long to last  
You want to do something to defend some old trees  
But you better be careful--sabotage is a felony  
Whoa! sabotage is a felony

CH (Then jam verse and chorus chords.)

Now some of us have a nonviolence code  
And the worst thing that we'll do is take a pick-axe to a road  
Or sit way up high in the old growth canopy  
Chant and pray just like Gandhi  
Pray just like Gandhi

CH



DOWNWARDLY MOBILE  
By T.R. Kelley

There's a man in a hard hat, leaning on a shovel,  
Munching on a doughnut with his pants hung low  
Bitching to his buddies 'bout them bums on welfare,  
He makes 20 bucks an hour on the government dole  
I myself, I used to work in retail  
A-stockin' and a-sellin' and a-sweepin' the floor  
But my time is worth more to me than money,  
So I ain't gonna work in the store no more

CHORUS:

Hey Mr. Boss-man, you don't own me,  
I've dropped out and I'm doing fine  
Bartering and scrounging and a-shoppin' at the Goodwill,  
Downwardly mobile on the poverty line

I said fuck the Amerikan standard of living,  
I can get by on a whole lot less  
I live in a shack with my bike out back  
And I ain't givin' nothin' to the IRS

CH:

Hey Mr. Boss-man, you don't own me,  
I've chosen the life of alternative ease  
Sittin' in the sun and pickin' my guitar,  
Eating top-ramen and government cheese

Well, it's not so much that I don't like working,  
I get a lot of satisfaction from a job well done  
But I won't waste my time doing something I hate,  
There ain't no second chance when your lifetime's done

CH:

Call me a slacker on the government tip,  
Call me a hippie and a no account bum  
Curse me blue from your white-collar high rise,



I hate the way that your life is run,  
Oh are you feelin' kinda empty when the working day's...done?

**BRIDGE:**

You gotta pay somebody money to do things you ain't got time to do because you are too busy earning money...

(Repeat x4)

**CH**

Tax payin' working daddy upright citizens  
Pay homage to the system at the shopping mall  
Consumerama binge with plastic money,  
Working 'til they're dead to pay for it all

Destroy the earth to make more doo-dads,  
Get the economy higher than before  
Growth for the sake of growth is cancer,  
And when it's done there won't be no more,  
When the Earth is destroyed there won't be no...more

Well you gotta have some money for the food and the rent,  
But money can't buy what you really like  
Start doing what you love, that's time that's well-spent,  
'Cause time is the one thing you can't buy back

G F G  
Time is the one thing you can't buy back

G F G  
Time is the one thing you can't buy back

G F G  
Time is the one thing you can't buy back

G F G  
Time is the one thing you can't buy back



DUMPSTER DIVING FOREVER

By Florida Youth Gone Wild! crew

(To the tune of the well-known labor union song "Solidarity Forever")

Is there ought we have in common with the greedy parasite

Besides that we eat of his dumpsters every night?

Is there anything left for us? Open the lid and take a bite

For the donuts make us strong!

CHORUS:

Dumpster diving forever

Dumpster diving forever

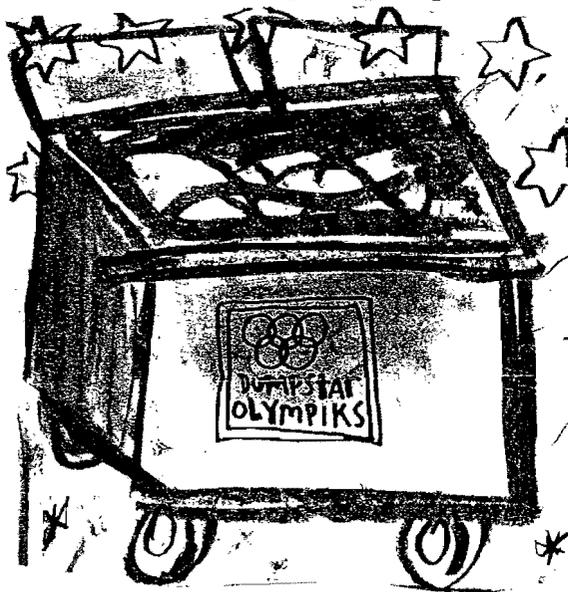
Dumpster diving forever

For the donuts make us strong!

They have wasted untold millions and they waste more every day  
While the workers keep producing, they keep throwing it away  
But the freegans are uniting and we vow to never pay!  
For the donuts make us strong!

CH

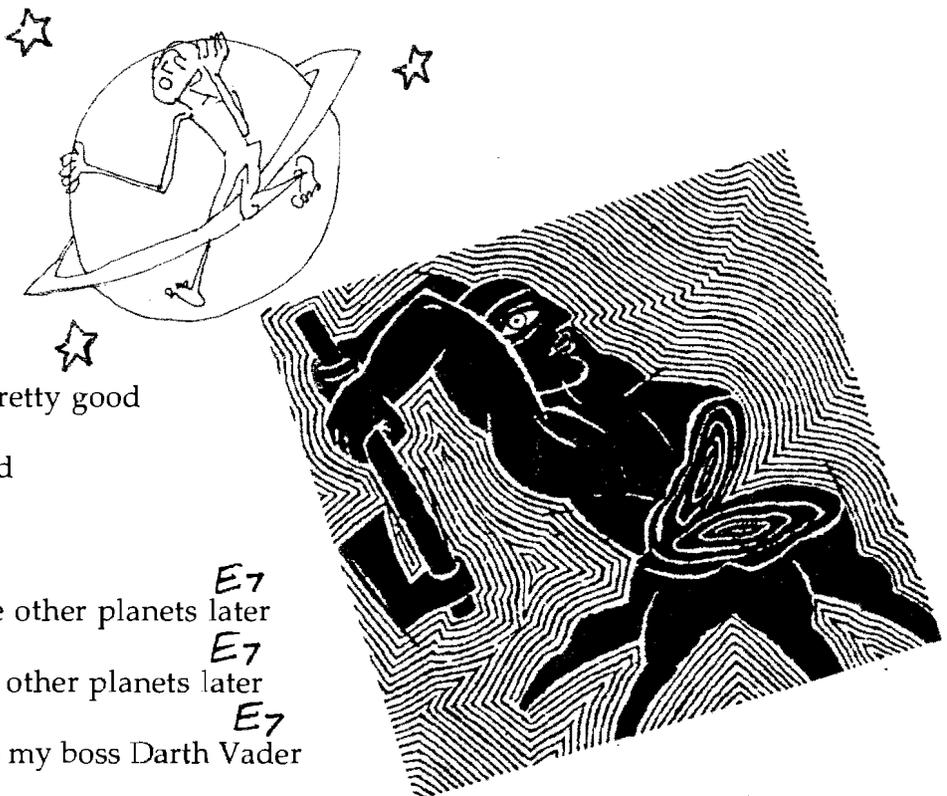
We may be industry-dependant hypocritical leeches  
But while you work to buy carob organic wheat-free brownies,  
we'll be swimmin' at the beaches  
And when "green" consumerism dies, we'll be making freegan speeches  
For the donuts make us...sick!



EARTH FIRST! (We'll Log the Other Planets Later)

By Darryl Cherney

E7  
 My daddy was a logger  
 A7 E7  
 And I'm a logger's son  
 A7  
 My boy will be a logger  
 E7  
 Until the logging's done  
 B7  
 This planet Earth she's pretty good  
 A7  
 She got a lot of fine wood



CHORUS:

E7 A7 E7  
 Earth First! we'll log the other planets later  
 A7 E7  
 Earth First! we'll log the other planets later  
 B7 A7 E7  
 Got to get back, report to my boss Darth Vader

Now you know Darth Vader  
 He's not such a bad guy  
 He got a bad rap in the media  
 And you know how they lie  
 You know that he set me free  
 Free to cut that tree

CH

So I got out of my log cabin  
 And jumped into my log spaceship  
 Going loggin' with the Empire  
 Clearcut where the Ewoks live  
 Hey even Star Trek got a job  
 They went and cut the Captain's log

CH

B7 A7 E7  
 Got to get back, report to my boss Darth Vader  
 B7 A7 E7  
 Earth First! we'll log the other planets later



THE EEL RIVER SONG

By Patrick Oliver

(Play fast)

<sup>E</sup> I went down to the riverside and gazed into the pools <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>

Where the water is still, shaded and cool <sup>B</sup>

And I can see the swarm of those fingerlings <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>

I can hear those baby coho salmon sing (they were singin') <sup>B</sup> <sup>E</sup>

CHORUS:

The mighty Eel River will flow free  
From the northcoast mountains to the open sea  
The waters will run cold and clear  
And the coho salmon will once again spawn here

But the road-building never stops  
And the mud just pours off of the mountaintops  
They keep draggin' out every last old growth tree  
Choking the Eel River with turbidity

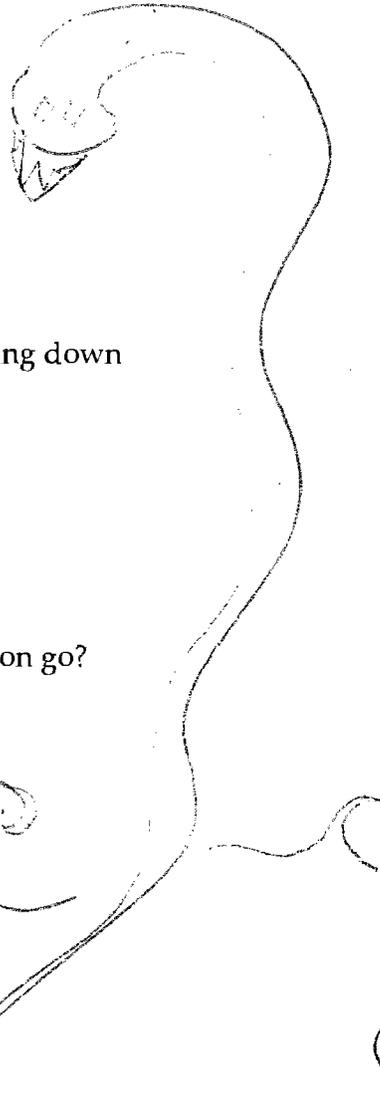
CH

In the late winter flow the Eel River is chocolate brown  
And the salmon counts every year, they just keep on going down  
And almost no one seems to care or bother to ask why  
In the late summer flow the Eel River is runnin' dry

CH

And the south steals the water, it's such a sad tale  
The Eel River is diverted at the Van Arsdale (dam!)  
For condos, malls and grapes we watch Sonoma grow  
But with no water left in the river where will those salmon go?

CH



EMMA'S GARDEN

By Casey Neill

(There was a More Gardens! parade late night one winter solstice through the urban jungle of Manhattan, Lower East Side. We arrived at one of the squatted community gardens and spilled into it off of ~~the~~ hard paved street, joining the junkart sculptures and herbs and weeds and veggies. There was a big ragin' campfire in the center of the garden and people sang Earth chants; we forgot about NYC. The tall buildings around us were like the trees of Headwaters, same moon, same soil. For those small moments there in our patch we lived in Wilderness. --ed.)

<sup>C</sup> In a vacant lot on 8th street, a woman digs in the asphalt  
<sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> Crumbling it away to unveil the forgotten ground  
<sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Broken bottles & shredded tires, used needles and gun shells  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>Am</sup> With her hands she bears raw beauty, a fire you cannot quell  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>



CHORUS:

<sup>F</sup> And the leaves grow greener in Emma's garden, and  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> The roses grow redder in Emma's garden  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> Impossible color.....fed by impossible love  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>



They painted murals on the walls, a junk sculpture for a fountain  
 What some throw away, others call fine art  
 She planted herbs in spirals, said a prayer for each seed  
 And once a month at twilight comes to bleed



CH



BRIDGE:

<sup>D</sup> Gardeners are warriors and PEACE IS THE ONLY VICTORY  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> With dirt under the nails and fingers deep in the loam  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> A quiet revolution, an example so fine  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>Bflat (Bb)</sup> A proud, compassionate people in a cynical time  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>



And it's well they remember the Chico Mendez garden and  
 It's well they nourish (nurture) 100 more in its name  
 Even in this city where the shadows seem victorious  
 The sunflowers stand tall and put them all to shame

CH

WHICH KIND OF WORM  
 WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE  
 IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

	
Earthworm	Real Estate Developer

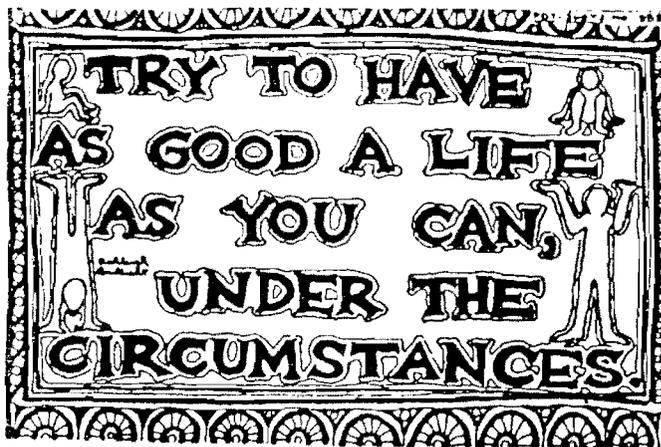
SAVE OUR GREENSPACE

79

END OF THE WORLD

By Danny Dolinger

G C9 G - C9  
 I've got a job and I've got a lot to do  
 G C9 G-C9  
 I think in this life my work will never be through  
 Em D  
 When folks are aware and they just don't care  
 C  
 How so much is consumed by so few  
 G C9 G-C9  
 And I like to soak my feet in the morning dew



Oh I like to sing and take time to play my guitar  
 Lie on a bank and watch for a falling star  
 Forget all the mayhem and utter destruction  
 That's tearing the planet in two  
 And I want to spend the end of the world with you

Well it's hard on my heart to see people who should have the best  
 Give up so much to improve life for all of the rest  
 Well I feel your heart ache and I'm proud that you don't break  
 And if your dream for the Earth don't come true  
 Then I want to spend the end of the world with you

BRIDGE:

Em D  
 Well there's so little hope, almost no way to cope  
 C  
 And often crying's the right thing to do  
 Am C  
 Or shouting in anger at the temples of power  
 G D  
 But laughter's important too...



So let's take today and go out and play in the sun  
 Dedicate one single day to nothing but fun  
 This may be the last spring that we get a chance to  
 Sing songs of gratitude  
 And I want to spend the end of the world with you

G C9 G C9 - G  
 I want to spend the end of the world with you.....with you

## EXTINCTION

By John Seed

*(John Seed lives in Australia, but his deep ecology work has been felt 'round the world. He plays with Dana Lyons on a live recording for kids [and adults]: "At Night They Howl at the Moon." If you ever get a chance to partake in one of John's "Council of All Beings" workshops, just do it!)*

**Am**

Oh yes, there's just one thing more,

**G**

Extinction howls outside the door

**F**

And no matter what you say

**E**

It's a hell of a price to pay

**Am**

For security

**G**

And when you see species tumbling down

**F**

Ask yourself what's real—estate agent or gene pool?

**E**

Blade poised at my mother's throat

Nuclear umbrella shields my soul

Yellow-cake Bob got my vote

Roxby Downs pays wage or dole

To be or not to be?

The final choice

Ecology or extinction? Raise your voice

Ever since they heard the news

Sisters and brothers sing the blues

Share despair, fear and sorrow

Loving each other like there's no tomorrow

Or yesterday

We pray: "May there be peace on Earth

Ecology, ecstasy, evolution"

Sap coursing through a mammal branch

Touches you, a trembling human leaf

Send your roots back through the Tree of Life

Shedding false humanistic belief

You fall to your knees

In some still natural place

Embrace the trees, feel ecology pierce your heart

*Sing first four lines of first verse*

# FACES IN STONE

By Katya Chorover

(Katya plays this in DADGAD tuning, but here's our stab at chords in traditional tuning.)

INTRO: C-G-D x2  
C G D

Clouds fan out

C G D  
Above the plains

C G D  
We are driving through a place

C G D  
Where the rock is carved to cave

C G D  
Rock carved to cave

They've carved the faces of men  
In the hills of South Dakota  
They mounted faces of stone  
Upon the sky  
Upon the sky

## CHORUS:

C G  
But the faces of the coyote

C D  
And a black bear as she stands

C D  
They're the faces in stone

C G  
Carved by the Earth

C G D  
They're the ones that we see in this land

C G D  
They're the ones that we feel in this land

An old abandoned homestead  
Roof holes leaking moonlight  
And all that remains are the memories  
Of somebody else's life  
Somebody else's life  
The spirits whisper in the wind here  
As we travel down this road  
The spirits whisper in the wind here  
And we know we are not alone  
We know we are not alone

CH:

We see faces of coyote and  
A black bear as she stands  
They're the faces in stone  
Carved by the Earth  
The ones that we see in this land  
They're the children of this land

Well the scab lands rise  
And the grasslands roll  
And somehow through this dry land  
The river still flows  
The river still flows  
The farmer's shorn the field  
Cutting the grain for feed  
And how this harvest comes at all  
Is a mystery to me  
It's a mystery to me

And somewhere high in those rock caves  
There are paintings on the walls  
Driving seventy miles an hour  
And still I can hear your call  
I can still hear your call  
I can hear your voices  
Singing as you pray  
I hear your voices  
You are singing as you pray  
You are standing as you pray  
You are singing  
Singing

CH:

To the spirit of the coyote  
To the black bear  
As she stands  
To those faces in stone  
Carved by the Earth  
They're the ones that we feel in this land  
They're the children of this land  
The spirit of this land  
The spirit  
The spirit

## FAREWELL TO CLAYOQUOT SOUND

By The Wyrd Sisters (Kim Baryluk/Nancy Reinhold)

*(The Wyrd Sisters usually perform this song in the key of F#m, although it is recorded on their CD "Inside the Dreaming" in Fm. Nancy plays it in Em with a capo on the second fret, making the key F#m, and the chords have been written this way.)*

<sup>Em</sup>  
On Vancouver Island, a forest so old  
<sup>Am D C D</sup>  
The last of her kind, she is mighty and bold  
<sup>Em</sup>  
But the big blades now are mowing her down  
<sup>Am C D Em</sup>  
Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound

Well the NDP had made a big noise  
Trying to play the big games with all the big boys  
So they sold out her soul for hardly a cent  
The raw timber's cut and elsewhere is sent

CHORUS:

<sup>C D Em</sup>  
Blow the bridge down, blow the bridge down  
<sup>C G D Em</sup>  
In the dead of the night sink it into the ground  
<sup>Am Em C D</sup>  
For the sake of the soul of Clayoquot Sound  
<sup>D Em</sup>  
Take a deep breath and blow the bridge down

Upwards of thousands have stood in the way  
But police just come and take them each day  
And the government too has its own saws  
They're changing the charges by changing the laws

CH, then jam solo

What of the spirits that live in the trees?  
What of the life, the quiet, the breeze?  
And what of our planet when it's stripped to the ground?  
Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound

CH x3

What of our planet when it's stripped to the ground?

Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound...

FENCE

By Blackfire

(A ska-punk type vibe, moderately fast speed.)

Em C B  
A fence divides a people

Em CB  
A people divide themselves

Em C B  
Trying not to lose hope

Em C B  
When you've lost everything else

A fence divides a people  
Changing a way of life  
I can't understand  
I can't seem to justify

CHORUS (chorus have harder punk sound than the ska-style verses):

Instrumental: Em—C—Em—C—B x2

Em C  
Why would someone build a fence

Em C B  
Tell me to choose a side

Em C  
Take away my freedom

Em C B  
And expect me not to fight

Trying to stop what you haven't started  
Sleeping for someone else's dream  
Trying to find the truth  
It gets too hard to believe  
A house cannot stand  
When its people are on their knees  
It's no way to live  
It's no way to be free

CH

JAM (keeping punkier sound going): Em - C - F x4, then back to ska

Em C  
Stand

Em C  
Don't walk away

Em C  
It's just another way

Em C  
To keep us fighting amongst ourselves

Em C Em

The only things holding up a wall

Em

Are the people...who don't tear it down!

(punk it up here)

Em C F Em C F

Respect builds unity but not on a foundation of lies

Em C F Em C F

It's hard to find the truth when you're forced to choose a side

CH

(pause, slower reggae vibe to first verse chords)

They're fencing in the horizons

We'll still be here tomorrow

But when you've lost your dreams

Your freedom will follow

A fence divides a people

A people divide themselves

The only things holding up a wall

Are the people who don't tear it down

(bring the tempo back up)

CH

(Stay punky for the rest of the song. Sing first verse words to the chords of Em—B—F)

Em...

Why would someone build a fence

Em...

Tell me to choose a side

Em...

Take away my freedom

Em

And expect me not to fight

JAM: Em - B - F x 4

Em B

Stand

F Em B-F

Don't walk away

Em B-F-Em B-F-Em

Tomorrow is another day!

FLAG DESECRATION RAG

By David Rovics

*(some Vets may be offended at this song being in this book, but that's not our aim - the aim is to call the flag & this fascist Amerikkka like we see it.)*

They tried to pass an amendment in the U.S. Congress

Seems these thugs have some grievance to redress

They said we all must pledge allegiance, 'cause that is what they need

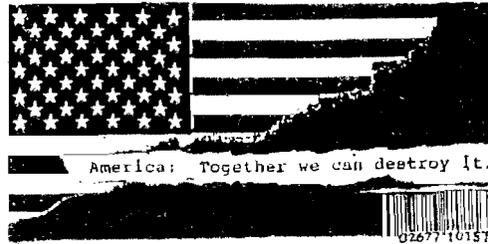
We may not desecrate their symbol of hypocrisy and greed

CHORUS:

But the flag is just a rag

The flag is just a rag

Just a worn-out, tired, dirty, blood-soaked rag



Pledge allegiance to the symbol, well how about the deed  
Allegiance to democracy or blind authority  
It's a flag of war from L.A. to Vietnam  
It desecrates itself each time the Air Force drops a bomb

*Any flag worth a  
shit was woven  
from  
fire  
in the first place  
-michael franti  
★*

CH (Yeah, the flag is just a rag...)

Like they say in Mexico\*, "Yankee Go Home!"  
Uncle Sam and his club thinks the world's there to roam  
And to make the point well they do the traditional thing  
Light a match and let freedom ring

CH ('Cause the flag is just a rag...)

So burn it, stomp it, tear it up or at least hang it upside-down  
Tie it to your foot and drag it on the ground  
Let everybody know how many lives are gone  
'Cause of idiots who said, "My country, right or wrong"

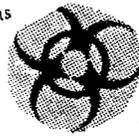
CH (Yeah, the flag is just a rag...)

\*Fill in the blank (i.e. Serbia, Puerto Rico, Big Mountain, Iraq, Colombia, etc.)



FOOD 'N' HEALTH 'N' HOPE  
By Seize the Day

**CONTAMINATED**  
WITH GENETICALLY  
MODIFIED ORGANISMS



<sup>A</sup>  
Those Polar Bears now, who really cares now?  
They're breedin' gender-bendin' babies, who won't be breedin' none  
<sup>E</sup>  
'Cos PCBs, yeah! Are in the seas, yeah!

We like to think that there's a little piece of us in everyone

CHORUS:

<sup>A</sup>  
'Cos we're Monsanto! -- That's right, Monsanto!

We're turning Satan into Santa, by givin' kiddies cancer

<sup>E</sup>  
Comin' through now -- we're changin' YOU now

The mother-nature terminators of Food 'n' Health 'n' Hope

That DDT ban, don't lay it on me man!  
'Cos we had all these creepie-crawlies fallin' on the food we grew  
Was a revolution...ary solution,  
It's just a shame that what we sprayed on made the turnips toxic too!

Let me remind yer 'bout Indo-china  
Them commie dominos were fallin', so we sprayed 'em into Hell!  
Gave peasant farmers , Orange pajamas  
We made their jungle-cover wither, then we withered them as well!

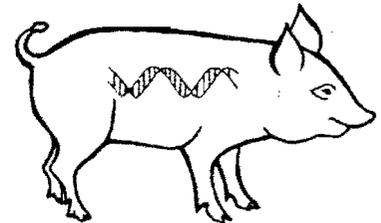
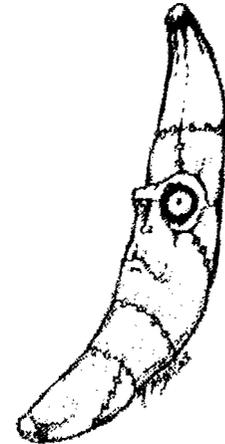
CH

It's not our fault there's chemical warfare,  
But if there's dollar\$ in dioxin it's our duty to supply  
That rain of poison, they washed our boys in,  
A Cancer Agent from the C.I.--Hey!--I cannot tell a lie!

From Pentagon came that drug Aspartame,  
Our Pepsi-Cola with no calories was every kiddie's treat!  
Then there were rumours it gave 'em tumours  
Somebody falsified the data and we called it NutraSweet!

And you get more juice now from a Dairy Moo-Cow,  
Monsanto's daily dose of hormones, them udders gonna swell!  
Don't blame the cream though, if you're in chemo  
There may be B.S.T. mastectomies, but nobody can tell!

CH



NEW WORLD ORDER INC.  
Bio-engineering for business

Robert Shapiro! Well he's our hero!  
 He's on a mission with a vision of sustain-ability  
 Which means we're goin' to keep on growin'  
 'Til we're the biggest corporation in the 21st Century



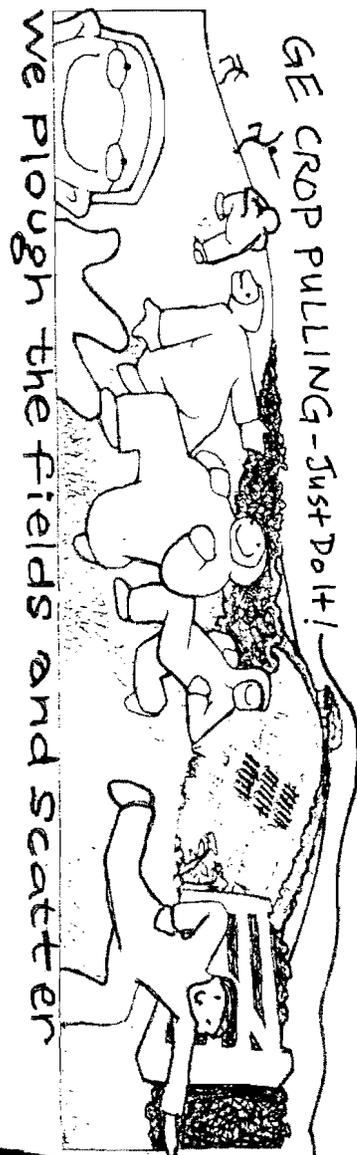
Seein' no future for the big polluters  
 We span an eco-friendly line in re-designin' DNA  
 Genetic eyes on that far horizon  
 Where every thing alive is privatized and every seed'll pay!

We've got the soya, we've got the lawyers,  
 The politicians in our pockets all the way to President  
 The press and TV, to guarantee the  
 Co-operation of your nation in our new experiment!

You did not choose it, but you'll have to use it,  
 We'll get our Round-up Ready fingerprints in every pie you eat,  
 With every patent, be a bit more blatant,  
 'Til our Corporation's domination of your Globe'll be complete!

END CH:

Mister Monsanto! Monster Mutanto!  
 We're turning Satan into Santa - Give Everybody cancer!  
 Comin' through now, we're changin' YOU now  
 The Mother-Nature Terminators,  
 Hell-on-earth creators,  
 Gene-manipulators,  
 Biotech dictators,  
 (Sing slowly & melodramatically) The future's gonna hate us...  
 (Spoken--perky and cheezey) Food 'n' Health 'n' Hope!



# FOOD NOT BOMBS!

By Desert Rat  
(Rap)

In the shadow of the military installation  
And police baton that rule over my nation  
There are fighters with a mission in the grid-locked street  
And they are working to ensure that people still can eat

## CHORUS:

Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna take the streets and ransack the dumpsters  
Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna tie ya to a table and feed your face, with  
Food!...not bombs!...'cause those guns and nukes cause indigestion  
Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna fill up all the tummies in the human race

Some people try to put us down  
But let me tell you about what's comin' around  
We got a great big pot of sweet potato stew  
We got some bagels and some muffins and salad too  
When there's enough in the land to go all around  
There ain't no justifying hunger when the sun goes down

CH (And we are...)

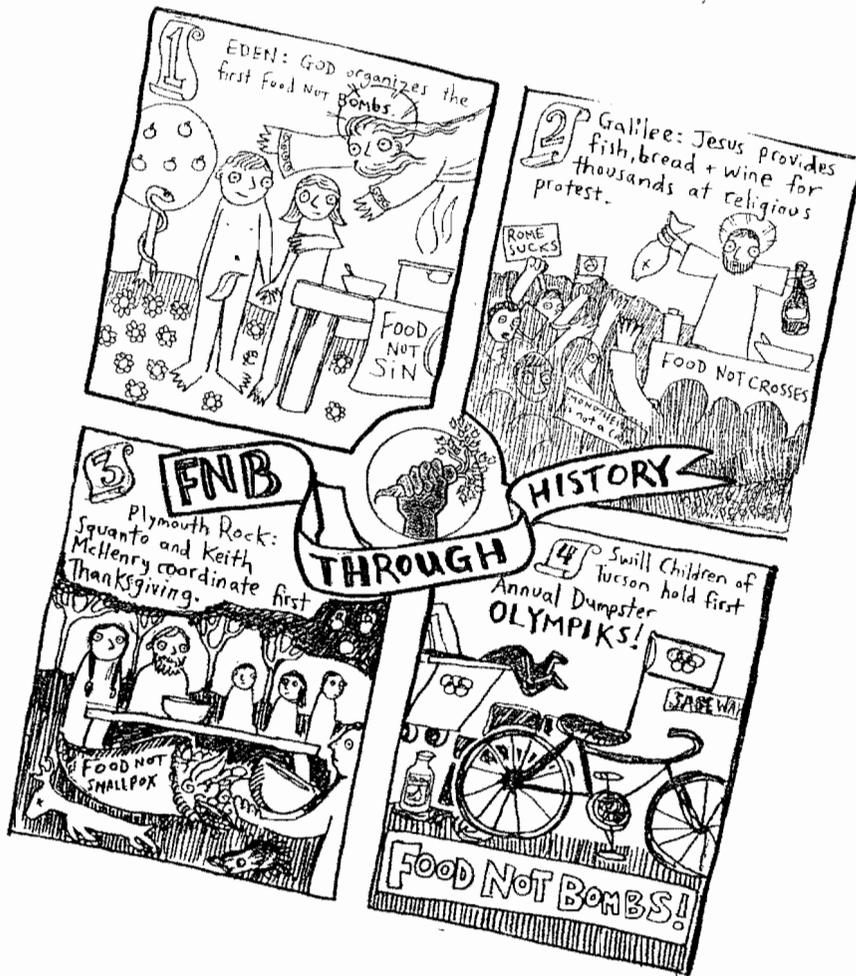
Now Weed and Seed hit my city yesterday  
And the Sal-a-vation Army kitchen started to say,  
"You need a picture ID or you won't get fed,  
We gotta start keepin' track of where the homeless people tread,  
We have to keep a close eye on the under class,  
Or someday they might decide to organize and whoop our ass!"  
We are Food Not Bombs!, we don't care who you are  
You could be sleepin' in a gutter, livin' in your car  
You could be tight for rent and up against eviction  
Or be runnin' from your ninth felony conviction  
We will sit you down with a plate of food  
And watch a home-cooked meal elevate your mood  
And if John D. Rockefeller himself walks up  
To our picnic line, we're gonna say, "yo wassup?"  
Have a bowl of vegan soup, you crook  
And next time come on over to the kitchen and cook!, with...

CH

Now we never serve genetically-engineered  
Food stuffs if we can help it, that shit is weird  
We're talkin' cucumber mosaic virus out on the loose  
With some pretty fuckin' scary recombinant juice  
That little bug is always itchin' to infect a host

Every gene pool on the planet's gonna be toast  
 I'm talkin' shellfish proteins in tomato sauce  
 And Monsanto Corporation playin' planetary boss  
 They put your children's future in the Terminator seed  
 And they poison you with Round-up as if you were a weed  
 You have to fight the corporation every inch of the mile,  
 From the factors of production to the produce aisle  
 Uproot the crop and burn the tractor!  
 Monkeywrench the trash compactor!  
 Shoplift from the supermarket chains!  
 Every dollar that they profit is your people's pain  
 But every nickel that you save on your criminal spree  
 Is gonna help rebuild your local mom-and-pop economy  
 Tear up their toxic parking lots!  
 And replace them with some all-organic garden plots, to grow...

CH



FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN

By Francine Allen

(Sing *acapella*. Dedicated to David Gypsy Chain, 1974-1998. )

What does it mean  
To lay your body down  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To lay your body down  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To give your life for a cause  
That you believe in  
He knew what it means  
Tell me, do you know what it means

What does it mean  
To stand up and speak your mind  
About what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To stand up and speak your mind  
About what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To be a warrior with your words  
For what you believe in  
I know what it means  
Tell me, do you know what it means  
I know what it means

What does it mean  
To join hands and unite  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To join hands and unite  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To be a movement of peaceful soldiers  
For what you believe in  
I know what it means  
Tell me, do you know what it means  
I know what it means

What does it mean  
To raise your fist in the air  
And shout what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To raise your fist in the air  
And shout what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To defend this sacred Earth  
That's what we believe in

I know what it means  
Tell me, do you know what it means  
I know, you know what it means

What does it mean  
To lay your body down  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To lay your body down  
For what you believe in  
What does it mean  
To give your life for a cause  
That you believe in  
They knew what it means  
David Chain knew what it means  
Judi Bari knew what it means  
Yes, Gypsy knew what it means  
They knew what it means



*Gypsy* 1974-1998

FREE THE AIR

By Phil Free

Well I don't know what I'm seeing here but I know it's all wrong

There's a lie within my eye, I been lookin' way too long

But I fear it will all be gone before I've finished this song

And to sing it will be a crime, better sing it while I got the time



CHORUS:

Free the land, free the air

Free speech for our people everywhere

You cannot take what we won't give

And we're taking back our right to live

And I know it's better to die on my feet, than live on my knees

Better to die fighting on my feet than continue living on my knees



I don't know what I'm hearing here, somethin' about a choice  
Somewhere in the static the people have a voice  
And somewhere behind the wall is the sound of corporate down fall  
But to resist is still a crime, better scream it while we got the time

CH#2:

Free the land free food for all,

Not gonna watch each other crawl

You cannot take what we won't give

And we're taking back our right to live

And I know it's better to die on my feet than live on my knees

Better to die fighting on my feet than continue living on my knees



FREE THE LAND  
Through Tofu

Am C Fmaj7 E  
In the urban gardens of New York the city claims to own  
Am C Fmaj7 E  
They'll auction off as vacant lots what we've already grown  
Am C Fmaj7 E  
But we've been here for twenty years, Giuliani's just one man  
Am C  
If you want gardens, you want peas  
D  
We want more gardens...  
Am  
Free the Land!



We'll squat your vacant buildings that you have left alone  
No we don't need to pay the rent to make this house a home  
You're only building Wal-Marts, condos, jails and on and on  
This way of life cannot survive  
For long...

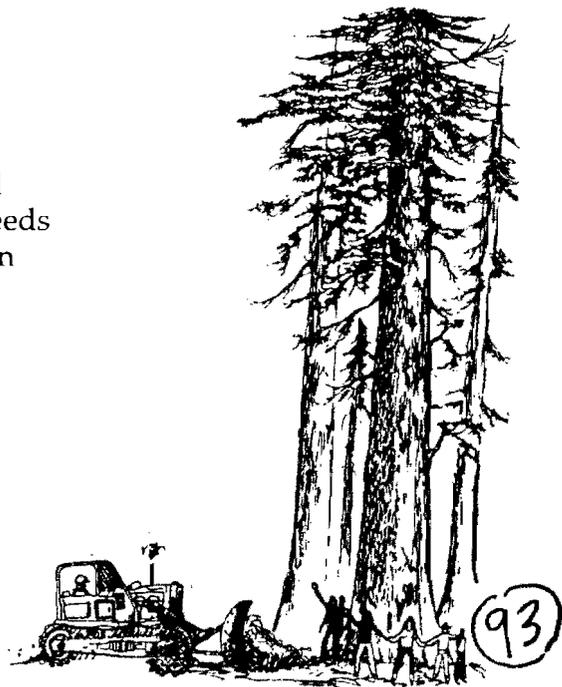
CHORUS:

Am C-Fmaj7-E  
Free the Land!  
Am C-D-E  
Free the Land!  
Am C  
No matter how you reprimand us  
Fmaj7 E  
We'll fight 'til you understand us  
Am C D  
Sowing, sharing, standing hand in hand...  
Am  
Free the Land!

Your biotech bureaucracy is somethin' we don't need  
Growin' food with pesticides, fish genes and sterile seeds  
Monsanto and Novartis, we're gonna bring you down  
Your Frankenstein crops burning  
To the ground...  
Free the Land!

BRIDGE:

Dm Am-Fmaj7-Am  
Free the Land, Free the Land  
Dm Am  
Free the Land, Free the Land  
JAM: Chorus & Bridge chords



*Fmaj7* *E* *Am-C-Fmaj7-E*  
We're gonna fight until you understand...

CH (instrumental, just chords--no voice)

From Chinese dams to clearcuts, urban sprawl to Lacandon  
St. George's Hill to Wounded Knee, we've never been alone  
We are a simple people, willing to take a stand  
For food, forests and freedom,  
We are sayin'...

CH (end on Am)



We, who can still hear the jaguar scream,  
We dream of a day when all things wild will again be free.  
We long for a time when every species will be loved  
and honored equally.  
It is a dream we may never see fulfilled.  
But in answer to our own wild hearts,  
It is a dream we will fight for  
until the day we die.

THE SOLUTION  
IS REVOLUTION

FUCK THE WTO  
By Lu Seedhead

<sup>G</sup> They are greedy and shortsighted, we are angry and united <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup> So to Seattle we will go—oooooooooh <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup> FUCK the WTO <sup>D G</sup>

Ellos solo quieren dinero, nosotros queremos derechos obreros  
Asi vengamos con el recado—oooooooooh  
CHINGA al WTO

The media as corporate whore, thought the protests to ignore  
But fifty thousand stole the show—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO

The ships sit anchored out at sea, union solidarity  
All trade stops if we say so—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO

The cops begin to terrorize, NPR tries to act surprised  
Capitalist shock troops go to and fro—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO

Clinton does the reform rap, but we don't want a table scrap  
We have the power to say no—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO

They connive in secrecy, the process is a mystery  
Democracy meant that we should know—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO

Now every one who hears the call, global tyranny must fall  
The time has come to overthrow—oooooooooh  
FUCK the WTO!

GARDEN

By Seth!

(Punk. G2 is a finger barred along the 3rd fret.)

G barred G2 G

On Earth Day in '70 at Cal-State Long Beach

G barred G2 G

The university gave up a plot of land  
For twenty-two years it's been an organic garden  
An important resource for the community  
Food donated to the homeless  
A gathering place and an outdoor classroom  
An experimenting place for organic gardening  
And it seems that the school's gonna pave it over  
A temporary parking lot on the way to a mall  
Money always wins over the world  
Another revolution in our back yard

CHORUS:

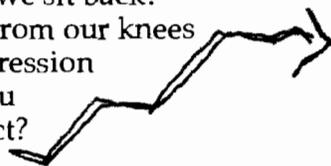
A F C G  
Save it, don't pave it! Halt the asphalt!

A F C G  
Only we can save the organic garden!  
Save it, don't pave it! Take back my garden!  
Take back my Earth! Save it, don't pave it!

There's more at stake than just a garden  
Because underneath it's a burial site  
A sacred Gabrielino cultural site  
Over 500 years of genocide  
Even a National Heritage site  
Typical slimy government officials  
And the red man that turned white  
Use their trickery and abuse  
Tons of lies filled with deceit  
Earth in the way of progress  
What actions are you prepared to take?

CH

And it already may be too late  
But it's something that we can't forget  
White man and his precious money  
Another win for his empire  
How much longer can we sit back?  
It's time to finally rise from our knees  
We must stop their repression  
It's all up to me and you  
Will we ever learn to act?



Some actions had better start  
We must fucking act!

CH

# THE GIANTS REMAIN

By Jeff Hogg

(A song about the fire-scarred landscape of Cascadia, inspired by the Cascadia Free State.  
The chorus changes rhythm.)

**Em D C Em D-C**  
 Thousands of years these spirits evolved here  
**Em D C Em D-C**  
 Many clans of brethren this ridge did host  
**Em D C Em D-C**  
 With beargrass, salmon and berries, you gave them their needs  
**Em D C Em**  
 And after the chautauqua they kindled a flame to the seeds

Lightning strikes like a match on the ridge and crawls the floor  
 Working ancient magic fingering down the corridors  
 The elders' song for flame has invoked the drought  
 And when this heat hits the valley grove the moist moss & lichen  
 put it out

## CHORUS:

**C D G D G C G**  
 Teach me, Oh son of fire, daughter of flame  
**G D G C G D G C**  
 Restart the cycle, begin again, Back to the soil, awaken the spore  
**G D G C G C D**  
 Release the seed, open the cone, Open the meadow...  
**G-D-C-Em**  
 The giants remain(x3)

Falsely shrouded in a cloak of science  
 Hidden in a mythical image of wisdom from the past  
 The corporate monster exploits and kills, breathing arson into the hills  
 Fifty years of Smokey's mantra blowing in the winds of salvage death

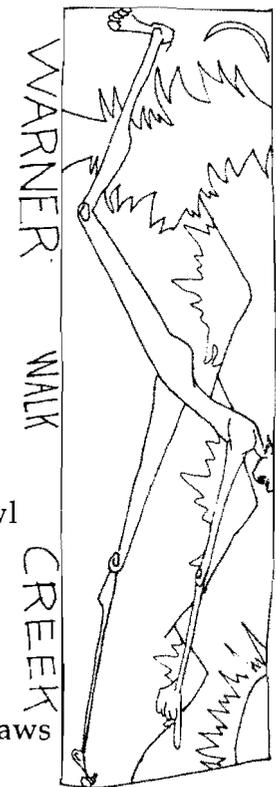
You've suffered their chainsaws, this patchwork of disrespect  
 Your fragmented basins are choking the salmon, revealing death to the owl  
 Driven with greed they've tried to stop your wildfire  
 Now they say they must cut you for your own health

## CH

They tell us we're tripping in our own rhetoric, we don't understand the laws  
 But we have the moral standing, the wind explained what we saw  
 By natural order of Cascadia, you can't take these trees  
 'Cause we are the drawbridge in the wall of ecology

## CH

**G D C Em**  
 We are defending the forest defending itself (x4)



GIVE THE ANARCHIST A CIGARETTE

By Chumbawamba

(A song inspired by a disenchanted comment of Bob Dylan's about just wanting a cigarette. A great critique of the co-optation of dissent. Sing this one with tongue firmly inserted into cheek.)

(Spoken) Albert—Bobby—for god's sake burn it down!

CHORUS:

F                    G                    Am  
 Nothing ever burns down by itself  
 C                    F  
 Every fire needs a little bit of help  
 G                    Am  
 Nothing ever burns down by itself  
 C  
 Every fire needs a little bit of...  
 Dm — C — Dm — C

Dm  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 C  
 'Cos that's as close as he's ever going to get  
 Dm  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 C  
 Bobby just hasn't earned it yet  
 Dm  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 C  
 The times are changing but he just forgets  
 Dm  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 C  
 He's going to choke on his harmonica, Albert

CH

Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 A candy cig for the spoilt brat  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 We'll get Albert to write you a cheque  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 And he'll be burning up the air in his personal jet  
 Give the anarchist a cigarette  
 You know I hate every pop star that I ever met

CH

JAM (play verse chords)

(Verse chords)

Give the anarchist a cigarette } x4  
 Burn baby burn, burn baby burn

CH x2 (end with Dm instead of C)

GOOD VIBRATOR

By La La

*(I hope the Beach Boys sue.) This has guitar chords but it's fun to sing acapella*

I love the colors and shapes you come in  
And the way your batteries keep my twat hummin'  
I-I-I-I-I-I-I  
What else can I say  
When you give me fifty orgasms a day?

Just gimme a good vibrator  
Don't need no man's dick-tator  
Gonna be my own excitater  
All I need is my good vibrator

CHORUS:

Good, good, good...good vibrator  
Ooooo yeah  
Mmm, mmm, mmmm...penetrater

Just because I like a good vibrator  
Doesn't mean that I'm a man-hater  
I'm just a happy masturbater  
I'm in love with my good vibrator

CH #2:

Ooooo, Ooooo, Ooooo...and they don't like to argue  
Ooooo yeah  
Ooooo, Ooooo, Ooooo...and you don't need a rubber

Just pickin' up a good vibrator  
Gonna be a self-penetrater  
Any other way's a big frustrater  
He's a little rubber alligator

# GRANDMOTHER SONG

By Gabe

*Am* *F* *C*  
I'm feelin' pretty lonely, oh I know it don't look good,

*Am* *F* *C*  
My love has gone away, oh I wish I understood.

*Am* *F* *C*  
So much love and beauty that is walking through these doors,

*Am* *F* *C*  
I wish we could hold on to so much more  
I wish we could love and live in true peace,  
Free to roam and practice all of our beliefs...

One day we'll leave the city, oh I know we'll get away  
And then we can live in the wild, with our lovers we will stay.

We'll pray to the moon and the Earth, sun and sky,  
And we will all make music letting time slip by...  
And we will all remember the bad days of this past,

*Am* *F* *C* *G*  
So we may walk in balance with our lives at last, at last.

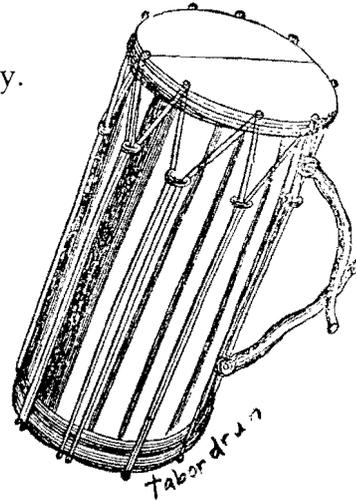
*F* *C* *G* *C*  
We are the children of sky and Earth

*F* *C* *G* *C*  
Protecting our mother from which we are birthed,

*F* *C* *G* *C*  
To guide and protect us, mother of all

*F* *C* *G* *C*  
Grandfather, grandmother, we hear your call.

*F* *C* *G* *C*  
Grandfather, grandmother, we hear your call...



# GRANDMOTHER'S BACK

By Joules Graves

*(Acapella chant, great with a powerful drum-beat)*

Grandmother's back

Got bent to the ground

By the Oppressor Man

Pressin' down down down *(this section x2)*

Oppressor Man, see what you're doin'

Oppressor Man, creatin' a ruin

Oppressor Man, hear what She say now

Oppressor Man, be changin' your ways now

Her body is not a commodity

Her body is not a commodity

Not a product to be bought and sold

Not to be mined for oil and gold

She is not a product to be bought and sold

Not to be mined for oil and gold

She give all she got to give

She give what we need to live

She bring all the world alive

Without Her we don't survive

CHORUS:

So WAKE UP!

Now now now now now

WAKE UP!

People hear the call, singin'

WAKE UP!

Now now now now now

Wake up, people one and all!

This disposable society we're living in today

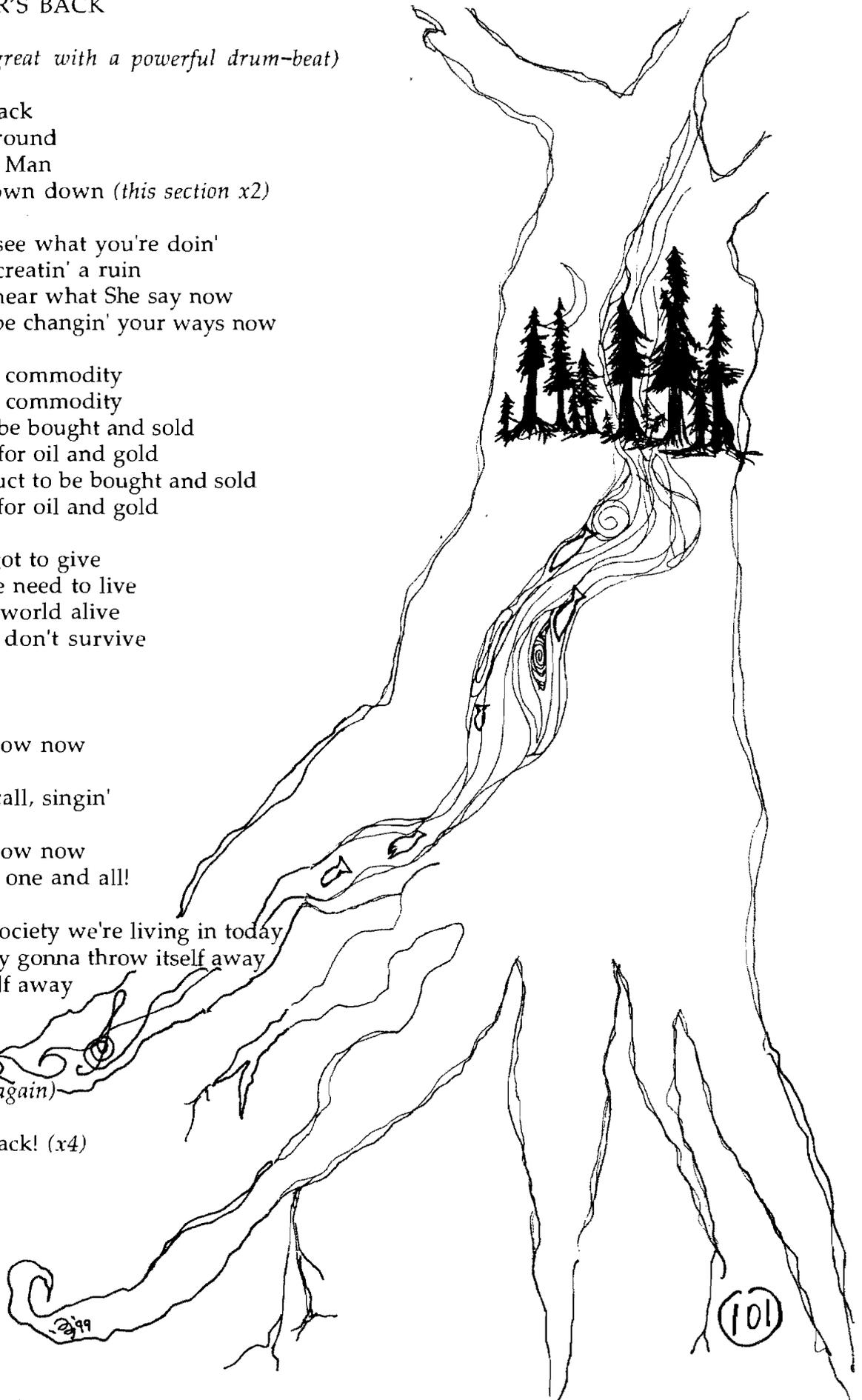
Disposable society gonna throw itself away

Gonna throw itself away

CH

*(Sing first verse again)*

Grandmother's back! (x4)



GUILTY AS CHARGED

By Paul Gill

(Country style)

**C** Guilty as charged, **G** m'lud, of sitting in the road  
**C** Of linking arms and singing and never letting go **G** **G7**  
**F** When the policeman came and threatened me that off to jail I'd go **C** **G** **Am**  
**C** I'm guilty of sitting in the road **G** **C**

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of having high ideals  
But when murder, war and torture are the objects of trade dealing  
On my doorstep, how do you think a decent man should feel?  
I'm guilty of having high ideals

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of running through the field  
You see, I had to help that fox away or else it would be killed  
By dinosaurs in tailored clothes out murdering for thrills  
I'm guilty of running through the field

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of sitting up that tree  
Obstruction of the sheriff's men, yes that was me  
I had my arm encased in concrete and they had to drill me free  
I'm guilty of sitting up that tree

BRIDGE:

**Am** **G**  
Laws protect the ruling classes  
**F**  
Crush the poor dissenting masses  
**C** **G** **C**  
Using fear to keep us in our place  
**Am** **G** **F**  
I've a different sense of what is right  
**C**  
And I will fight to put to flight  
**G** **C**  
All these injustices we face

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of dancing all night  
I was loved-up to the eyeballs, and it felt right  
That instead of getting pissed-up and it ending in a fight  
I was guilty of dancing all night

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of cracking open squats  
But there's places sitting empty and I need somewhere to doss  
It's winter and I'm freezing and you just don't give a toss  
I'm guilty of cracking open squats

Guilty as charged, m'lud, of digging up the crop  
It was genetically modified, it had to stop  
It was a corporate conspiracy, a global plot  
Yes, I'm guilty of digging up the crop

And I'm guilty of conspiracy against the state we're in  
Where the economy is all that matters, though we're on the brink  
Of ecological catastrophe and all that it will bring  
I'm guilty of believing what I've seen

#### BRIDGE

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of contempt of court  
Contempt is what I have for you and all your sort  
Who from your privileged position judge those of us with naught  
I'm guilty of a gross contempt of court

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of blatant anarchy  
An anarchist is what I am and what I'm glad to be  
You can beat me down, you can lock me up, you can throw away the key  
But you never take my songs, my love of life, my sense of wrong  
You'll never quench the flame inside of me

You can beat me down, you can lock me up and you can throw away the key  
But you'll never quench the flame inside of me

# HALLOWED BE THY GROUND

By Casey Neill

**G** **D** **Em**  
Pisgah Nantahala, west through Tennessee  
**G** **D** **C** **D**  
To the great central hardwoods of the Ozarks and the Shawnee  
**G** **D** **Em**  
Fireflies illuminate the swamp at dark  
**C** **D**  
Exploding like embers, scattering like sparks  
**G** **Am** **Bm** **C**  
Forests are the finest refuge this body has known  
**D** **C**  
And I'll stray away, where the trail is overgrown  
**D**  
Where the trail is overgrown...

## CHORUS:

**Em**  
Hallowed...be thy ground  
**D**  
And holy your blue ocean where the wild surf does pound  
**Em**  
Hallowed...be thy ground  
**D** **Em**  
And all of your high mountains with glory crowned

The play of the light through the thickets of cottonwood  
The play of the light on the river on the banks where I've stood  
Further west, further west - to the continental divide  
Where the mighty wild Rockies do thrust and collide  
Skree sloping down the ridgeline to the valley below  
And the lush alpine meadows where the Arnica grows  
Where the Arnica grows

## BRIDGE:

**Em**  
Gotta run to the mountain- run to the mountain (x4)

Somewhere I carry with me every bear I've ever seen  
Every drainage every rivulet, the twilight sheen  
Oh the wild inhabitations in the heart of hinterland  
A dialect is spoken you can almost understand  
The step of the seasons, the treasure of terrain  
It has changed me so completely I'll never be the same  
Never be the same...

CH (x2 with last time acapella)



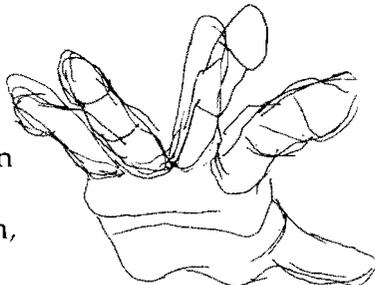
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# HANDS OFF

By Megan Adam

*(Performed by the Flying Folk Army. This is my personal song about why I don't like the police -- one too many bad experiences (and this is only some of them!). It should be performed really upbeat. You'll notice the nastiness of the bridge lyrics - they should be really belted out menacingly, in contrast to the rest of the song -- Megan)*

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Gone to the corner, lookin' for a friend,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
The one I got arrested with awhile ago and then  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
He and I were drinkin' in the park with them,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And then we got to breaking and enterin'



Cracked open the door of the old, abandoned movie house  
We tripped up the stairs not quiet as a mouse  
Police came and found us chased us down to the street  
When they got down to beatin' us, I was first to speak:



## CHORUS:

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
We're only looking to get by and crash a place to stay  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Get your hands off us, we're not so bad you see  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
When did it become a crime to live in poverty?

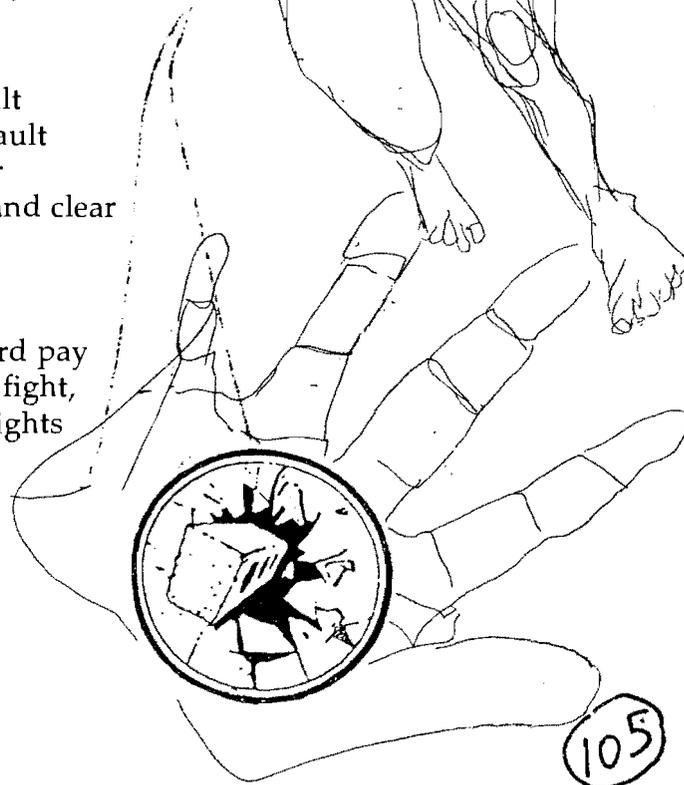
Went down to the cop shop to report an assault  
I was told that I was drunk and it was all my fault  
Filed the charges anyway and waited for a year  
Turns out that he was a narc and he was free and clear

## CH:

Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
I'm only looking to get by and make that bastard pay  
Get your hands off us, we're not looking for a fight,  
But we'll do what we have to, to protect our rights

## BRIDGE:

<sup>Em</sup>  
Demonstrations, picket lines  
<sup>C</sup>  
Nowhere there is any crime  
<sup>Em</sup>  
Tomorrow we will do the time



Am D Gm  
And face their boots today

Em  
There are more of us than you

C  
We'll get ya back, you'll get your due

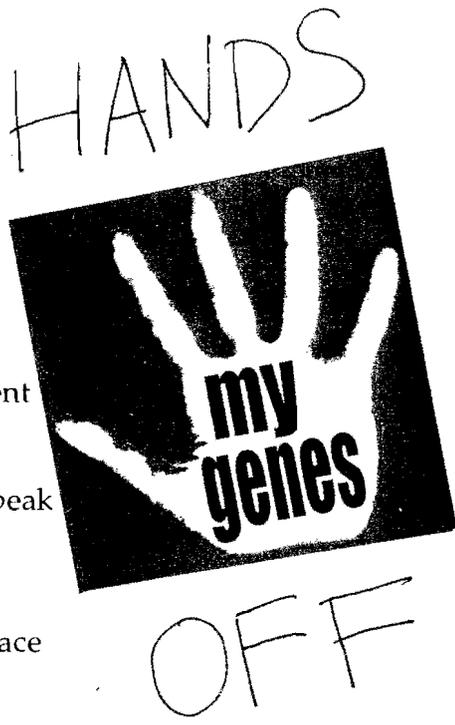
Em  
We'll jack up all the boys in blue

Am D Gm  
And ask which side they're on

Been down to a demonstration, protesting the government  
Asking for some human rights in our own parliament  
We were chanting, singing, stomping in the street  
When the riot cops came cracking skulls, we all rose to speak

CH:  
Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
We're only looking to get by and clear ourselves some space  
Get your hands off us, we're not so bad you see  
When did it become a crime to protest in the streets?

Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
Get your hands off us and put that gun away  
We're only looking to get by and clear ourselves some space



The Flying Folk Army

# HAVE A GLOBAL WARMING DAY

By Jan Depaver

(Performed by the Depavers. You can hear this song in Pickaxe, the documentary about Cascadia Free State and the fight to save Oregon's Warner Creek from logging. "Masu masu atsui ne" is Japanese for "It's getting hotter, isn't it?" Dedicated to the late Lee Stevenson, who played drum for this tune. Thanks to Guano for the line on ice caps.) Bb\* → Bb with open string discord

an A chord moved up one fret

Am-F Am  
Have a global warming day

F Am  
Have a global warming day

F Am - Bb\* - Am  
Have a global warming day

F Am  
Masu masu atsui ne

F Am  
Watch the forests burn away

F Am  
Masu masu atsui ne

G F-G - Am  
Eh eh heh yeh

F Am  
Watch the ice caps melt away

F Am  
Have a global warming day

F Am - Bb\* - Am  
Masu masu atsui ne

F C  
Have a global warming day-ay-ay

G E  
Hey eh hey eh eh

INSTRUMENTAL: Am — (F-Fm)F — (G-Gm)G — Am —  
x4 x4 (C-Cm)C —  
x4

(now repeat instrumental section allegro, faster tempo)

Am F Am, etc..  
Watch the asphalt melt a way

Catch a wave in Prudoe Bay

Masu masu atsui ne

F C  
Have a global warming day

G E - E one octave up (12<sup>th</sup> fret), Am one octave up  
Heh eh hey yeh eh eh

F — D — (E-Em)E  
x4

HENRY FORD WAS A FASCIST

By David Rovics

C  
Ford built tanks for the Nazis  
F  
And the Nazis used those tanks  
G  
To kill off lots of soldiers  
G C  
In the U.S. Army ranks

CHORUS:

F  
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
C Am  
And a nasty one was he  
G  
He'd build tanks for anyone  
G F C  
For the proper fee

Henry Ford spoke to his lackeys  
And he said, "Isn't this great?  
"We'll attack our enemies  
"And we'll retaliate!"

CH #2:

Henry Ford was a fascist  
And a cunning liar, too  
A brownshirt with a swastika  
Draped in red, white and blue

Henry Ford spoke to his workers  
And he said, "you dare not strike!  
"You must be patriotic  
"And take on my Third Reich!"

Ford built tanks for the Nazis  
And he built many more  
To kill off lots of peasants  
In Peru and Salvador

CH #3:

Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
I heard that when he died  
The last words to leave his lips  
Were "arbeit macht frei"

The dollar was his icon



The way we are using our engines is most inefficient. At all times in the United States around 2 million cars are standing in front of red lights, with their engines running. Millions of horses in motion - GOING NOWHERE! Buckminster Fuller, 1962

On whichever shore  
And Henry's only motto  
Was "make money and make war"

CH #4:

Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist  
That's all I have to say  
I will spit on Henry's rotting grave  
Until my dying day

HIGHWAY

By Mike Williams

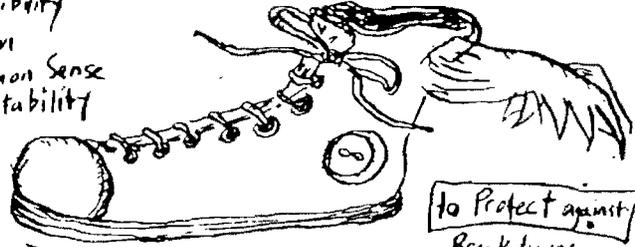
(Thanks to Danny Dolinger for spreading this one around! See rewrite: "Campfire" pg. 51.)

Am Desert sun is <sup>C</sup>bright  
 Am I got my dark glasses on <sup>C</sup>  
 G And I watch the tumbleweeds <sup>D</sup>  
 Em As they roll across the road <sup>D</sup>  
 C G C G In the yellow sage of early spring

to Promote:

- Stealth
- Swiftess
- Invisibility
- Calm
- Common Sense
- Adaptability

Mercurys



to Protect against

- Breakdowns
- Indecision
- Self-Doubt
- Harassment
- Cops
- Video Cameras

god of Thieves and Travellers

CHORUS:

Em D C G And this highway is my friend (has no end)  
 D Hope my wheels are rolling <sup>C</sup>  
 Em D C G As long as I got my radio on  
 D I'm free as bird that is soaring <sup>C</sup>  
 D Free as a fish deep in the o-ocean <sup>C G</sup>

I have seen hard times  
 I've thought of suicide  
 In the rain and the ice  
 And the darkness of the night/  
 When I called to you  
 But you were not there /

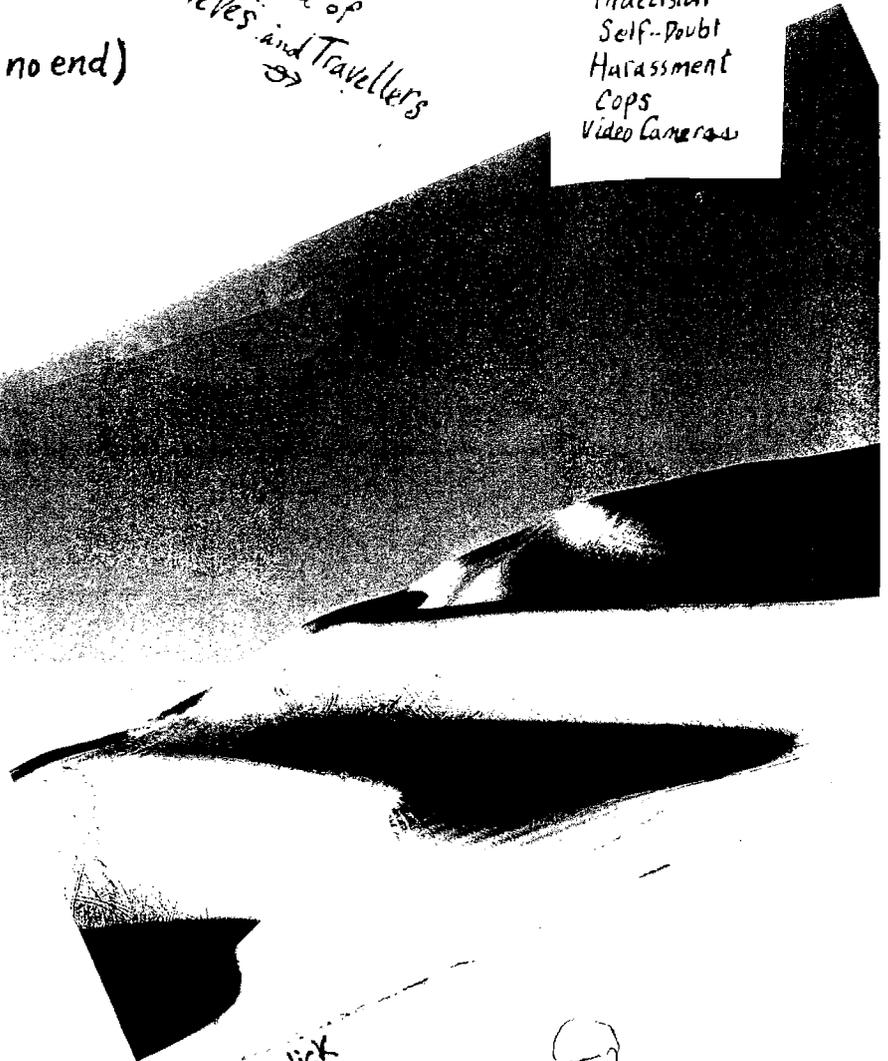
CH

I walk these streets of broken dreams  
 I have seen love grow cold  
 I lost my way in heavy snow/  
 When I had no name  
 Or place to go /

CH

I lost a friend to cocaine  
 It drained the color from his eyes  
 I watched him weep with  
 Sweat on his brow /  
 And he made no sense  
 In his mumbling /

← CH



Noel Tendick



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HILLBILLY HIPPIE  
By Danny Dolinger

**G**  
As I think about life's meaning  
**C** **G**  
And I sweat and fret and ponder  
**G**  
Does the answer lie right here  
**A** **D**  
Or is it way over yonder  
**G**  
Life is precious, life is short  
**C** **G**  
It's no resource to squander  
**G**  
So I drink myself a beer  
**D** **G**  
Perchance to help my mind to wander

I think of Jesus and the Buddha  
And the pyramids and such  
And that cowboy kind of wisdom  
That I've come to love so much  
So I put on some grateful dead  
And open up another beer  
I start to seein' auras  
And the answer comes quite clear

CHORUS: **C** **D**  
I'll be a hillbilly hippie and a new age redneck  
**Em** **D**  
And if you don't dig my karma, well, I just don't give a heck  
**C** **D** **G** **Em**  
I'll carry a crystal and a pistol in my pocket just for luck  
**C** **G**  
And put a "peace through music" sticker  
**D** **G**  
On the back of my pick-up truck

I'm gonna move off to the country  
Where the city's still quite near  
There I'll contemplate my navel  
While I drink a lot of beer  
I'm gonna plant a little garden  
Out along my cabin home  
When the sheriff comes to visit  
Well that garden will be gone

And I'll whittle just a little

When the moment suits me right  
Play my banjo on the front porch  
As a means to see the light  
I'll pray to Allah for world peace  
And an end to global warming  
Wear my best pair of bibbed over-alls  
To church on Sunday morning



CH

Well, na-mu-myo-ho-ren-ge-kyo  
Hare Krishna hare rama  
The lord is my shepherd  
But my dogma's been hit by my karma  
How I long to meet the Goddess  
Rock of ages, cleft for me  
What a long strange trip it's been  
Let it be, let it be

CH (repeat last line of chorus, with "a free willie  
nelson sticker" , wit courtesy of Zak Borden)



HILLS OF NORTH CALIFORNIA  
By Tony Askins

D  
In the hills of North California  
G D  
Where the redwoods grow so tall  
A Bm  
I can hear their voices crying  
G D  
As those ancient spirits fall

It was there I made my home one year  
Workin' in those hills  
Tending emerald gardens for  
My friends I love so well  
I came to know a spirit there  
That dwelt all in that land  
She spoke to me- so wild and free  
I could but understand

CHORUS:

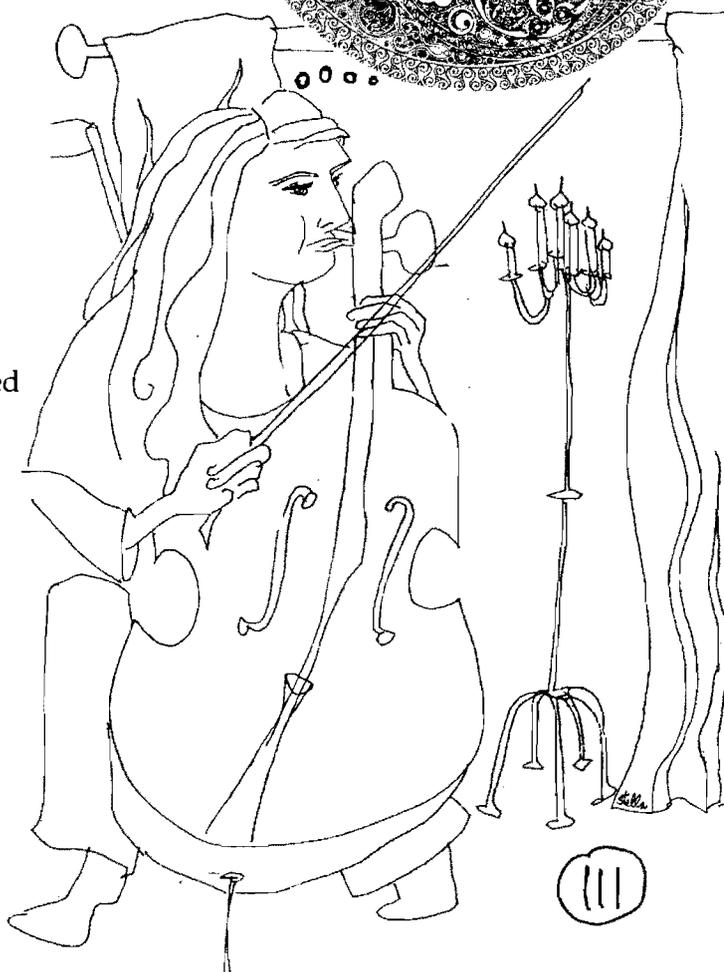
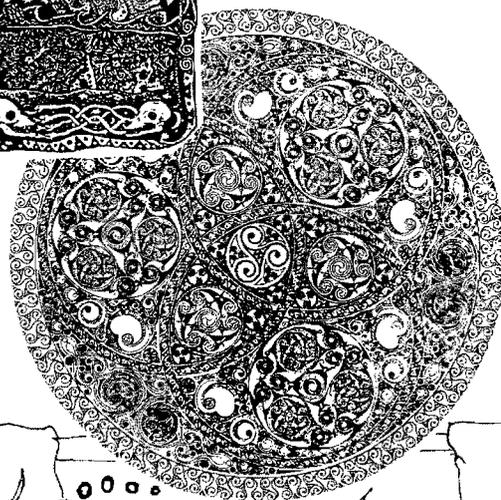
A Bm  
So listen to the wind my friend  
G D  
Her song is soft and low  
A Bm  
She sings of things forgot by men  
G D  
They are required to know

There is a way within this realm  
Where man and Earth are one  
But the hearts of men are filled with greed  
That way has been undone

There's wisdom in the wild things  
The herbs and stones and spores  
Know these as your sacrament  
The journey now is yours

CH

*(Repeat first verse)*





# HOLD YOUR HEAD UP

By Alicia Littletree

G - D C  
Hold your head up high  
G D C  
Take a deep breath and rise above it  
G D C  
Think of me here by your side  
G D C  
And I promise it won't get  
G D C  
Any harder than this

We are women who've chosen a difficult task  
Our work will never be through  
Sometimes the strain is enough to break your back  
But the challenge is waiting to embrace you

## BRIDGE:

Am-Bm C  
No one has it easy  
Am Bm C  
I had to fight like hell to hold my ground  
Am Bm C  
You saw the pain and the misery  
Am Bm C D  
But never once did you see me back down

Look to the wisdom of the trees  
Be as solid as a redwood burl  
Keep me alive in your memory  
And together we will defy the end of the world

## BRIDGE #2:

Time is a river  
It'll wash you clean  
It'll tear down any obstacle in its way  
It'll strip you of everything  
It will carry you in its current to a new day

So hold your head up high, girl  
Take a deep breath and rise above it, yeah  
Think of me here by your side  
And I promise it won't get any harder than this



HOOKED!  
By Paul Gill  
(Reggae beat)

Am Fmaj7  
High-tech media coming at you  
G E  
Beaming live from the skies with the latest news  
Am Fmaj7  
It comes from the people who know you best  
G E  
'Cause they're fishing for your habits and you're on their net  
A E  
And they're selling you a lifestyle, selling you the lie  
F#m D E  
That you'll miss the boat if you don't buy  
A E  
You bought the video, kiddio, and now you're hooked  
F#m D E  
And they're flogging you the T-shirt and flogging you the book

TV wannabes queuing at the door  
To be a face on a screen in a box on the floor  
Twinkle, twinkle little stars in their eyes  
"If I get myself on telly I'll be made for life  
Could I be an Oprah, could I be a Kate  
Winslet or Moss? Have I got what it takes?  
To make a go of it, show of it, get up there and crow a bit  
Flash a little flesh and it'll up the stakes"

Coroneighbours, Eastside, giving us an insight  
Real life? what shite! and there's more  
Talk shows, game shows, make-yourself-a-name shows  
Each day's viewing a revolving door  
But now we're going digital  
You can cut the crap, you can ditch it all  
Make a choice to choose, and you can choose the views  
That you want to hear, that you want to lose

Internet excess, kids are in a right mess  
Square-eyed, tongue-tied, hooked on line  
Watch that posture, and it's gonna cost ya  
But it's easier than giving them your quality time  
'Now I'm free to be who I want to be  
So I park my arse and I watch TV  
While kids surf on through porn dot com  
I settle down to the news, "cause there's not much else on"

Right wing backlash, send the gippos back, trash!

Media feeding a media storm  
Milked dry headlines, eating up the air time  
Rich girl cops it and a nation mourns  
Predatory pedophiles, life is like the X-files  
Gangs, drugs, killer bugs, scary stuff  
Losing all perspective, overly protective  
Some journo's got his hooks in and it's all hyped up

"Hunger, poverty, doesn't mean a lot to me  
I've seen it all a million times or more  
They only want my cheque book, don't give them a second look  
Turn my back and carry on as before"  
So it's buy, buy, buy 'til the funds run dry  
Wipe clean wide screen DVD  
I'll spend a bomb on a CD ROM  
But I couldn't spare the price of a nice cup of tea"

The height of human aspiration  
A unified and happy nation  
Under one great Sky, one great Guy  
The Lord and Master of the digital creation  
So click right here, have no fear  
Our dreams, our hopes are so, so near  
Just a screen away, sign up today  
It's tomorrow's world and it's the only way...

*(Slowly)*

There's a top-rate show on the window pane this evening  
As the April rain runs rivers down the glass  
It beats sweet hypnotic rhythms on the canvas  
And the cuckoo sings, and the fresh young spring leaves dance

HOORAY FOR THE YUPPIES

By Matt Michaelis, James Ficklin and Bay; music by Casey Neill  
(To the tune of Riffraff by Casey Neill. See pg. 190)

CHORUS:

<sup>G</sup> Hooray for our band of materialistic folks  
<sup>G</sup> Makin' lots of money and rarely telling jokes  
<sup>G</sup> Living for the image, imported wine and cheese  
<sup>G D G</sup> Hooray for the yuppies!

Brokers and bankers and financial analysts  
Strung out on Prozac from high-priced therapists  
Come join our office, there's work to be done  
Climb the corporate ladder, there's room for everyone  
Power, greed and profit for a strong economy  
Everything we have we owe the company  
Commute from the suburbs, our fine community  
Our only motto: conformity!

CH

On weekends if we don't work we like to have some fun  
We'll fly on down to Club Med just to lay out in the sun  
We'll go out to the golf course to enjoy the well-groomed grass  
The an hour at the health spa will tighten up your ass  
Racquetball, aerobics and Stairmaster too  
And a personal trainer to tell you what to do  
A town house in Maui, a condo in Vail  
And a forty-foot yacht we don't know how to sail

CH

Consumers and spenders, a compulsive shopping crew  
Our desires are implanted by Madison Avenue  
The things that we own, they determine our self-worth  
Purchase after purchase, there's no limit to our thirst  
Laptop computers we cannot live without  
Faxes and beepers, we need them there's no doubt  
Nordstrom, Eddie Bauer, Saks and REI  
Credit cards a-blazin', buy, buy, buy!  
Volvos and beamers, we lease them or we own  
Or maybe a Lexus with a cellular phone  
It's crucial what we look like down to our underwear  
Go ahead and stare, we just styled our hair!

CH (Sing twice, last time real slow and drunken with final line upbeat.)

# HOW ABOUT YOU?

By Ivan Maluski

(4/4 time, moderate tempo)

G D Am C  
I like to walk in the mountains  
G D Am C  
I like to walk in the forest, too  
G D Am C  
I like to swim in the clear, cold rivers  
G D Am C G  
I like to breathe fresh air, how bout you?  
~ D-Am-C ~

G D Am C  
It's not fair that some should be so  
G D C  
Rich, while others live in poverty, and the  
G D Am C  
Earth's wild places are falling fast for the  
G D Am-C G-D-Am-C  
Profits of a few.....no, no, no.  
C No no no - oh - oh - Am-C

They say if there's no justice, well then there's no  
Peace and the greedy ones will find no relief  
And if we stay together, through this  
All the capitalist system may well fall  
Let's make it fall (repeat x3)

## CHORUS:

G D Am C  
But take care, take care, you know, that's a long hard  
G D Am C  
Road. Take care, take care you'll have to carry your  
G D Am C  
Load. Take care, take care because change will  
G D Am C  
Come. Take care, take care...this is a revolution

Am C — G-D-Am-C  
This is a revolution (draw out this last word; repeat line x3)

Well, this whole wide world is spinning 'round  
And we've got to lift ourselves off the ground  
And raise our hands in to the air  
And say power to the people everywhere  
Gotta join with people everywhere (repeat x3)

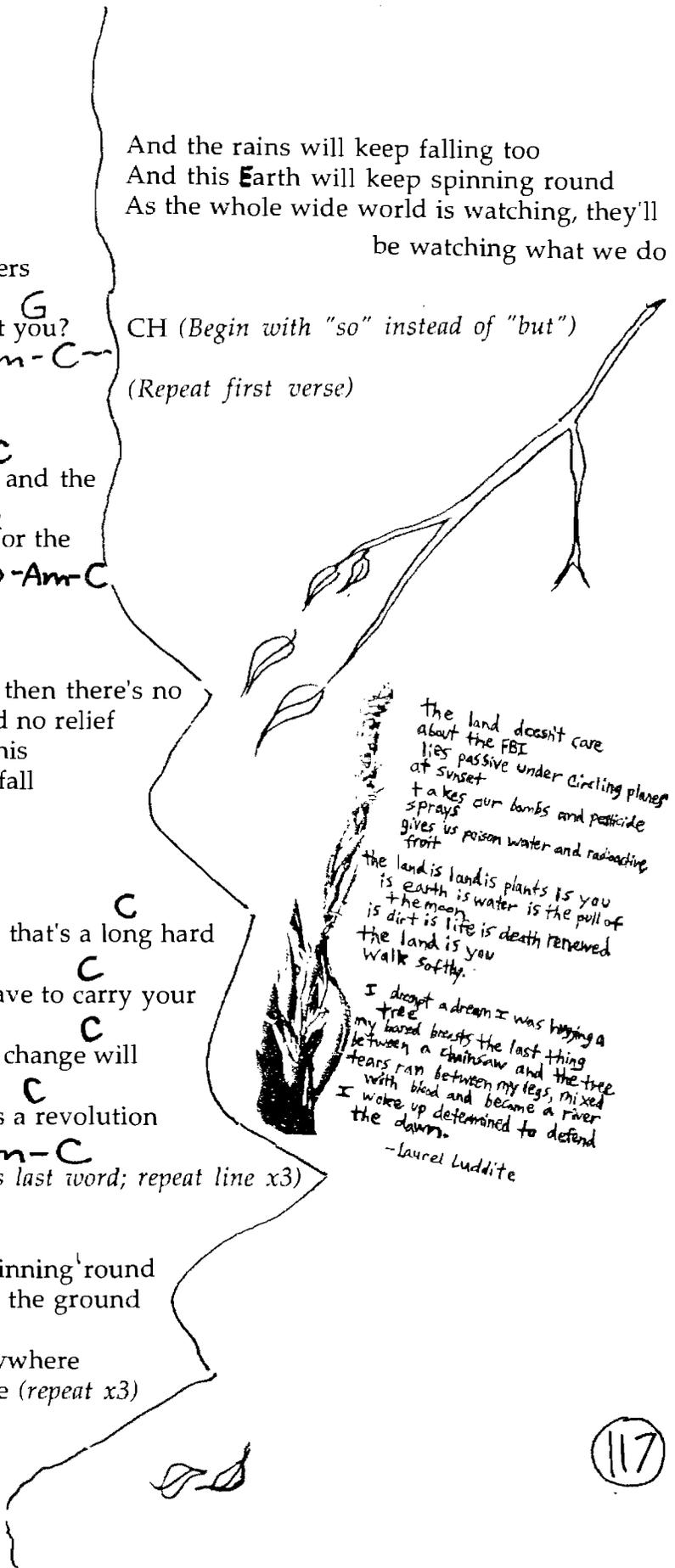
CH

But the sun will keep on shining

And the rains will keep falling too  
And this Earth will keep spinning round  
As the whole wide world is watching, they'll  
be watching what we do

CH (Begin with "so" instead of "but")

(Repeat first verse)



The land doesn't care  
about the FBI  
lies passive under circling planes  
at sunset  
takes our bombs and pesticide  
sprays  
gives us poison water and radioactive  
fruit  
the land is land is plants is you  
is earth is water is the pull of  
the moon  
is dirt is life is death renewed  
the land is you  
Walk softly.  
I don't dream I was hugging a  
tree  
my bare breasts the last thing  
between a chainsaw and the tree  
tears ran between my legs, mixed  
with blood and became a river  
I woke up determined to defend  
the dawn.  
-laurel Luddite

# I REALLY LIKE THE COPS

By Desert Rat

Come and gather 'round you people now, and listen to me yak,  
All you doctors, and you lawyers, and you folks who push the crack,  
And you folks who push the buttons, and you folks who push the mops,  
Come listen while I tell you how I really like the cops!

Oh, I really like the cops! I think they're pretty cool!  
I like them in my neighborhood; I like them in my school!  
I think the cops are wonderful! I think the cops are nice!  
And I like to have a broken jaw and carry a pack of ice!

I really like the cops! I think they're pretty neat!  
I like it when they take my face and smash it on the street!  
And then they drag me to a station, and they lock me in a room,  
And then I like it when they rape me up the anus with a broom.

I really like the cops! They make me want to sing!  
You know my favorite movie is that tape of Rodney King!  
And so I really get pissed-off whenever somebody like you  
Suggests we should subject the cops to citizens' review.

I really like the cops. I am so glad that they're around  
To hassle me and ticket me for sittin' on the ground.  
I really love the cops. I'd be so sad if they were gone.  
There's somethin' 'bout a uniform that always turns me on!

I really like the cops! Just to see 'em gets me high!  
I hope that I get taken into custody and die!  
And then I hope that every fact that's in the coroner's report  
Gets chucked into a dumpster so it won't be heard in court!

And when I hear you makin' statements that you know are quite obscene,  
Like how the cops are nasty, and like how the cops are mean,  
It makes me want to tell you that ya' oughta get some class,  
And help your local officers by kickin' your own ass!

Sing first verse again



200 Useful Things To Do In Police Custody

Express Appreciation Mason's!  
Apply Pressure To The Inner  
Finger Knuckle.

FRIDAY DRAFT MASON'S!  
Apply Pressure To The  
Middle Finger Knuckle.

MASTER MASON'S!  
Apply Pressure Between  
Knuckles Of Middle And  
Third Fingers.

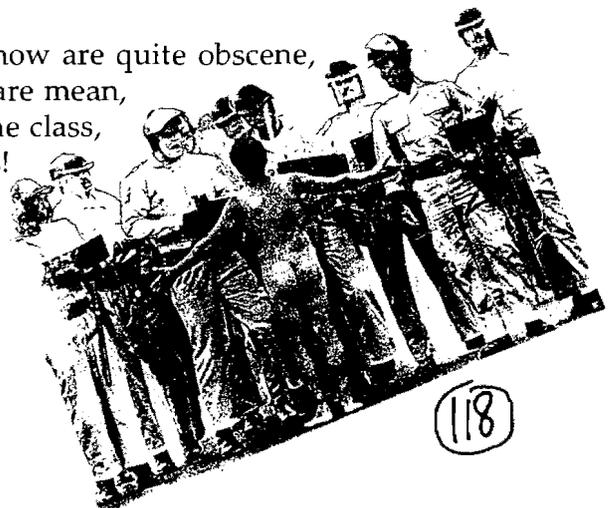
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# I WANNA LOG YOUR LAND

By Jamie Ben-Azay, music by the Beatles

(Performed by the Samsara, to the tune of the Beatles' "I Want to Hold Your Hand." For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg. 27, Live/Work, Live/Work pg. 131 & "The Prison Industry" pg. 172.)

**G** **D** **Em** **Bm**  
Oh yeah, I'll tell you somethin' I think you'll understand  
**G** **D** **Em** **Bm**  
'Cause you don't have an option—I wanna log your land

## CHORUS:

**C** **D** **G** **Em**  
I wanna log your land  
**C** **D** **G**  
I wanna log your land

Oh please, say to me, you think a clearcut's grand  
And please say to me, "make this infertile sand"

CH (I'm gonna.../Please let me...)

## BRIDGE:

**Dm** **G** **C** **Am**  
'Cause when I clearcut, I feel happy inside  
**Dm** **G** **C**  
So all you locked-down activists just  
**D** **C** **D**  
Step aside, step aside

They tell me to be sustainable, what about supply and demand?  
And anyway, it'll grow back—so let me log your land

CH (I wanna.../I'm gonna...)

## BRIDGE:

And late at night when all the servants are gone  
I go out and sit on my redwood deck, alone  
That's when I hear her moaning and high-pitched cry  
**Dm** **G** **C**  
I know she's haunting me, that damned  
**D** **C** **D** **D** **C**  
Butterfly, Butterfly, Butterfly!

I won't feel guilty for all the death I've caused  
It's just some birds and fishies...oh and a little run-off

CH (I wanna.../I'm gonna...)

I'D GO ANYWHERE TO FIGHT FOR OIL (To Lubricate the Red, White and Blue)

By Dana Lyons

(Acapella with hilarious hand gestures [sorry, those aren't included].)

CHORUS:

I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, be it olive, safflower or crude  
For cooking, for cars, take a rocket to the stars, for a backrub, romantic rendezvous  
In your engine, on your face, or almost any place, a little dab of oil will get you through  
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

If you drive a big V-8, it's time to celebrate, they're gonna fight a war for you  
To keep gas prices cheap, so when you drive or when you sleep, you can do it in an  
air-conditioned room  
For driving is your right, so let's get out there and fight, you can read it in the  
Constitooooooo—tion  
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

CH

For a place to attack, why not Iraq? they've got coconut and palm oil and crude  
They invaded Kuwait, so let's not hesitate, we can blow up a country or two  
If it's oil or it's grease, we don't have time for peace, waging war is what we want to do  
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

CH, with ending:

It's gonna be a good fight, should only take a fortnight, to lubricate the red, white and blue

IF I HAD A HAMMER (And I Do)

By Jim Page

(A post-Seattle rewrite of the well-known song.)

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the mornin',  
I'd hammer in the evenin', all over this town  
I'd hammer out Starbucks, I'd hammer out Nike Town  
And I'd hammer out the Gap between my brothers and my sisters  
All...over this town

If I had a crow bar I'd use it in the mornin',  
I'd use it in the evenin', all over this town  
I'd open up Nordstrom's, I'd open up the Westin Hotel  
And I'd turn 'em into squats for all my brothers and my sisters  
All...over this town

If I had a spray can I'd spray it in the mornin',  
I'd spray it in the evenin', all over this town  
I'd spray it on SeaFirst, I'd spray it on the Bon Marche  
And I'd spray out the word for all my brothers and my sisters  
All...over this town

Well I got a hammer, and I got a crow bar  
And I got a spray can for all over this town  
It's the hammer of justice, it's the crowbar of liberty  
And it's the spray can of love for all my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land

IF I WAS A WOLF  
By Alice Di Micele

Em C D  
Out in Montana in the grizzly land,  
Em C D  
Up near Marion, a family had begun  
A she-wolf and her mate had come  
To make a home and raise three pups

Em C D Em  
But the ranchers smelled trouble so they called on the ADC  
And Fish and Wildlife raced over to the scene  
Em  
Four darts hit their mark and they moved onto Glacier Park  
C D Em  
But one of the pups ran free,  
One of the pups ran free

BRIDGE:

C D C D  
And they chased him, and they chased him  
C D C D  
But they could not catch him, he kept getting' away  
C D C D  
Oh they chased him, and they chased him  
C D Em  
When they could not catch him, they just blew him away

CHORUS:

Em C D Em  
If I was a wolf, I would get myself a gun  
C D Em  
I'd chase those ranchers down to Texas where they belong  
Em C D Em  
And if I was a wolf, I'd get some sleep-inducing darts  
C D Em  
And on those Fish and Wildlife rangers and the ADC I'd leave my mark

And so his mama, she left her pups and traveled on  
You see, a wolf don't take too well to bein' moved from home  
And her wounded mate hung by a ranch for the easy kill  
And the sound of the shot that wasted him rings there still  
The sound of the shot that wasted him rings there still

CH

She traveled south and west over water and mountains  
Now she's living outside of the town of Alverton  
With the male from Idaho, they are denning up and making a home  
And soon she'll have more pups

And I pray the wolf roams forever free  
I pray her babes know freedom too  
And it makes me angry and I feel ashamed  
To know she's runnin'...from me...and you

CH (x2)

INDIGENOUS TIME

By Timothy Hull

Em                    G            D  
 The welcome drum beats in indigenous time

Em                    G            D  
 The song is chanted in indigenous rhyme

Em                    G            D            -C-D  
 The world is moving in indigenous time

A boy gave thanks in his indigenous tongue  
 To mother Earth and father sun  
 While the moon rose up and the light did come

CHORUS:

We're the            G            D  
 youngsters

Who                    C  
 remember

To thank the            G            D  
 elders

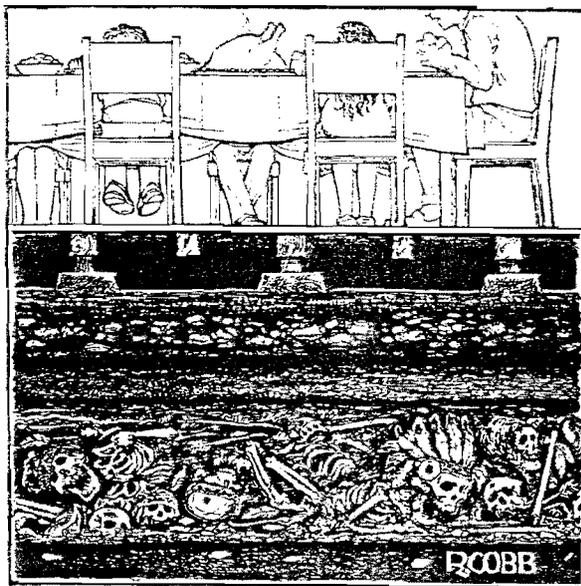
Who                    C  
 remember

We're the            G            D  
 youngsters

Who                    C  
 remember

G                    D            C  
 Ohhhhhh ohhhh oh

G                    - D            - C

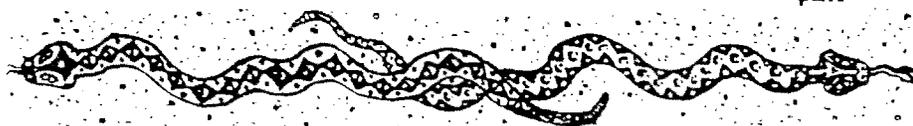
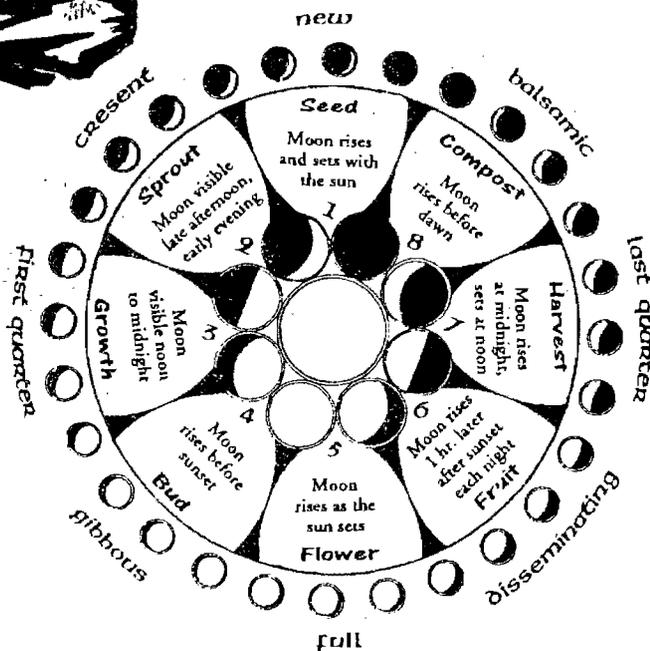


The ancestors live in indigenous time  
 Where the roots of the world intertwine  
 Murdered people, humanity's crime

A girl gave blessings To the four directions  
 Gave a song of healing

For past transgressions  
 From Wounded Knee to Africa  
 Answers, Questions

CH



INYA FACE!

By Dan Fortson

(This tune is lovingly dedicated to those sassy soldiers of slapstick, those tenacious troops of truffle trajectory, the Biotic Baking Brigade.)

Am

In the heart of the redwood forest

G

Where the ragin' rivers flow

Am

A reckless band of outlaws

Em

Is counting up its dough

Am

They bake delicious mischief

G

To heal the world of hurt

Am

To the land of power lunches

G

Em

Am

They bring their just dessert

CHORUS:

Am

INYA FACE! Charlie Hurwitz

G

INYA FACE! Milton Friedman

Am

There's poetic justice dripping from your chin

Am

INYA FACE! Bob Shapiro

G

INYA FACE! They're the people's heroes

Am

G

Em

Am

And you're just a notch upon their rolling pin

This band of Biotic Bakers

Is out to cause a fuss

You know their aim is deadly

And they speak for all of us

They stand for peace and justice

Cut those bigshots down to size

With a tasty lemon custard

Right between the eyes

CH

So all you corporados

You better watch your step

These custard-packin' mamas



Are gonna get you yet  
In the heart of the redwood forest  
Their ovens are aflame  
There's an apple pie a-sizzlin'  
And it just might bare your name

CH

(Insert in the choruses different names of your favorite pied corporate scumbags.)

# IT ROSE FROM THE DEAD

By Stephan Smith

Well if anyone should ask you, how did this movement start?

If anyone should ask you, how did this movement start?

If anyone should ask you how did this movement start?

Tell 'em go and figure, it started in my heart

CHORUS:

And it rose, it rose, it rose from the dead

It rose, it rose, it rose from the dead

It rose, it rose, it rose from the dead

And my faith shall bear my spirit on

Faith it rises like the ocean's tide (x3)

And my faith shall bear my spirit on

CH

Ain't no use in wonderin' what it's all about (x3)  
Just throw back your head and start to sing and shout

CH

If anyone should ask you is this left or right (x2)  
If anyone should ask you, which side are you on?  
No side man, this time it's everyone

CH

So I ain't gonna sit back silently no more (x3)  
People gonna rise up, and put an end to war!!

CH

☆ make up  
new verses,  
long live the  
folk process!  
☆



I BOUYED ME A SAXOPHONE, I PRACTICED NIGHT & DAY  
EVERYONE COULD HEAR ME WHENEVER I DID PLAY



WHEN I BLEW MY HORN DOWN ON WALL ST, IT MADE SUCH AN OMINOUS SOUND  
THAT ALL THE WALLS OF MANHATTAN CAME TUMBLING TO THE GROUND



IT'S A HARD LIFE

By Nanci Griffith

I am a backseat driver from America

We drive to the left on Falls Road

And the man at the wheel's name is Seamus

We pass a child on the corner he knows

And Seamus says, now what chance has that kid got?

And I say from the back, "I don't know"

He says there's barbed wire at all of these exits

And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go



CHORUS:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life

It's a hard life wherever you go

And if we poison our children with hatred

Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go

Cafeteria line in Chicago

White man in front of me

Is calling black people trash to his children

But he's the only trash here I see

And I am thinking this man wears a white hood

In the night when his children should sleep

But they'll slip to their windows and they'll see him

And they'll think that white hood's all they need

CHORUS #2:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life

It's a hard life wherever you go

And if we poison our children with hatred

Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in Chicago for those kids to go

I was a child in the Sixties

When dreams could be held through T.V.

With Disney and Cronkite and Martin Luther

And I believed, I believed, I believed

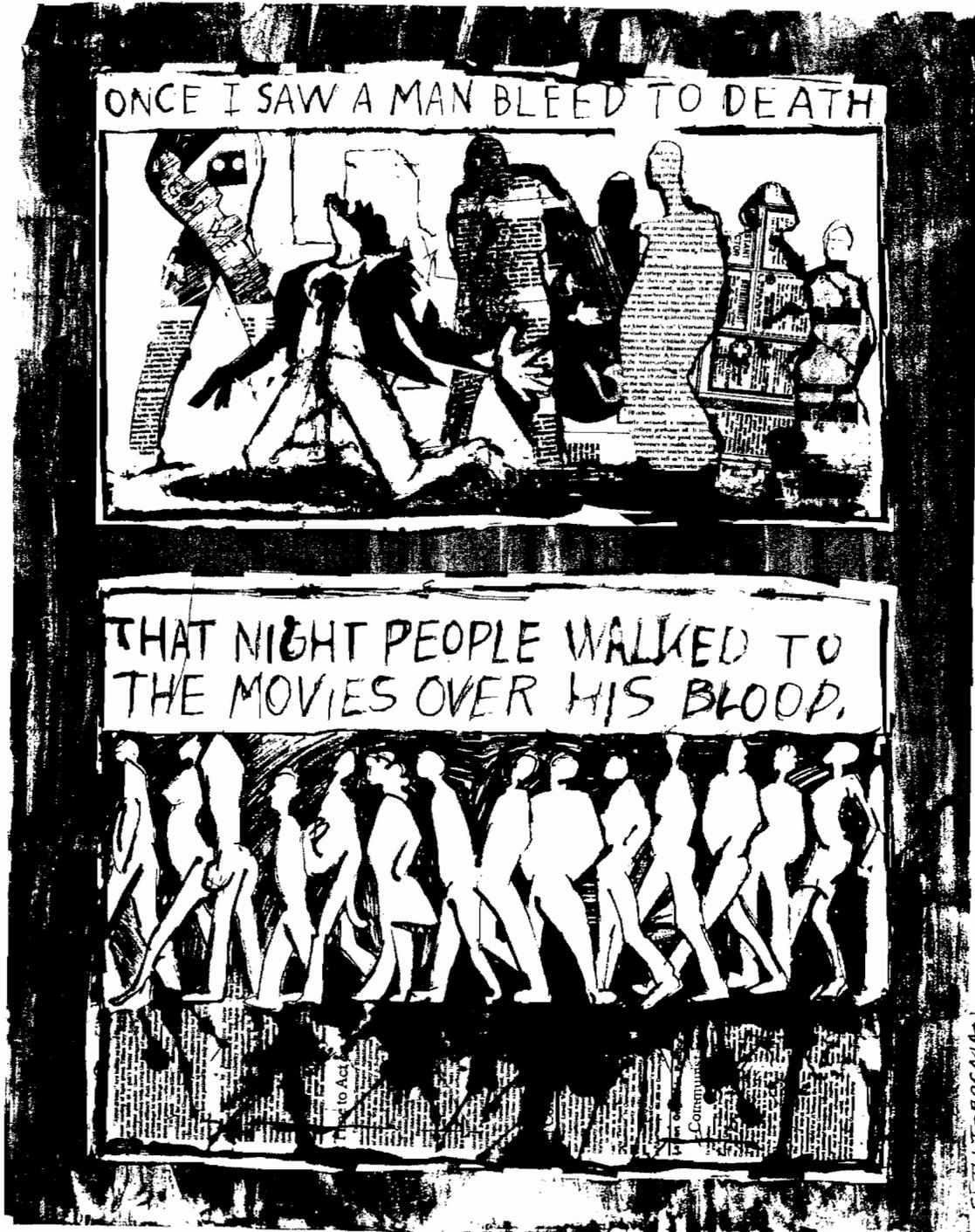
Now I am the backseat driver from America



And I am not at the wheel of control  
And I am guilty, I am war, and I am the root of all evil  
Lord, and I can't drive on the left side of the road

CHORUS:

'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life  
It's a hard life wherever you go  
And if we poison our children with hatred  
Then the hard life is all that they'll know  
And there ain't no place in this world for those kids to go  
'Cause it's a hard life wherever you go



SETH TOBOCIAN

IT'S HARD FOR ME TO KISS YOU (with Butt Cheeks in Your Lips)

By Cody Pendent

(Key of C. Sing slowly with profuse amounts of moaning and twang.)

C G7 C C7  
Well I'm the kind of man who likes to support his woman

F C  
And I've been right here for all that you have did

C F C F  
I uttered not a word, though I found it quite absurd,

D7 G7  
When you bought your Tammy Baker make up ki-it

C G7 C C7  
And I'd like to thank I'd always be here for you

F C  
But this latest fashion craze has gone too far  
That surgeon done took his knife to my darling lovely wife,  
And gave you lips just like a movie sta-ar

CHORUS:

F C  
But it's hard for me to kiss you

C F  
With butt cheeks in your lips

C F C C F G7  
I never did like kissin' ass and I'm not prepared for this

C F C F  
Your plastic surgeon told you that it would fill your life with bliss

F G7  
Still it's hard for me to kiss you

F G7 C  
Since you've put butt cheeks in your lee-ups

Well I used to kiss you every single da-ay  
But now it makes me wanna turn and run  
Your lips were sweet and tiny, 'til you added in your hiney  
Hope you wiped yourself before you had it do-one

Now my kisses, you ne'er again shall ponder  
Until these three conditions have been filled:  
Three hours a day of tooth brushin', put an end to liposuction,  
And always use a latex rubber shi-ield

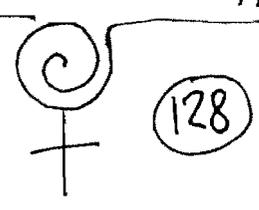
CH

But every silver lining has its rain cloud  
And I hope some day you'll turn around and find  
A pair of dimpled imprints, from where the surgeon took his substance,  
starin' at you in the mirror from behi-ind

QUESTION?  
THE  
BEAUTY?  
STANDARD?



1 in 40,000 womyn meets the requirements of a model's size & shape  
The cosmetic surgery industry in the U.S. grosses \$300 million/yr & is growing 10% annually  
The diet industry currently grosses \$33 billion/yr



Now I wonder what you have in mind for encores  
Now that you've got a thousand dollar grin  
Since you've had your lips enhance-ed, I hope the fat does not turn rancid,  
or migrate down and give you double chi-ins

CH

ENDING:

Still it's <sup>F</sup> hard for me to <sup>G7</sup> kiss you, and if you <sup>F</sup> leave I will not <sup>G7</sup> miss you,  
'Cause it's so <sup>F</sup> hard for me to <sup>G7</sup> kiss you, since you <sup>F</sup> put <sup>G7</sup> butt <sup>C</sup> cheeks in your lee-ups.



No surgeon's knife  
is gettin' near  
these buns ~  
they're just the  
way nature  
intended!



IVORY TOWER

By Nymiah

(This song appears on Francine and Nymiah's self-titled album)

*Alien*

FC G F CG  
I have seen you in your tower of Babel

And I've seen the bullshit coming down F-C-G

You tell me we've got economy to strengthen FCG FCG

Filling your pockets all along F-C

G  
Yeah yeah yeah

CHORUS:

D  
Sitting in your ivory tower

C G  
You greedy little boys

D  
Thinking that with death and dollars

C G  
You can crush our voice

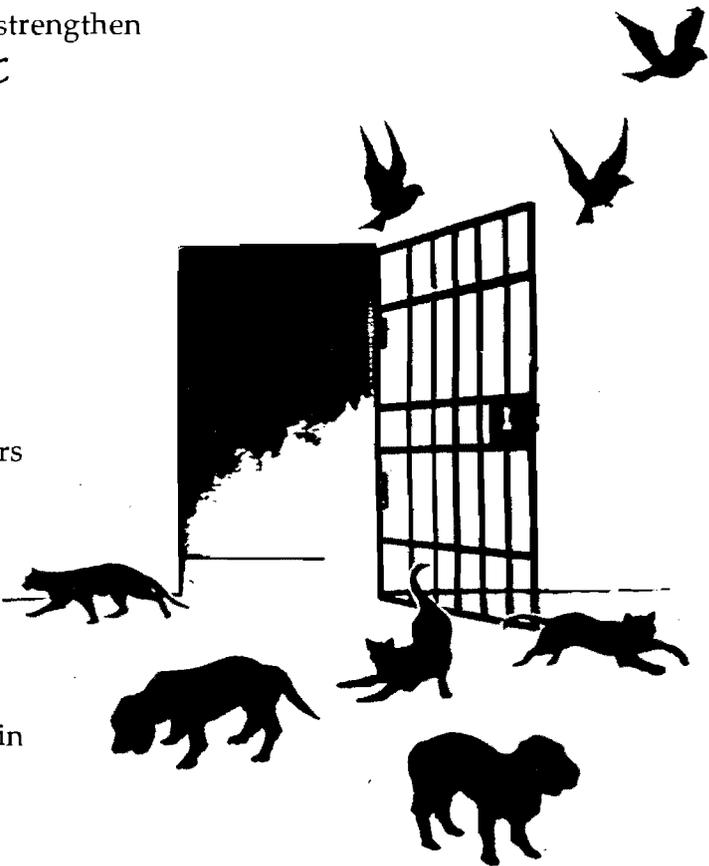
D  
But we've been busy down here

C G  
Stone by stone we take

D  
And one day soon the tide'll come in

C  
And wash your tower away

F-C-G / F-C-G  
Yeah!



You think you have got some higher purpose  
And you think you own the very ground  
But days are coming and the Earth, she's rising,  
And will find that you're nowhere to be found  
Yeah yeah yeah

CH

We don't have too far to look around us now

To see the damage that you've done  
Blood is spilling, yes for oil you're killing  
As you say, "oh yes this battle can be won"  
No no no  
No no no

*My good people, is the truth so foreign*

That we dare to hesitate so long  
Only one way now to stop this madness  
Gonna tear that tower to the ground  
Yeah yeah yeah

CH (no yeah)

C G  
Wash your tower away...

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LAND OF THE NAVAJO  
By Peter Rowan

CHORUS:

C G D Em  
Oh, the wind blows cold, on the trail of the buffalo  
C G D Em  
Oh, the wind blows cold, in the land of the Navajo  
D Em  
In the land of the Navajo.

Em C  
A hundred miles from nowhere out on the desert sand  
E Em  
One-eyed Jack the trader held some turquoise in his hand  
Em C  
And by his side sat Running Elk, his longtime Indian friend  
D Em  
He vowed that he would stay by Jack 'til the bitter end

Jack had gambled everything he owned to lead this wandering life  
He might have had a happy home or a tender loving wife  
But his hunger was for tradin' trappers' furs for turquoise stones  
Anything the Indians had, Jack wanted for his own

CH

Said Jack to Running Elk, "I'd gamble all my precious stones  
Before I'd leave my body here among these bleached bones  
For now my time is drawing near and I'm filled with dark regret  
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set  
We've rapped and killed and stole your land, we ruled with guns and knives  
Fed whiskey to your warriors while we stole away your wives"  
Said Running Elk, "What's done is done, you white men rule this land  
Won't you play your cards face up and lay your broken hearted land"

CH

When you're dealin' cards of death, the joker's wild, the ace is high  
Jack bet the Mississippi River, Running Elk raised him the sky  
Jack saw him with the sun and moon and upped him with the stars  
Running Elk bet the Rocky Mountains, Jupiter and Mars  
The sun was sinking in the west when Jack drew the ace of spades  
Running Elk just rolled his eyes, smiled and passed away  
Jack picked up his turquoise stones and cast them to the sky  
Stared into the setting sun and made a mournful cry

CH

LARIMER STREET

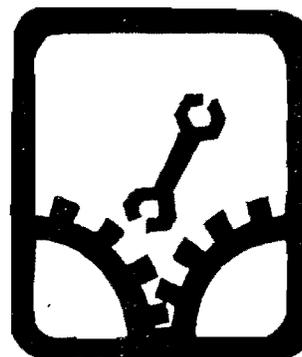
By Utah Phillips

(A classic song about gentrification)

<sup>C</sup>  
Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
You knocked down my flophouse, you knocked down my bars  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars

CHORUS:

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F?</sup>  
And where will I go...and where can I stay?  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Friends, they're running the bums out of town



WORK RATE TOO FAST  
APPLY RESISTANCE

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors  
There ain't nothin' left in the secondhand stores  
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbor light  
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night

CH

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street  
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid  
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade

CH

Now I'm findin' out there's just one kind of war  
It's the one goin' on 'tween the rich and the poor  
I don't know a lot about what you call class  
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass

CH

**CLASS WAR**  
**JUST DO IT.**

132

# LEAVIN' THE NORTHWEST

By Larkin

(Larkin plays with Nego as the duo *Boxcar Bertha*)

<sup>G</sup>  
I don't do the things that make the west coast hip  
<sup>D</sup>  
I don't have a snowboard and I don't strip  
<sup>G</sup>  
And I don't have a ring that goes through my lip  
<sup>C</sup>  
I'm leavin' the Northwest  
<sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup>  
Cuz I'm tired of people askin' me "where's your drawl?"  
<sup>G</sup>  
Then lookin' at me funny when I call them y'all  
<sup>G</sup>  
And this rain is putting me through the test  
<sup>C</sup>  
I'm leavin' the Northwest  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

I'm not transgendered, I don't wear a tattoo  
My clit's not pierced and my hair's not blue  
And my toes are froze, just to name a few  
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Cuz my rainpants and my basement leak  
So I'm going back to where I look like a freak  
To where the grits are good and biscuits are best  
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Now I'm hooked on good coffee and pot that's too strong  
And trying to write dorky punk rock songs  
Guess I'm going about this whole thing wrong  
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Cuz I don't do the things that make the west coast hip  
I don't have a snowboard and I don't strip  
And I don't have a ring that goes through my lip  
I'm leavin' the Northwest  
And my rainpants and my basement leak  
So I'm going back to where I look like a freak  
To where the grits are good and biscuits are best'  
I'm leavin' the Northwest!

LIKE A RIVER *As with all the songs in here, Remember, play the same chord until it changes.*  
By Kate Wolf

**G**  
It's high on a mountain, the warm winds are blowin'

And where the winds are blowin' to **Am C**

There ain't no way of knowin' **G**

The mountain grass is short **Em C**

It's dry and close to burnin' **G**

Cryin' out for water **Am C**

As the season's turning **G**

CHORUS:

The sweet smell of pines **Em-C**

The tall western cedar **G**

Driftin' on the wind **Am C**

Through the mountains like a river **G**

I've been too long away from this wide open sky  
On the concrete trails that wind  
Through the canyons dark and wide  
With the sounds of people talkin'  
In words of blue and gray  
**Smells** of doors and windows  
Closed against the day

CH

Now the dust lies thick and heavy where my feet are fallin'  
There's nothin' but the sound  
Of the jaybirds callin'  
My mind grows dry and thirsty  
As the memories linger  
Driftin' on the wind  
Through the mountains like a river

CH



(134)

THE LIKES OF YOU AND I

By The Levellers

Am G D  
Do you ever stop to think from time to time

Am G D  
About the way the world's been left behind?

Am G D  
In another place, in another time..

Am G  
We could maybe change the way we think

D Am-G-D  
Take the blinkers from our eyes

Do you think that we are maybe not alone  
Do you think there's someone out there  
Do you think that they might know?  
And if they don't do you think they should be told?

'Cos we're living in a nightmare  
Running out of our control

CHORUS:

Am  
Take the rope

G D  
Take the blindfold from your eyes

Am  
Take the rope from around your neck

G D  
And take the blindfold from your eyes

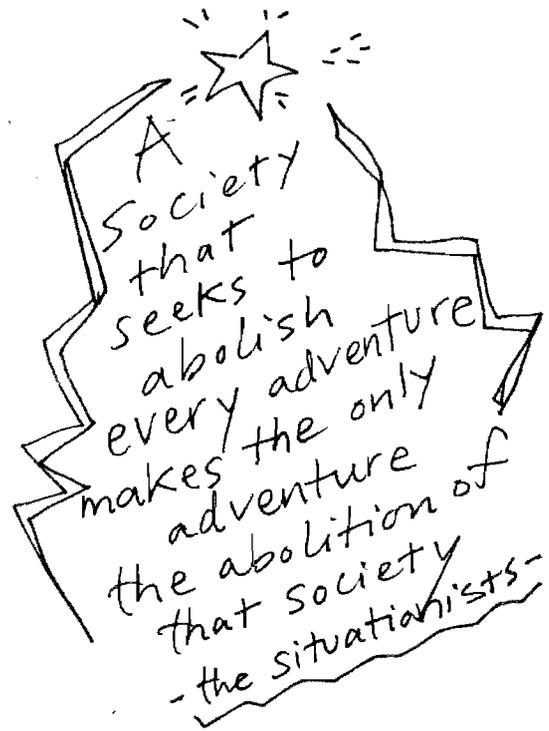
C  
And you'll never be surprised

C  
When they tell you that they love you

C Am  
While they're eating you alive

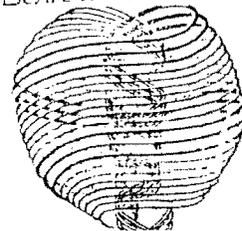
Do you think you have the strength to carry on  
Or has the black cat got your tongue?  
Don't worry now cos the world will be alright  
Cos the land has been here longer  
Than the likes of you and I

CH



WAKE UP!

ESCAPE THE GENE POOLS



THINK FOR YOURSELF

LITTLE JANIE FISHER

By Paul Gill

(Swing)

When little Janie Fisher was a lass she always knew  
That she would need herself a boat and crew some day  
She always did believe the seas would rise and so it came as no  
Surprise when global warming came to stay  
She started hoarding wood when she was five, when she was ten  
She used to skive off school and work upon her plan  
Most people thought her crazy, but they landed in the gravy  
When the oceans started lapping up the land

Well, it started up in Norfolk when three feet of salty water  
Rose and occupied King's Lynn and all the fens  
Ipswich, London, Cambridge, Bristol, it came fast and Janie just  
Got up her mast before it reached the garden fence  
With ten thousand tins of beans, a tonne of sweets and other things  
She needed for the coming months she stepped aboard  
With a crew of loyal friends, a dog, a cat, a clutch of hens  
And her pet bat, she hoisted sail and set her course

Now, it wasn't long before she reached a bunch of saddened men  
Who'd beached their boat upon the dome of great St. Paul's  
When she asked them "Who are you?" they said, "The Cambridge rowing crew  
We were going fine and then we lost our oars  
The other trouble that we've had, you see how little room we have?  
We couldn't fit in food, we've starved for days"  
Janie fed 'em beans on toast, but what they thanked her for the most  
A dozen broomsticks and some old school dinner trays

She left them bodging paddles on the roof, a living proof  
That there is more to brains than where you went to school  
And as they headed south and west they fished for tat amongst the mess  
That floated on the surface of that salty pool  
There was almost everything, from clothes to beds with rusty springs  
They caught a table and a whole new set of chairs  
But when Janie's cousin John hooked what looked to be a bomb  
They all ran and hid beneath the cabin stairs

It was then they came across a man who clung for dear life  
Upon the tip of Salisbury cathedral spire  
He wore a terribly posh suit, he had a suitcase full of loot  
They recognised the face of minister McGuire  
Who before the floods had started was in charge of the Department  
For the Climate and the Use of Energy  
The man who hadn't done enough, who'd pitched them right into the rough  
They helped him up but had him on his knees

He soon was scrubbing down their decks, they made him clean up all their mess  
They had him cooking for them umpteen times a day  
He did the washing up, the ironing, anything remotely tiring  
He'd incurred a heavy debt and had to pay  
Meanwhile Janie and her crew sailed on into the blue  
Spent their days up on the deck just having fun  
But they didn't have an answer to the quick onset of cancer  
And were killed by harmful rays from off the sun

**C**  
Oh I do like to be beside the seaside  
**C7** **F**  
Oh I do like to be beside the sea  
**G7** **C** **F** **C**  
I like to walk along the prom, prom, prom  
**G** **G7**  
Where the brass bands play tiddly om pom pom  
(Same chords as above)  
Oh just let me be beside the seaside  
I'd be beside myself with glee  
And there are lots of girls besides I would like to be beside  
Beside the seaside, beside the sea

LIVE LIKE A PRAYER

By Ellen Claiver & Peg Millet

(A favorite acapella sing-along. Peg Millet brought this song to the movement by way of her album "Gentle Warrior". Peg added the verse about the forest in 1995, inspired by her travels in the redwoods.)

Born in the Rockies, of high mountain streams  
Runnin' down the valleys, ocean in its dreams  
Great blue heron, graces the shore  
The water...rushing before

Don't damn the river, leave the river alone  
Don't damn the river, 'cause the river is a home  
Don't damn the river, let the river survive  
The river, the river is alive

The desert's waiting, red rock canyon walls  
Hot sun is beating and one coyote calls  
Sagebrush fragrant, in the stillness of the heat  
Desert fire burnin'--a steady beat

Don't pave the desert, leave the desert alone...

Tall grasses waving - miles across to sky  
Broad fields remembering, the buffalo hunter's cry  
Song to season- circles by the stream  
Sweet grass burnin' - breeze fresh and clean

Don't plow the prairie, leave the prairie alone...

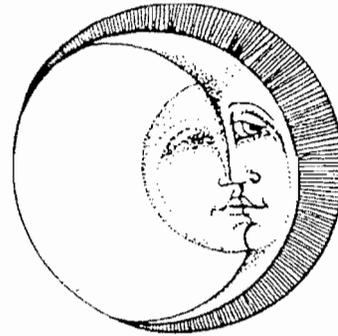
Rising with the currents, to the great divide  
Blessed by the lightning- and the green forests wide  
Alpine meadows- the golden eagle flies  
The mountains touching the sky

Don't mine the mountains, leave the mountains alone...

The redwoods rising, up to greet the sun  
Bright green shadows, shelter everyone  
Fluted singing, fills the silent air  
Giant tree roots, hold the earth there

Don't log the forest, leave the forest alone...

Feel our mother hurting, know that scars are done  
Breathe in your courage, 'cause the struggle has begun  
Live like a prayer now, in praise of the one  
We are, we are all alive  
We are, we are all alive  
We are, we are all alive!



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LIVE/WORK, LIVE/WORK

By Jamie Ben-Azay, music by Frank Sinatra

*(Performed by Samsara. Acapella, to the tune of Sinatra's "New York, New York." For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg.27, "I Wanna Log Your Land" pg.119 & "The Prison Industry" pg.172)*

Start spreadin' the news, you move in thirty days  
We want to be a part of it—gentrification

Those vagabond 'hoods are going away  
Right through the very heart of it—gentrification

We wanna wake up in a city that isn't cheap  
And find we're king of the market, top of the heap

These rent control blues, are melting away  
We'll make a brand new law of it—Live/Work, Live/Work lofts

If we can kick you out, the rents will skyrocket  
We'll start a new rich town—gentrification

We want to dine out in a restaurant that serves elites  
So property values go up, top of the hill  
View of the bay, doorman and all

These white flight blues are gone for today  
We're gonna make an internet start-up with Live/Work lofts

If we can make it here, we'll make it anywhere  
It's up to us to clean the streets—gentrification

# LONDON CALLING

By Clim Atechaos, music by the Clash  
(A rewrite of The Clash song by the same name.)

Em@ = Em w/ bottom G note on high E string

INTRO: Em - Fmaj9 - Em - Fmaj9

Em Fmaj9  
London calling to the faraway towns

Em@ G Em  
Now war is declared and battle come down

Em Fmaj9  
London calling, if terrorists are what we are

Em@ G Em  
Let's plant a seed bomb in jumping Jack Straw's car (\*1)

London calling, before the world turns to dust

Get out of the Jaguar and onto the bus

London calling to Section 28 (\*2)

Let's paint the bus pink and call a halt to hate

## CHORUS:

Em G  
The ice age is coming, the sun's zooming in,

D Em  
Meltdown expected, the wheat's growing thin,

Em G  
Engines stop running, but I have no fear,

D Em  
'Cos London is drowning and I...live by the river-ah!  
(Intro chords in between each verse)

London calling to the hats without a home,

Last night they squatted the Millennium Dome

London calling to the snakes of the Square Mile (\*3)

Beware the coming of the rank and file

London calling down in Parliament Square (\*4)

Did you plant a seed or did you stand and stare?

London calling at the Thames Barrier,

Here comes the hell and the high water

CH (On third line sing instead "A signaling error, but I have no fear")

## JAM

London calling 'cos the planet's in A & E, (\*5)

Though somewhere deep, deep down I know we'll all be free

London calling, the resistance it grows

What of the revolution? Well, there she blows

## CH

### Song Key:

1. Jack Straw - UK Home Secretary, creator of terrorism laws targeting direct action activists

2. Section 28 - forced UK schools to discriminate against sexual orientation. Lesbian action team painted bus pink as protest (public bus)

3. Square Mile - financial district of London where June 18th '99 mass protest occurred

4. Parliament Square - guerilla gardening mayday action (2000)

5. A & E stands for UK hospitals' accidents & emergencies units

(I Heard That) LONESOME WHISTLE  
By Jimmie Davis and Hank Williams, Sr.  
(Recorded by Hank Williams, Sr. and Bob Dylan.)

<sup>D</sup>  
I was ridin' number nine  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Headin' south from Caroline  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I heard that lonesome whistle blow  
<sup>D</sup>  
Got in trouble, had to roam  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Left my gal and left my home  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I heard That lonesome whistle blow

CHORUS #1:

<sup>G</sup>  
Just a kid actin' smart  
<sup>D</sup>  
I went and broke my darlin's heart  
<sup>A7</sup>  
I guess I was too young to know  
<sup>D</sup>  
They took me off the Georgia Main  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Locked me to a ball and chain  
<sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

All alone I bear the shame  
I'm a number not a name  
I heard that lonesome whistle blow  
All I do is sit and cry  
When the evenin' train goes by  
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

CHORUS #2:

I'll be locked here in this cell  
'Til my body's just a shell  
And my hair turns whiter than snow  
I'll never see that gal of mine  
Lord, I'm in Georgia doin' time  
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL

By Phil Ochs

(A classic tongue-in-cheek rant that may be more true today than ever before.)

E A E A

I cried when they shot Medgar Evers

E C#m  
Tears ran down my spine

E A E  
I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy

F#7 B7  
As though I'd lost a father of mine

E A E  
But Malcolm X got what was coming

G#m A  
He got what he asked for this time

E C#m A B7 E  
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I go to civil rights rallies

And I put down the old D.A.R.

I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy

I hope every colored boy becomes a star

But don't talk about revolution

That's going a little bit too far

So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I cheered when Humphrey was chosen

My faith in the system restored

I'm glad the commies were thrown out

Of the A.F.L. C.I.O. board

I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes

As long as they don't move next door

So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

The people of old Mississippi

Should all hang their heads in shame

I can't understand how their minds work

What's the matter don't they watch Les Crain?

But if you ask me to bus my children

I hope the cops take down your name

So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I read New Republic and Nation

I've learned to take every view

You know, I've memorized Lerner and Golden

I feel like I'm almost a Jew

But when it comes to times like Korea

There's no one more red, white and blue

So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal



## Liberate Your Mind

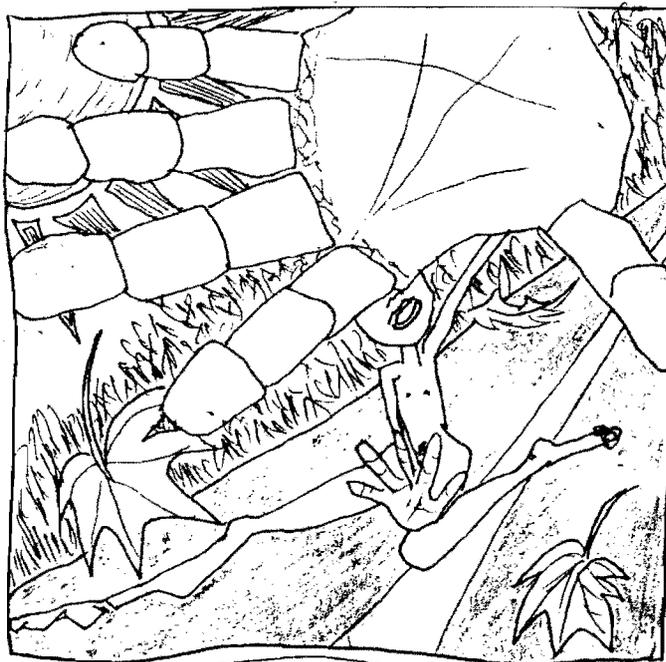


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I vote for the Democratic Party  
They want the U.N. to be strong  
I go to all the Pete Seeger concerts  
He sure gets me singing those songs  
I'll send all the money you ask for  
But don't ask me to come on along  
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

Once I was young and impulsive  
I wore every conceivable pin  
Even went to the socialist meetings  
Learned all the old union hymns  
But I've grown older and wiser  
And that's why I'm turning you in  
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

*(Note: Lerner & Golden were both columnists with left-leaning tendencies. Harry Golden, a humorist, wrote some marvelous books and short stories. Les Crane had a talk show in the south. Nothing virulent like the current ones! Jello Biafra and Mojo Nixon did a cover of this with updated characters.)*



due to the danger of falling leaves... trees hanging 64 inches over the bike path will be cut

LUCY AND HER MA

By Mary Urtica

Am

'Twas just about midnight

E7

Am

On the fourth day of July

Dm

When sweet little Lucy

E7

Am

Blew her Daddy sky high

The shots rang out  
Like a warrior's cry  
And then only silence  
As the old man died

CHORUS:

Am

Now big girls don't cry so

G7

E7

Am

Don't tell your Ma how

E7

Am

I love my beautiful girl

Am

C

So kiss him goodnight and

G7

E7

Wash until you're raw and

Am

E7

Am

One day a new flag will unfurl

G7

E7

Am

Yes, one day a new flag will unfurl

The lawmen went down  
As the dim darkness grew  
And the word went around  
Bout the truth everybody knew  
But Lucy and her Ma  
They knew it was alright and  
They buried her Pa  
That very same night

CH (*instrumental only*)

Well Lucy was bold  
And so justice was served  
And her dear old Daddy,  
Well he got what he deserved

But it ain't always so  
And this tale I tell,  
Well it happens everyday  
And perhaps you know it well

CH (*Sing "goodbye" instead of "goodnight."*)

# LUNA'S SONG

By Leah Berger

G Am G D  
Once you told me of a woman and her name is Butterfly  
G Am G D  
All the way from Arkansas, she came to see the redwoods high  
G Am G D  
And when she saw those ancient trees, and learned their fateful destiny  
G Am G D  
She asked, what can I do to set them free?

## CHORUS:

C G C D  
And oh oh oh oh no, And oh oh oh oh no (line x2)  
C G C D  
Have you ever climbed a redwood tree?  
C G C D  
And do you know the power of a redwood tree?  
C G C D  
And if you ever climbed a redwood tree  
C G C D G-Am-G-D  
You would never cut a redwood tree, oh no

In the forest lives an elder, she's grown for many centuries  
With bark that shines like silver locks in the moonlight's mystery  
Her trunk so wide and branches high, a grandmother who stands with pride  
Forest warriors called her Luna, and like the moon she'd be free

So my friends, the story goes, they nearly climbed two hundred feet  
To make a home in Luna's arms, they joined the forest canopy  
With boards below and tarps above, protected by the Goddess' love  
Who says a revolution can't be born peacefully?

## CH

Well Butterfly now saw her chance to mess with MAXXAM's timber plans  
She took the ropes, she climbed the tree, singing "nature before technology"  
But when she reached the top and saw how corporate giant's greedy claws

G Am G Am  
Had stripped that forest bare for logs, Butterfly cried, "Luna,  
G D  
If they take you they take me too"

The seasons passed and winter came and Butterfly withstood the rains  
Thought the helicopters came around, she planted roots, she kept her ground  
She said, "I'm here for the salmon and the spotted owl, the hawks and the ravens and the  
ones who crawl

The rocks and the rivers and the air we breathe, she said I'm here to protect what's wild  
and free

CH

The years have passed and Luna stands, while her story's spread throughout the land  
'Bout a woman we call Butterfly, who dared to say, "I too will die"  
She said, "The forest is a sacred space and not one tree can go to waste

<sup>G</sup> So sorry Charlie, you're out of luck, find another way <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Am</sup> To make your bucks" <sup>D</sup>

And so my friends, this song is ending, but the wheel is turning and the web is spinning  
For in every village there lives an elder and in every heart there burns an ember  
To fight for what you know is real, and in this way the world will heal  
So listen to those who tell you so, you just plant a seed and watch it grow ~G-Am-G-Am-D

CH

MEN-AN-TOL

By Levellers

(A song about magical ruins and wild places, and holding their power with us amidst the everyday urban onslaught.)

Dm F  
 So I find myself among the brave southeastern hills  
 F Dm  
 Running like a madman on the moor  
 Dm F  
 Let the sweet Atlantic rain wash away my ills  
 F Dm  
 The Men-An-Tol shone strangely in the storm

CHORUS:

F  
 I get the strangest feeling  
 Dm  
 In the air around  
 F  
 It's more than just a feeling

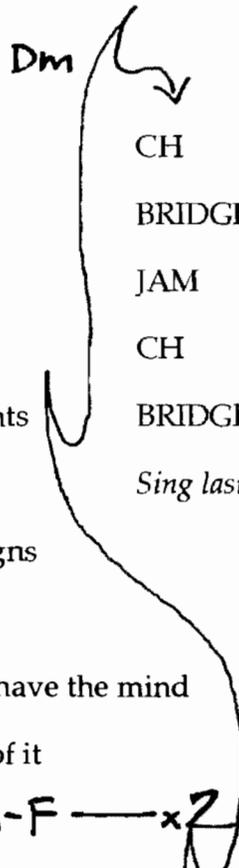
F  
 A different way of seeing  
 Dm  
 A different kind of life  
 F Dm  
 Something I believe in

BRIDGE:

Am  
 But in amongst the city lights  
 Dm  
 This feeling's not so clear  
 Am  
 Neon lights and faceless signs  
 Dm  
 Hide what I hold dear  
 F  
 But it's there to find if you have the mind  
 G  
 And you don't live in fear of it

JAM: Dm—Am—Dm—F—x2

I rest among what still remains  
 Of lives that passed before  
 Lighting strikes the top of Zennor Tor  
 I find myself amazed again  
 At man's pathetic score  
 Years of knowledge wasted and ignored



CH

BRIDGE (Sing "Faceless towers and neon signs" for third line)

JAM

CH

BRIDGE

Sing last three lines of chorus. Let last chord ring out.

MISSILE SONG

By Solstice

(Play lively!)

G E7  
 We just wanna launch missiles } x2  
 C D G  
 Just wanna launch missiles

E7  
 Boeing wanted badly for us to keep bombing Iraq  
 C D  
 To keep their budget a-bloated  
 G E7  
 But at Ohio State the students stood up—the armor cracked  
 C D7  
 So we let off for a few months—didn't want the '60s back  
 G E7  
 But of course we couldn't let that riffraff's or the world's will beat us  
 C D  
 So while the cameras zoomed in on the presidential penis  
 G E7  
 We fired up the engines—the president's decree was  
 D G  
 "Let the missiles flow!"

CHORUS:

E7  
 We just wanna launch missiles  
 C D  
 Don't quite matter to us where they go  
 G E7  
 We just wanna launch missiles  
 C D7  
 Love that late-night Baghdad glow  
 G E7  
 The peace-niks may hate us and the children imitate us  
 C D  
 But just look at those profits grow  
 G E7  
 We're boys with our toys and we're spoiled in the joy  
 C D G  
 Of making things explode!

To choose our next target now we just spin the globe  
 This time it stopped on Kosovo  
 We'll say it's about ethnic cleansing, and while sympathy is selling  
 We shall strike our blow

Sure from their national problem to our bombing solution  
There's a large leap in logic, I know  
But a peaceful solution would negate our institution  
And stop the money flow

CH (*in place of line 4, sing "What a rush of testosterone!"*)

Our motives may seem flippity-floppy  
Our attitude a bit too hippity-hoppy  
And sometimes our operations get a little sloppy  
Sometimes communications get a wee bit choppy  
So we bombed the Chinese embassy—a terrible mistake  
But still a little bit fun  
They say we'll start World War Three—sounds alright to me  
Hell, missiles for everyone!

CH (*1st-3rd lines same, then...*)

Watch our profits gro-o-ow  
Whoops, we hit the wrong country—margin of error, you know  
Besides, there are no "wrong" countries—hell, we've even bombed our own  
(*last 2 lines same*)

(*guitar slow and light...*)

Oh but when the school kids open fire  
This violence we deplore  
Clinton made a great speech, said we've got to teach  
There's another way to be explored

(*guitar picking*)

If only these kids could have found the patience  
To wait three years or four

(*guitar loud*)

Well they could have been our cronies—could've joined the army  
And killed so many more!

CH (*1st-3rd lines same, then...*)

Watch our profits gro-o-ow  
Watch your back Iraq, look out Kosovo!  
And if China is in the way, their embassy has got to go  
(*last 2 lines same, then...*)  
What fun!

G

E7

They say we'll start World War Three—sounds alright to me

C D G E7

Hell, missiles for everyone, that's right

C D G E7

Missiles for everyone, oh boy!

C D G-C-G

Missiles for everyone!

MISTY MOUNTAIN

By Ferron

D E F#m D E F#m  
Up the misty mountain, wildflowers bind the ground

D E F#m D E F#m  
Down by the rushing river, force will wear those boulders down

D E F#m D E F#m  
Me, I'm underneath my covers, me, I'm trapped inside my brain

D E F#m D E F#m  
While up above the misty mountain, up above the rushing river

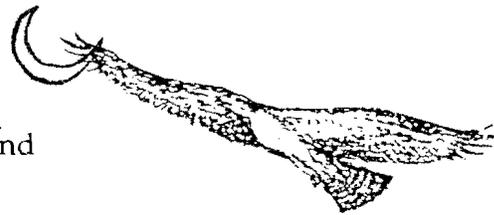
D E F#m D E F#m  
Up above the bed of longing, eagle takes the wind

D E F#m  
Eagle takes the wind

A E D D A  
Eagle takes the wind, my friend, eagle takes the wind

A E D  
It makes me think of this, my friend:

D E F#m-D-E-F#m  
Where does the eagle live in me-eeee?



I am crawling through this city, I say the city will be my home  
I say, "Ferron, you are halfway pretty, and may you never be alone"  
Be it in scorn or be it favor, be it but a moment gone  
And I stood before the mirror, like an open-ended cavern  
Like a breath held inhaled holding, I barely knew my name  
Barely knew my name  
Barely knew my name, my friends, barely knew my name  
It makes me think of this, my friend:  
Where do I live in me-eeee?

Well, it's a planet of resistance, it is a whirling flame of choice  
Are you my comrades in persistence? I swear they'll know us by our voice  
Though we lay down in dusty corners, we are ragged as a scar  
And when we rest, our eyes stay open, we're always off to war  
Always off to war  
Always off to war, my friends, always off to war  
It makes me think of this, my friends:  
Where can the quiet be-eeee?



Is it up the mountain, where wildflowers bind the ground?  
Is it down by the rushing river? Force will wear those boulders down  
Is it underneath my covers? Is it trapped inside my brain?  
While up above the misty mountain, up above the rushing river  
Up above the bed of longing, eagle takes the wind  
Eagle takes the wind  
Eagle takes the wind

# MY COUNTRY

By Dana Lyons

(Music by Dana Lyons, Jessie Wolf Hardin and Ted Schadler)

I was born inside a hospital  
With a nine digit number code  
I pledged allegiance to the flag  
When I was only four years old  
The first thing that I learned in school  
Is we are a country free  
When bad forces attack our land  
I'll fight for my country

I joined the scouts when I was twelve  
And put on a uniform  
I learned there how to fold the flag  
And how the look of a proud man was worn  
We camped in the mountains, deserts, and plains  
We hiked through the giant trees  
And I saw God in the beauty there  
I'll fight for my country

With a heavy pack and a cluttered mind  
A young man walks all alone  
Six thousand miles away he finds  
For the first time that he feels at home  
And he laughs to himself as he faces his fear  
In the land of the mighty grizzly  
It once was like this everywhere  
I'll fight for my country

Now I love this river, love this land  
And I love my green mountain home  
And when they come to cut the forest here  
They won't be fighting me alone  
'Cause the wildlands are the places we go  
To remember what it means to be free  
When bad forces attack our land  
I'll fight for my country



timber wolf howling  
howling is a means of  
communication among wolves.

GRAY ARE ALL THE  
THEORIES  
BUT GREEN is the  
tree of life  
-goethe



MY DIRTY STREAM

By Pete Seeger (Casey Neill Trio covers this, & has a cut of this song on the Pete Seeger Tribute "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?")

G  
Sailing up my dirty stream  
Am7 D7 G  
Still I love it, and I'll keep the dream

G  
That someday, though maybe not this year  
Am7 D7 G  
My Hudson River will once again run clear

G Em  
It starts high in the mountains of the north  
Am7 D7  
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth  
G  
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum  
Am7 D7 G  
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come

At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands  
Work at the Consolidated paper plant  
Five million gallons of waste a day  
Why should we do it any other way?  
Down the valley, one million toilet chains  
Find my Hudson so convenient a place to drain  
And each little city says "who, me"?  
Do you think that sewage plants come free?

In the ocean they say the water's clear  
But I live right at Beacon here  
Halfway between the mountains and the sea  
Tacking to and fro, this thought occurs to me  
Sailing up my dirty stream  
Still I love it, and I'll keep the dream  
That someday, though maybe not this year  
My Hudson River will once again run clear  
That someday, though maybe not this year

Am D G-D7-G  
My Hudson River -- and my country -- will run clear

CHORUS

CH

ending CH

MY PICKET LINE

By Desert Rat (See a parody of this song, "My Subculture & Scene," pg.154)  
(next page)

<sup>G</sup> The working class is strong and proud. <sup>C</sup> See how our hammers shine! <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> See how our banners stand so true along the picket line! <sup>D</sup>

<sup>G</sup> And if you cross my picket line I'm going to kick your ass! <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class! <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

My old growth forest stands so tall, so ancient and so free,  
Those five percent survivors of what stretched from sea to sea.  
And if you cut these last few down I'm going to kick your ass!  
For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class!

My union brothers and my sisters all have working hands.  
We process ore in metal plants and mills of many lands.  
And if you lock my comrades out I'm going to kick your ass!  
For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class!

The tyrant's days are numbered. Let all workers be forewarned!  
Those traitors who sell out their class shall be forever scorned!  
And if the scabs' cars park nearby, I'm going to break their glass,  
And throw a match or two into the tank that holds the gas!

The working class is strong and proud. See how our hammers shine!  
See how our banners stand so true along the picket line!  
And trav'lin' to the legislature is a waste of gas,  
Unless you have a picket line that means to kick some ass!



MY SUBCULTURE AND SCENE

By Desert Rat

(A parody of his own song, "My Picket Line." See pg. 153)

*previous page*

G C G  
 I push my propaganda and I talk about the man  
 C G D  
 I want to let the whole world know how radical I am  
 G C G G  
 And if I do not think you're cool, I'll treat you really mean  
 C G D G  
 For I will fight this war forever for my subculture and scene

Us hippie kids and gutter punks, we all wear spiky hair  
 Or else we sport our dreadlocks and have piercings everywhere  
 And if you do not look like us, we'll treat you really mean  
 For we will fight this war forever for our subculture and scene

I say I want to see the people rise and system fall  
 I talk of direct action and of Mumia Jamal  
 But all the causes I espouse, although I think them keen  
 I'd sacrifice forever for my subculture and scene

I like to turn the masses off to what I have to say  
 I shout it in their faces in a most obnoxious way  
 I don't want people to be moved by what I claim to mean  
 For if they were, they might pollute my subculture and scene

That wingnut over there, sometimes I think he really tries  
 To alienate all the folks we'd like to call allies  
 But we don't call him on his shit, although it is obscene  
 Because to do so might disrupt our subculture and scene

My radio technician friend, he caught a lot of shit  
 For setting a transmitter up for Windberry treesit  
 We made him take it down because technology is mean  
 It ruins the aesthetics of our subculture and scene

The group I've been a part of now for going on two weeks!  
 Is ruled by a miniscule clique of rabid control-freaks  
 We bow before this clique as though before a king or queen  
 For challenging them might disrupt our subculture and scene

I like repeating errors made by those who came before  
 Let's be just like the CNT of Spanish Civil War  
 Who sacrificed their struggle to the Stalinists' machine  
 Just to preserve the popular front's subculture and scene

(Sing first verse again, with last line as "subculture and 'zine")

# NAILED AND BOARDED

By Timothy Hull

(Capo 3rd fret. The second "chord" in this song is a walk down from the G note on the E string - it's an F# note but I'm not sure what it's called. I'll call it an F#.)

G F# A D  
The windows are nailed and boarded  
G F# A D  
Through which I saw the west  
G F# A D  
Where generations built their homeplace  
G F# A D  
Where generations laid to rest

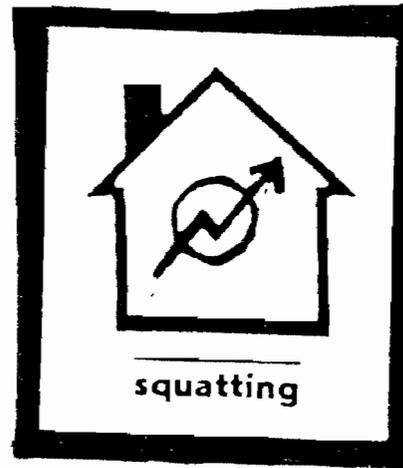
Proud at night the pine trees  
That once crowned Knock An Ra  
Their backs were straight  
Strong in moonlight  
We used to walk among them all

Before the land was taken  
We used to have someplace to stay  
Before the land was forsaken  
Before they pushed us all away  
Now we're all wanderers  
Exiles on the wander-ream  
Vacant buildings, underpasses  
Roadsides are our only home

The window is nailed and boarded  
Through which we saw the street  
Creeping closer every day  
We were out of work, nothing to eat  
Proud at night the campfires  
Out underneath the stars  
Our backs are straight  
Strong in moonlight  
Though we live in mini-vans and cars

Don't you think a sheltered bed  
And a place to lay you down  
Is anybody's right  
In any land, in any town  
Proud tonight, the song we're singing  
Our backs are straight we come and go  
Proud tonight, the fight we're giving  
And we thought you ought to know

We're all wanderers  
Exiles on the wander-ream  
But we tore the nailed boards off the windows  
'Cause everyone should have a home



} repeat whole section once, (155)  
then repeat last two lines again

# NEWRY HIGHWAYWOMAN

Traditional Irish tune

(The Celtic band Solas does an amazing version of this on their self-titled album. Casey Neill covers it too. Have fun changing the names of people to rob and places to ones that hit home with you.)

In Newry town I was bred and born  
In Stephens Green now I lie in scorn  
I served me time at the saddler's trade  
I always was a roving blade  
I always was a roving blade

At seventeen I joined with my wife  
I loved her dearer than I loved me life  
And so to keep us both fine and gay  
I went out robbing on the King's Highway  
I went out robbing on the King's Highway

I never robbed a poor man yet  
Nor lately caused anyone to fret  
But I robbed lords and ladies fine  
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight  
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

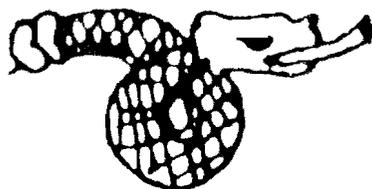
I robbed Lord Hurwitz I do declare  
And Tony Blair up in Grovenor's Square  
I closed their shutters and bade them goodnight  
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight  
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

To Covent Garden I made my way  
With me dear wife for to see the play  
The Fielding's men there did me pursue  
And I was taken by that cursed crew  
Oh I was taken by that cursed crew

My father cried, 'me darling one!'  
My wife she cried, 'now i am undone!'  
My mother tore her grey locks and cried  
It's in the cradle I should have died  
It's in the cradle I should have died

When I am dead I want for my grave  
A flashy funeral pray let me have  
Six highwaywomen for to carry me  
And give them broad swords and sweet liberty  
Oh give them broad swords and sweet liberty

theft  
prevents  
industrial



commodity  
state



Six highwaywomen for to bear my pall  
Give them banners & white ribbons all  
When I'm gone you may tell the truth  
She was a wild and a wicked youth  
She was a wild and a wicked youth

*(Sing first verse again)*



Because woman's work is never done and is underpaid or unpaid or boring or repetitious and we're the first to get fired and what we look like is more important than what we do and if we get raped it's our fault and if we get beaten we must have provoked it and if we raise our voices we're nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex we're nymphos and if we don't we're frigid and if we love women it's because we can't get a "real" man and if we ask our doctor too many questions we're neurotic and/or pushy and if we expect childcare we're selfish and if we stand up for our rights we're aggressive and "unfeminine" and if we don't we're typical weak females and if we want to get married we're out to trap a man and if we don't we're unnatural and because we still can't get an adequate safe contraceptive but men can walk on the moon and if we can't cope or don't want a pregnancy we're made to feel guilty about abortion and... for lots and lots of other reasons we are part of the women's liberation movement.

NO SENSE IN LOVIN'

By Jeff Tweedy

(Play with capo on 2nd fret. Performed by Uncle Tupelo, a most extremely righteous alternative country band from <sup>(now split)</sup> St. Louis, Missouri. Why is this song in here? It's high time to try and transcend some of our bad inheritance. As they say, the personal is political. How can we be fucked up to each other and preach being good to the Earth? Let's unlearn, heal and grow. ok, enough mushy stuff.)

INTRO:

D-Em-Bm-A-Em-A

I don't know what  
You've been through

You might think

That I don't care  
But I do

And I've tried to understand  
I've tried to understand

Your abuse

But you've got no  
Excuse

CHORUS:

And there's no use in lovin'  
Anyone who hates themselves

You keep coming back, so I hold you  
For a little while  
But I always go  
When I can't take  
Your sad smile

'Cause I can't stand it when you get  
So intense  
And it's all a part  
Of our bad  
Inheritance

CH: A D Em  
And there's no sense in lovin'  
Anyone--

BRIDGE: G F#m  
Won't you come back for a while  
You could see exactly  
What you've always meant to me

But you don't want to know  
You don't want to know

(same chords as verse 2)  
And you don't know what  
I've been through  
And if I think  
That you don't care  
You probably do

CH

END: D-Em-Bm

# NO TIME FOR LOVE

By Kristy Moore

*(The folk process has brought this song to the editors without them being certain of exact chord placement [or original author, actually, though Kristy Moore does sing it] — be forewarned!)*

*(yes, it's not just your eyes, we've got a tilt goin' on)*

<sup>F</sup> You call it the law, <sup>C</sup> we call it apartheid, <sup>F</sup> internment, <sup>C</sup> conscription, partition and silence

<sup>G</sup> It's the law that they <sup>Am</sup> make to <sup>C</sup> keep you and me where they think we belong <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>F</sup> They hide behind steel and <sup>C</sup> bullet-proof glass, <sup>F</sup> machine guns and <sup>C</sup> spies

<sup>Em</sup> And tell us, who <sup>Am</sup> suffer the <sup>C</sup> tear gas and the <sup>F</sup> torture, that we're in the <sup>G</sup> wrong

## CHORUS:

<sup>F</sup> No time for love if they <sup>C</sup> come in the morning

<sup>G</sup> No time to show tears or for <sup>C</sup> fears in the morning

<sup>F</sup> No time for goodbye, no time to ask <sup>C</sup> why

<sup>Em</sup> And the sound of the <sup>F</sup> sirens, the <sup>G</sup> cry of the <sup>C</sup> morning

They suffered the torture, they rotted in cells, went crazy, wrote letters and died  
The limits of pain they endured—the loneliness got them instead  
And the courts gave them justice as justice is given by well-mannered thugs  
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive but more times they just wished they were dead

## CH

They took away Sacco, Vanzetti, Connolly and Pierce in their time  
They came for Newton and Seale, Bobby Sands and some of his friends  
In Boston, Chicago, Saigon, Santiago, Warsaw and Belfast  
And places that never make headlines, the list never ends

## CH

The Boys in Blue are only a few of the everyday cops on the beat  
The CID, Branchmen, informers and spies do their job just as well  
Behind them the men who tap phones, take photos, program computers and files  
And the man who tells them when to come and take you to your cell

## CH

All of you people who give to your sisters and brothers the will to fight on  
They say you can get used to a war, that doesn't mean the war isn't on  
The fish need the sea to survive, just like your people need you  
And the Death Squad can only get through to them if first they can get through to you

## CH

# ON THE GREENER SIDE

By Zak Borden

(Capo second fret. Zak is a great tradical celt-country bluester. He also plays in the Casey Neill Trio. Kate Mackenzie sings with Zak on this song and the bluesy harmonies sound real sweet.)

**E** **B7** **C#7**  
Took my pocket watch, buried it in the sand  
**E** **A** **B7** **E**  
I'm gonna let the turning of my wheels be my new second hand  
**E** **B7** **C#7**  
Each mistake I ever made is playing in my mind  
**E** **A** **B7** **E**  
But it's getting softer as I cross each new county line

## CHORUS:

**A**  
The old folks say--  
**A**  
That all to soon  
**A** **B7**  
The urge to roam will die  
**E**  
Well I can't live in the past tense  
**B7** **E**  
You know I only have fifteen cents  
**A**  
But I ain't gonna let no fence  
**B7** **E**  
Keep me from the greener side  
**E** **B7** **C#**  
It ain't keepin' me, it ain't keepin' me  
**E** **A** **B7** **E**  
It ain't keepin' me from the greener side



Sometime down the line you grew weary of my charms  
So I'll confide in Mother Earth and lay down in her arms  
One day I'll have a family and rock a baby to and fro  
But tonight the Stanley Brothers sing me straight through Idaho

CH

Musta been three in the morning when I crossed the Great Divide  
I've been on this road for two days straight and I never even blinked an eye  
'Cause I'm goin' where the morning air floats across the plains  
I'm gonna let that ragin' river take away my pain

CH

ONE HEART, ONE SOUL  
Through Ayr

CHORUS:

Em D Bm Am  
One heart, one soul  
Am Bm D Em  
One heart, one soul  
Em D Bm Am  
One heart, one soul  
Am Bm D Em  
One heart, one soul

Dissolve away each and every last barrier  
And allow yourself to become yet another one of truth's carriers

CH

Am Bm C D  
Join hands with us and we can walk together  
Am Bm C D  
On a journey lasting forever  
Am Bm C D  
United in body, mind and spirit  
Am Bm C D  
Learning to trust and not to fear it

CH

Bathing in the light within each other  
Accepting all as sister and brother  
We spring from the same source, part of all creation  
Come on people now, feel life regeneratin'

CH

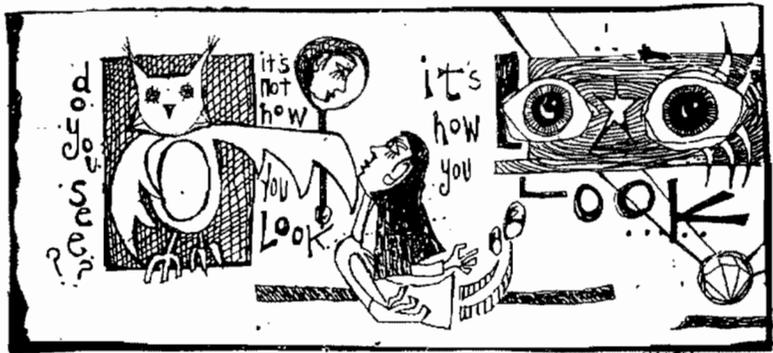
BRIDGE:

G D Am  
We can be free if we want  
G D Am  
There is no such thing as we can't  
G D Am  
So live each day as if it's the last of your earthly life  
Am D G  
And one day you will be right  
C D G  
All matter breaks back down into light (sing the high octave note here)

So many secrets there are to uncover  
When we submit to love, we truly become lovers  
Feel all the power flowin' within and without  
Knowing for sure, 'cause there is no doubt

Untangle all your knots and break all your chains  
When we let go of everything, there is so much to gain

(top)



OPERATION  
By Circle Jerks  
(Punk)

Thanks to Thunder Craig for keepin' us screamin' this one!

**B**            **A**    **G**            **A**  
I went to see rabbi, got dissed by his advice

**B**            **A**    **G**            **A**  
I want an operation, I will not fatherize

CHORUS:

**E**                            **C**            **D**  
Operation, operation—snip and tie, snip and tie

**E**                            **C**            **B**  
Operation, operation—snip and tie, snip and tie

They sent me to a preacher, a really thoughtful guy  
He said my idea's crazy, I should not even try this

CH

But I've just seen the surgeon, and with a knife he cut  
I cannot father children, this world is such a rush

CH

I had an operation, a statement of our times  
They tied my balls together, what's inside's not alive

# OREGON LANDSLIDE

By Jim Page

(Capo 2nd fret. Corporations get away with murder. This one happened near Roseburg, Oregon.)

There's a donation jar on a cafe counter in a little Oregon town  
For the children who lost their parents when the mountainside came down  
And you put in your folded dollar bill and you go along your way  
And you wonder to yourself how it got to be that way  
How it got to be that way

Then you see the mills and the work yards with the logs all stacked in rows  
And you know it's timber country and that's how the money flows  
And you see the dark green forests a hundred miles wide  
With their roots all intertwined holding up the mountainside  
Holding up the mountainside

There was a family lived on the mountainside in the beautiful evergreen shadows  
And when the company came to clearcut they new there was gonna be trouble  
They took every standing tree as far as could be seen  
They must've made a fortune when they picked that mountain clean  
When they picked that mountain clean

There were those who cried a warning with what little voice they had  
But the logic of the dollar bill is a logic that's gone mad  
With their futures held for ransom and the axe all set to fall  
They would not be satisfied until they took it all  
Until they took it all

It rains every winter in Oregon and the river gives rise to a flood tide  
If there never would've been a clearcut  
There never would've been a landslide / If there never would've been a landslide  
Then the mountain never would've come down  
And there never would've been such a tragedy in that little Oregon town  
In that little Oregon town

For there were no trees to hold up that dreadful deadly flow  
When a million tons of mud and rock came crashing down below  
Turned the children into orphans with their parents trapped inside  
It was murder by profit and that's how those people died  
That's how those people died

So many came to the funeral and many tears were shed  
And many tears were spoken and this is what they said  
If there's justice in this world then let that justice be

163

For the landslide came from the clearcut  
And the clearcut came from the company  
It came from the company

There's a donation jar on a cafe counter in a little Oregon town  
For the children who lost their parents when the mountainside came down  
And you put in your folded dollar bill and you go along your way  
And you wonder to yourself how it got to be that way  
How it got to be that way



Newbury, England R.I.P.

## OWL LIFE IS PRECIOUS

By Scotty Johnson

*(This is played with guitar but we have it here as Acapella)*

Owl life is precious, All life is good  
It all needs protecting, Y'all give a hoot

Hey people wake up, for it's too late  
Time for a shakeup, dawn of a new day

### CHORUS:

Tell me...

What good is your money gonna do ya?

When ya laying on your death bed?

What good is your money gonna do ya?

Friend, don't wait 'til then

All life is precious, Owl life is good  
Owls need protecting, Y'all give a hoot

CH



Michael Schwartz

OZONE SAVIOR  
By Rodney Webb

<sup>G</sup> Art thou seeking protection, <sup>C</sup> art thou shrouded in <sup>G</sup> fear?

Art thou still releasing CFC s <sup>D</sup> into the atmosphere?

How much longer will this go on 'til this <sup>G</sup> evile <sup>C</sup> is <sup>G</sup> banned?

Call upon your savior to <sup>D</sup> lend a <sup>G</sup> helping hand

CHORUS:

Is your savior way up there up above the ozone layer? <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Does his glory shine brighter than the sun? <sup>D</sup>

Will he come and save your soul as he falls down through that hole <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

And judges all the <sup>D</sup> Earthly deeds you've done <sup>G-C-G</sup>

There's a mighty mighty day a-coming on its way  
When a bright light in the sky shall burn your flesh  
Do not hasten on that day to fall on your face and pray  
For ye shall find yourself in an awful mess

CH

In your trials and tribulations search for faith and look within  
Ask for healing of your blindness and your cancer of the skin  
Ask for miracles and blessings ~~he'll~~ fill all your holy needs  
**But** That ~~holey~~ sky above you was caused by ~~mindless~~ greed

CH

Well the savior the almighty says put on your heavenly robe  
Ye shall need it in the future when his kingdom never comes  
This command ye shall abide by his work do not refute  
It will shield you, it will ~~guard~~ you, it's your radiation suit

CH



THE PARKS ARE FOR THE PEOPLE  
Through Ayr

CHORUS:

E G E  
The parks are for the people (you know they are)  
E G E  
The parks are for the people (that's right)  
E G E  
The parks are for the people (you know they are)  
E G E  
The parks are for the people (that's right)

I don't want no part of your revolution

CH

(Sing out park & free space names that are special to you, for example, Cambridge Commons in Boston, UN plaza in SF, Scobert Park in Eugene, the forest lands, Minnehaha...)

E G  
Now you best beware, it's time you start to care

A E  
There's a battle ragin' on

E G  
Do not hesitate, lest it be too late

A E  
We got to build ourselves a new dawn

E G  
Now if we just get together, we can make things better

A E  
I tell you there is a solution

E G  
You unite, move on into the light

A  
It's just plain evolution (and it's about time)

CH

It's happenin' everywhere, places like Thompkins Square  
Way over there in NYC

People's Park in Berkeley, Earth People's Park in Vermont  
And Peace Park down in DC

It's all over the place, it's the law--they're up in our face  
They're tryin' to put us down

So stand, stand strong, hold onto your heartsong  
We can turn this thing around (and around and around)

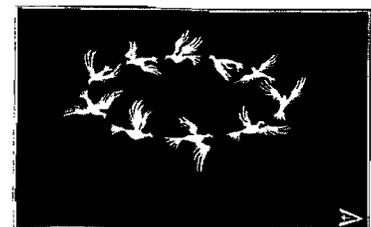
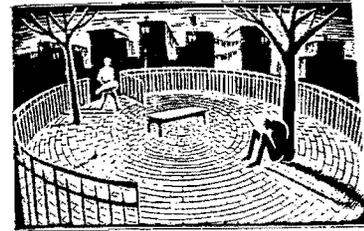
CH

So I'm asking you, what you gonna do  
About this situation?

'Cause it's a fact, if we do not act  
We may lose this whole creation

So take it out to the street, step to the beat  
Yes, I feel there's a solution

We are taking the chance, but I'll tell you this: If I can't dance



PEOPLE IN TREES

By Peter Wilde

G C G  
I'm circling islands

C G  
In tropical storms

C G  
Land anywhere

C G  
I was perfectly warned

C G  
About tribulations

C G  
Warned about trials

C G  
Juried and judged

C G  
With a paranoid smile

CHORUS:

G C G  
If I look to myself

C G D  
If I look to myself I would see

C G  
People in trees

C G  
People in trees

C G  
There are places in this world

C G  
People are living in trees

I'm as high as a kite  
On a mile long string  
Clouds break apart  
I see everything  
I think too myself  
What an incredible string  
That holds me to the ground  
And keeps me flying

CH

Went back to my hometown  
Everything's in its place  
Just the way I remembered  
A few names have changed  
Carved into circles

Cut into squares  
For miles and miles  
Without going anywhere  
But when you bite into nature  
Nature bites back  
That's the way that it is  
A matter of fact

CH

I was born in America  
Makes it hard to believe  
There are places in this world  
People are living in trees

CH



Long  
Live  
Fall creek

PMS AVENGER

By La La

(Acapella, to the tune of any Black Sabbath screech.)

Don't—  
Don't reach—  
Don't reach for that Midol  
It's your power time  
Just let your anger take you for a wild ride

PMS Avenger, don't take that Midol  
Let your anger take you down to the shopping mall  
Tear up the make-up counter, rip the heads off the Barbie dolls  
And get a can of spray paint and put the writing on the wall

Don't—  
Don't expect  
Rhyme or reason  
This bitch is in season  
And when I'm on the rag  
I don't use Kotex, I use the American flag

PMS Avenger, don't take that Midol  
Let your anger take you down to city hall  
Take the mayor's necktie and wrap it around his balls  
Then sneak down there late at night and put the writing on the wall

Don't—  
Don't explain  
Yourself to anyone  
Just have yourself some fun  
And when they ask you why  
You're so angry  
Just look them in the eye, and say

PMS Avenger—  
Blow up the pentagon  
PMS Avenger—  
Dismantle a nuclear bomb  
PMS Avenger—  
Telephone your mom

PMS (x3)

PMS Avenger—  
Hold up the porno store  
PMS Avenger—  
Kick your boyfriend out the door  
PMS Avenger—  
Dare to want more

PMS (x3)  
I've got it  
PMS (x3)  
Celebrate it  
PMS (x3)  
Proud of my  
PMS (x3)  
Men get it too  
PMS (x3)

POETRY AND REVOLUTION

By Michelle Case and Mary Anne Peine

A G  
I asked you why I felt empty  
C A  
I asked you to show me my way home

A G  
You answered  
CGA G-A G-A  
You answered

A G  
Listen friends to the call of the wild

C A  
Forsake the city pleasures

A D  
Join hands and dance and sing

C A  
In the pure symphony of being alive

A G  
See the green valley, feel the wind

C A  
Smell the flowers, taste the dew

G C G A  
You have five powers to lead...you home

CHORUS:

A G C A  
Wild eyes, peaceful ways, poetry and revolution

A D  
You stood for what you stood on and

C A  
You stood up against them all

A G C A  
Wild dreams, peaceful songs, searchin' for a resolution

D  
We learn to trust the most in arms

A  
That catch us when we fall

I asked you if it was too late  
I asked you if we could save ourselves  
You answered  
You answered  
If you must return to the city, bring back the wildness  
Help it spread and help it grow  
With the power that comes from being alive  
Tear down buildings, tear up roads  
Replace them with forests and open fields



You have five powers to lead...  
you home

CH

You ask if anyone hears you  
You ask if it makes a difference at all  
We are the answer  
We are the answer

PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND

By Atz Kilcher

G

She recalls the first time

D

He took her for her gold

Em

Em7

Rusty dredges left behind

Am

C

Jagged scars and ragged holes

G

She's been slowly healing

D

A century's come round

Am

C

But how long will it take

G

On the Prince William Sound

CHORUS:

He came for the yellow gold

He came for the black

He used her and abused her

Each time she took him back

Each time she forgave him

Each time she lost ground

But forgivin' won't come easy

For the Prince William Sound

He came back with money

He was a smooth talkin' man

He wined her and he dined her and he said,

"I've got a plan

Trust me and I'll pay you well

For that black gold in your veins"

But now she's the one who's paying

For the price of her pain

CH

He'll come back to the Arctic

He'll come back to Bristol Bay

And when he comes a-calling tell me

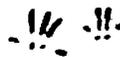
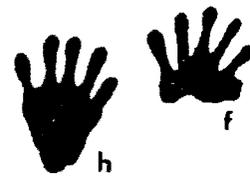
What will she say?

Will she close her eyes again

Or will she turn him down?

Tell me what have we learned

From the Prince William Sound



## THE PRISON INDUSTRY

By Susan Appe, music by Vic Mizzy

*(Performed by Samsara. Acapella, to the tune of the Addams Family TV theme song. For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg.27, "I Wanna Log Your Land" pg.114 & Live/Work, Live/Work pg.139.)*

There's profit to be made  
Don't worry 'bout fair trade  
You, too, can participate  
In the global economy  
Products for cheap (*snap snap*)  
Big profits you keep (*snap snap*)  
Now you can compete  
Think of the sweet  
Benefits you'll reap (*snap snap*)

No unions in your way  
They work eighteen hours a day  
You can force them to obey  
It's the new enslavery  
Pennies a day (*snap snap*)  
They can't get away (*snap snap*)  
When they complain  
About their pain  
No one hears what they say (*snap snap*)

We give 'em drugs and guns  
So there's millions to imprison  
Only black and poor and young ones  
Like plantations used to be  
Three strikes, you're out (*snap snap*)  
No reasonable doubt (*snap snap*)  
Unless you got clout  
A white collar to tout  
You're not gettin' out (*snap snap*)

The police force will protect you  
The media reflect you  
The protesters reject you  
It's the prison industry (*snap snap*)

# PRIVATE PROPERTY

## Through Tofu

(This song was inspired by the actions of ecotopian warriors who locked down in the offices of MAXXAM/Pacific Lumber Company and U.S. Representative Frank Riggs, as well as machinery in the Bear Creek watershed. The Humbolt County Sheriffs decided to torture them out of their positions by applying pepper spray directly to their eyes with cotton swabs, mimicking the application of herbicides to the forest itself. Arising from the civil rights suit, the activists' appeal for another trial and to take away the cops' qualified immunity protection has been WON. for more info: [pepperspray@tao.ca](mailto:pepperspray@tao.ca))

Dm C Dm  
Out in the forest, there's no place left to hide  
Dm C Dm  
From road-building and clearcuts, Napalm & herbicides  
Dm C Dm  
Our watersheds are poisoned, and still they broker trees

Dm C Dm  
All in the name of Private Property

Dm C Dm-Em  
Water is not property-ee-eee

Am  
And so we enter

Em Am  
Pray in a circle and a stump is in the center

Em Am  
We're here to stop the destruction in the forest

Em Am C Dm  
We understand that we face violent consequences

Out in the forest and in the city streets  
People behind badges have guns to keep the peace  
"Serve and protect us" is what they're supposed to be  
But the violence that they serve protects Private Property  
And those who have the money-ee-eee  
And proud they stand  
Their weapons given them by those who own the land  
Landlords, their masters, and when we cross the line  
Police no longer serve us if we do not move in time

Some say the government is the place to make your claim (YUK!)

Sworn to represent us in Democracy's name

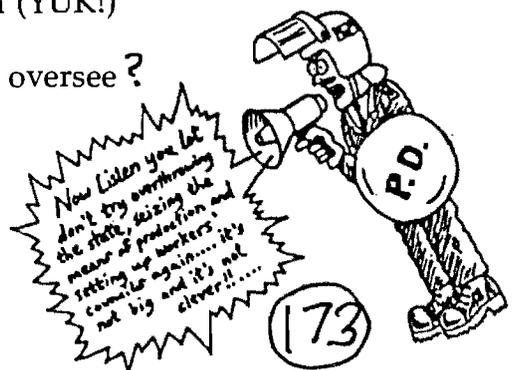
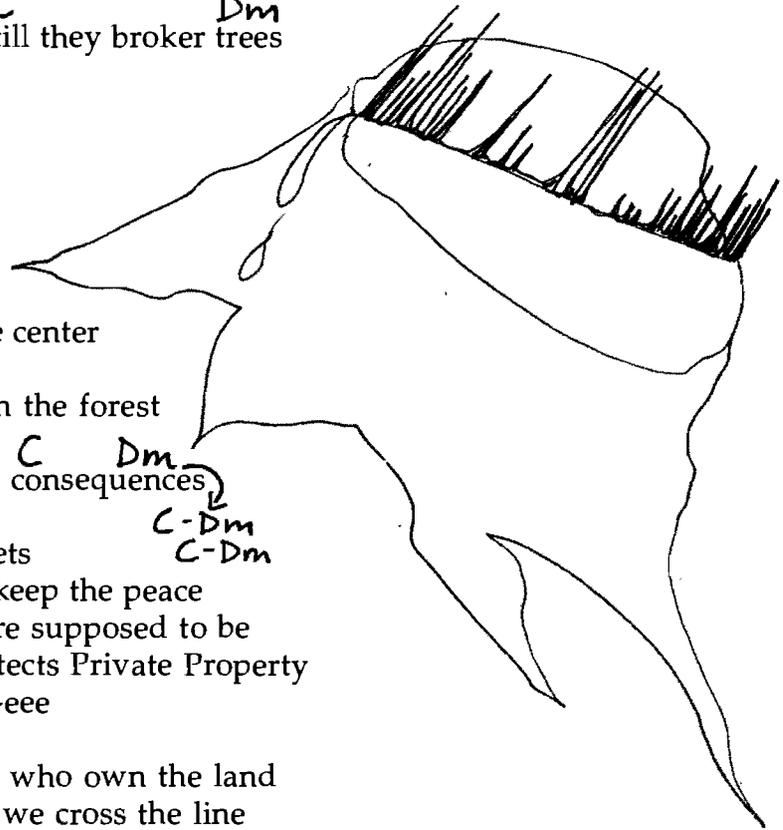
But what happens when they're bought out by those they oversee?

Bought out by the profits made on private property

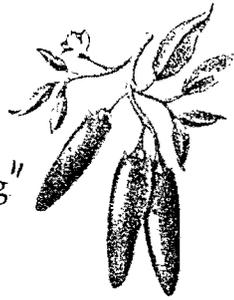
Jam: Dm-C-Dm-Em

And so we enter

Lock in a circle and a stump is in the center  
We're here to stop the destruction in the forest  
Nonviolent warriors face violent consequences

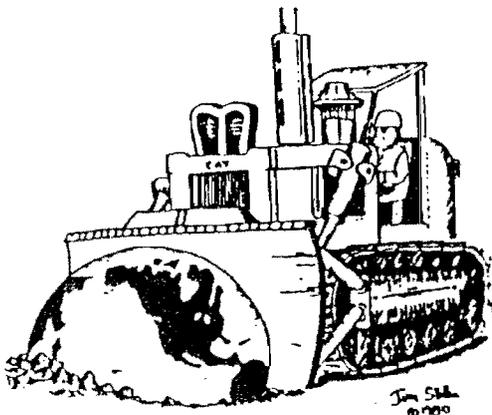


Police said, "Release, and you have ten seconds,  
 And if you don't then you're gonna learn a lesson."  
 The officer held her head between his knees  
 And pepper-sprayed her in the name of peace  
 On Private Property-ee-eee  
 And she is strong  
 She tells him calmly that "you know that this is wrong"  
 He offers some water for her eyes  
 She cannot trust him when his badge is just a lie



And so we honor the brave who came before  
 Those who brought the forest's voice to the corporate door

Dm C Dm  
 And we remember that police brutality  
 Dm C Dm  
 Is just another consequence of Private Property  
 Dm C Dm  
 Police brutality  
 Dm C Dm  
 Is just another consequence of Private Property  
 Dm C Dm  
 All of this brutality  
 Dm C Dm  
 Is just another consequence of Private Property  
 Dm C Dm  
 Police brutality --  
 Dm C Dm Dm\*  
 Sworn to protect Private Property  
 Dm\* (w/index finger lifted up)



CHILE PEPPERS



PROCLAIMING JUBILEE (MacPherson's Return)

By Stephan Smith

*(To the tune of Mac Pherson's Lament. Mary Harris, of the band Spearhead, joins Stephan in singing this title track on his upcoming album.)*

C G Am F  
Oh I am just a young man with my task ahead of me  
C G Am F  
To free the land and prisoners and reclaim history  
C G Am F  
And open up the doors to equal opportunity  
C G F G  
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

Come tie our hands behind our backs and throw us in some cell  
For there's not a law in heaven to drag us down to hell  
For stopping all the wheels of time in the name of equality  
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

Oh there's some who'll want to see us hung and some to buy our song  
But there's many more among us who'll join the rising throng  
To sing our tune and dance around through all creation's streets  
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

PRODIGAL DAUGHTER (Cotton Eyed Joe)

By Michelle Shocked

G C D  
What's to be done with a prodigal son?

G C G D  
Welcome him home with open arms

G C D  
Throw a big party, invite your friends

G D C D  
Our boy's come back home

(BRIDGE 1: G - G - C - D)

When a girl goes home with the oats he's sown  
It's draw your shades and your shutters  
She's bringing such shame to the family name  
The return of the prodigal daughter

G D C D  
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe

G C D  
Went to see a doctor and I almost died

G C G D  
When I told my mama, Lordy, how she cried

G C D  
Me and my daddy were never too close

G D C D  
But he was there when I needed him most

Look, here comes a prodigal son  
Fetch him a tall drink of water  
But there's none in the cup 'cause he drank it all up  
Left for a prodigal daughter

G D C D  
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe

BRIDGE 2: GGGC/GGCD/  
GGGC/CCDG

G D C D  
Oh Cotton Eyed Joe

G D C D  
Oh Cotton Eyed Joe

BRIDGE 3: GGCG/CGDG } (x4)

G C D  
Had not have been for the Cotton Eyed Joe

G C D  
I'd have been married a long time ago

G D G  
Oh, I'd have been married a long time ago

PLAY BRIDGE 3

G C D  
Out in the cornfield I stubbed my toe

G C D  
I called for the doctor, Cotton Eyed Joe

G D G  
I called for the doctor, Cotton Eyed Joe

PLAY BRIDGE 3

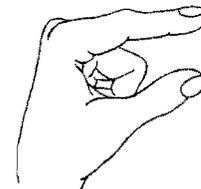
Look, here comes a prodigal son  
Fetch him a tall drink of water

But there's none in the cup  
'cause he drank it all up

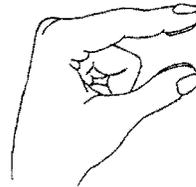
Left for a prodigal daughter  
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe  
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe  
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe

FINALE: GGCD  
GGCD  
GGCD  
G ~

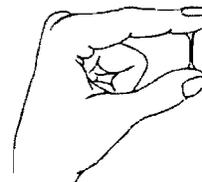
MUCUS DESCRIPTIONS



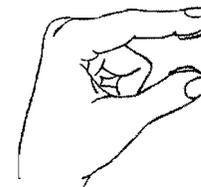
DRY: NO MUCUS, MOIST LIKE INSIDE OF MOUTH, SENSATION OF DRYNESS



CREAMY FERTILE: WHITE, CREAMY, MILKY, WATERY, LOTION-LIKE, LUBRICATIVE, SENSATION OF WETNESS



STRETCHY FERTILE: CLEAR, STRETCHY, RUBBERY, RAW EGG WHITE-LIKE, SENSATION OF WETNESS



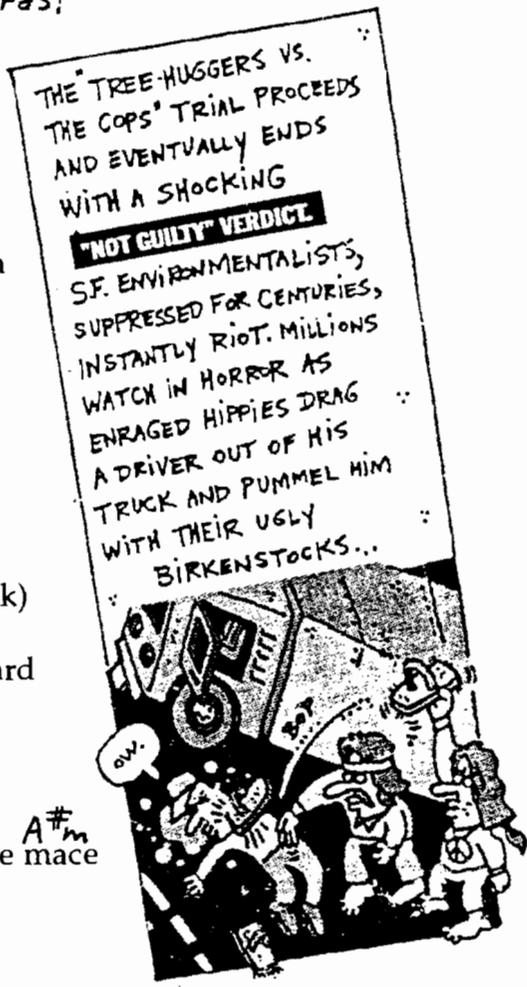
INFERTILE: WHITE OR YELLOW, THICK, STICKY, TACKY, CLUMPY, CURD-LIKE, PASTE-LIKE, PEAKS

# The Professional Protester

By Sean Morton and Megan Adam

(Sung to the tune of "The Popular Wobbly" and also the tune of "They go Wild."  
 Performed by the Flying Folk Army. This tune is now a favorite on Vancouver demonstrations, and as we have discovered, most of the Vancouver-left knows all of these words by heart!--Megan) Sorry about tightly packed chords!  
 by the way, Chretien is Canada's prime minister.  
 notice the way the song escalates thru keys

Well, I'm as mild mannered as can be  
 And I've never done them harm as i can see  
 Still on me they put a ban, and they threw me in the can  
 They go wild, simply wild, over me  
 They accuse me of rascality  
 But I can't see why they're always picking on me  
 I went out to UBC and there were snipers in the trees  
 They went wild, simply wild, over me  
 Oh the pig, he went wild over me (oink, oink, oink, oink)  
 And he held his gun where everyone could see  
 He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card  
 He went wild, simply wild, over me  
 They went wild simply wild over me,  
 I'm referring to the RCMP  
 They sprayed me in the face with some pepper and some mace  
 They went wild, simply wild, over me  
 Oh Chretien, he went wild over me  
 While he was having dictators for tea  
 Protecting presidents from undue embarassments  
 He sent the cops to go wild over me  
 Oh the Jailer he went wild over me  
 And he locked me up and threw away the key  
 They like to get cheap thrills strip searching all the girls  
 They went wild, simply wild, over me  
 Oh the media went wild over me  
 And I saw myself on the CBC  
 I made page one of the Vancouver Sun  
 They went wild, simply wild, over me



They go wild simply wild over,  
 Wild simply wild over  
 Wild simply wild over —  
 FUCK THE POLICE (shout this out!) — me.

(Time to bring it on home...)

Well, I'm as mild mannered as can be  
 And I've never done them harm as i can see  
 Still on me they put a ban, and they threw me in the can

RADIATION ON MY WINDSHIELD

By Joanne Rand

Well there's a <sup>Am</sup> funky wind now <sup>Em</sup> blowing  
 People <sup>G</sup> playing ball in the <sup>D</sup> park  
 They don't know what's <sup>Am</sup> coming <sup>Em</sup> down  
 They don't <sup>G</sup> look to see why's the <sup>D</sup> sky so dark  
 There's a <sup>Am</sup> haze on the <sup>Em</sup> plain  
 That weren't there <sup>G</sup> yesterday <sup>D</sup>  
 It's the <sup>Am</sup> same in all <sup>Em</sup> directions  
 Why don't the <sup>G</sup> papers say? <sup>D-D4-D-D4</sup>

As it will be to them some <sup>G</sup> day <sup>D</sup>  
 Yeah, people, they think I'm <sup>Am</sup> funny <sup>Em</sup>  
 I am <sup>G</sup> dangerous they say <sup>D</sup>  
 But what I feel is as <sup>Am</sup> real to me <sup>Em</sup>  
 As it will be to them some <sup>G</sup> day <sup>D-D4-D-D4</sup>  
 CH

CHORUS:

I've got <sup>Am</sup> radiation on my <sup>Em</sup> windshield, <sup>G</sup> paranoia in my <sup>D</sup> mind  
 And my <sup>Am</sup> heart is weighted <sup>Em</sup> down with the <sup>G</sup> mistakes of my <sup>D</sup> human kind  
 I've got <sup>Am</sup> radiation on my <sup>Em</sup> windshield, <sup>G</sup> paranoia in my <sup>D</sup> mind  
 And my <sup>Am</sup> heart is weighted <sup>Em</sup> down  
 With the <sup>G</sup> mistakes of my own <sup>D-D4-D-D4</sup> kind

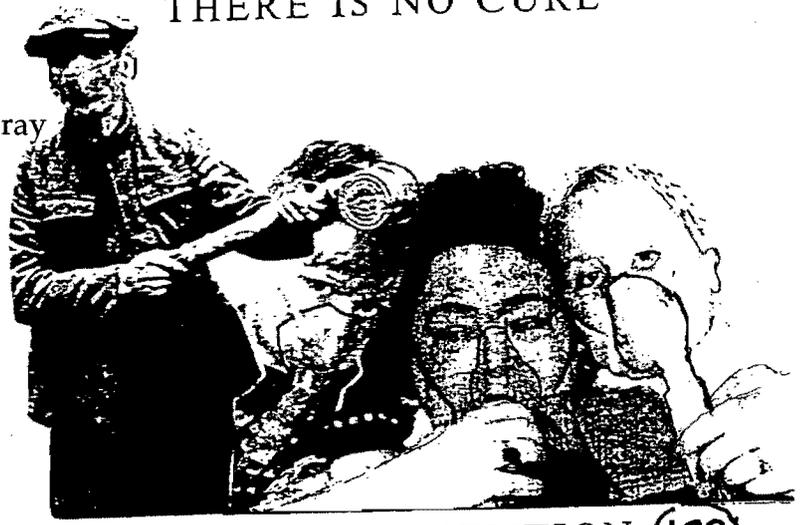
*By acquiescing in an act that can cause such suffering to a living creature, who among us is not diminished as a human being?  
 -Rachel Carson-*

I don't want to ride my bicycle  
 I don't want to feel the sun  
 I don't want to run to the mountain top  
 Where the damage can be done  
 And the worstest thing about it  
 Is that there ain't no place on Earth  
 Where you can get away from this deadly ray  
 That not all folks deserve

CH

People they think I'm funny  
 Fanatical at best  
 But what I feel is as real to me  
 As it will be to all the rest  
 Yeah, people they think I'm funny  
 I'm a lunatic they say  
 But what I feel is as real to me

THERE IS NO CURE



ONLY PREVENTION (178)



RAMBLE RIGHT

By Timothy Hull

(Check out the book "Ramble Right," available from Evil twin Publications [see resources list].)

D Em G  
 We've got friends riding the rails tonight  
 D Em G  
 We've got friends singin' 'round the firelight  
 We've got friends laying out the bedrolls  
 We've got friends, young folks with old souls  
 We know the pain of doin' nothing  
 Hit the road, there must be something better  
 Than living and dying in total isolation  
 The river runs in every kind of weather

CHORUS:

G D  
 Ramble on, ramble right  
 G D  
 Make a future out of fighting for the living  
 G D  
 Ramble on, ramble right  
 Make a future with passion and thanksgiving  
 Ramble on, ramble right  
 Em D G-Em-D  
 Ramble all you travelers, ramble on

We've got friends, squatters in the buildings  
 We've got friends tryin' to find their own way  
 Walk the line between what's been given  
 And what has been taken away  
 We've got friends, voices in the wilderness  
 We've got friends who've passed over  
 Hard days, you wonder what's the use of it  
 Better days put the strength in your shoulder

CH

Hangin' out by the Illinois River  
 Skippin' stones, watchin' the fall come  
 On the river's edge she's frailing on her banjo  
 Hills are lost in the rain and the bright sun  
 I've rarely had such a simpleton moment  
 Living for the days, they come around  
 She plays "Liberty" to the river  
 Water singin' with the banjo sound

CH

☆ NOT  
 ALL  
 who  
 wander  
 are  
 lost ☆

# THE REBEL RIVER

By Amy McCann

*Am*  
An old man was walkin'

Down by the river

And he fought in the war

*G* *Am*  
Just like his brother

*G*  
And he went walkin'

*Am*  
In my dream the old men

And all the old women

Will walk away laughin'

*G* *Am*  
From their corporate children

*G*  
And go walkin'

*Am*  
Down by the river

*G*  
They go walkin'

*Am*  
To where the dam was built

*C* *Am*  
To stem the flow of the river

He had shrapnel in his chest

And a shotgun shell in his shoes

A monkeywrench in his left hand

He had the sabotage blues

And he went walkin'

The old woman reached the dam

And dug out her dynamite

She prayed and prepared

'Til there was nothin' but a match to light

And then she stole away

Further down the river

She stole away in the moonlight

Further down the river

When I woke up I realized  
That the dam had been broken  
And the old woman told me  
That the earth had spoken  
And was waking

To the rumble of the rebel river  
Earth is waking

To the rumble of the rebel river

*D7*  
DON'T FIGHT THE RIVER (x4)

It was waking

To the rumble of the rebel river

Earth is waking

To the rumble of the rebel river



Later the dam burst  
And the water rushed through  
The authorities looked on,  
But there was nothing they could do  
But stand gaping  
At the rumble of the rebel river  
They stood gaping  
At the rumble of the rebel river

DON'T FIGHT THE RIVER (x4)

EARTH IS WAKING  
TO THE RUMBLE  
OF THE REBEL RIVER (x4)

Let the current teach you... strength in flexibility (181)

RED EMMA

By Al Giordano

(Performed by Citizens' Band.) A great kazoo song

tweet! this is a kazoo  
in case you didn't know...

CHORUS:

**F**  
If I can't dance,

**C**  
I don't want to be,

**G**  
At your Re-volution

**C**  
That's no solution

**F**  
If I can't sing and shout, you can

**C** **Am**  
Count me out

**G** **C**  
I'll dance my wa-ay to freedom.

**C**  
Now some folks think they are

**G**  
Real revolutionaries,

Quite the contrary,

**C**  
They're just plain ordinary.

**F**  
Work all night, work all day,

**C**  
They never quite learned

**Am**  
Quite how to play,

**G**  
Or dance, or sing, or shout

**C**  
(OR SHOUT!)

CH

**C**  
Now the men who run the world,  
They all act like machines,  
Never have any fun,

**C**  
No wonder they're so mean

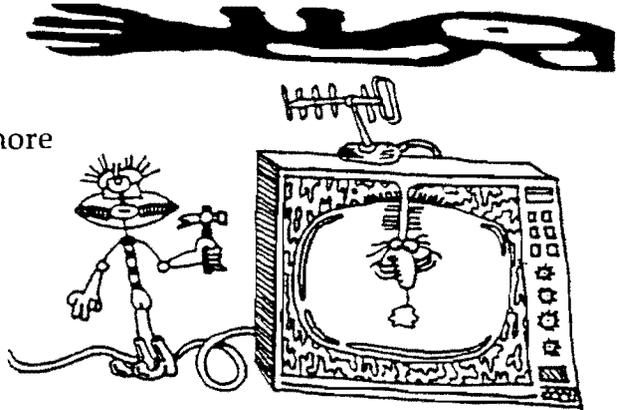
**F**  
Let's pull them all out of work

**C**  
And teach them how to do the Jerk

A WINNING  
MOVEMENT  
IS A SINGING MOVEMENT  
-Pete Seeger-



G Sing 'em a happy tune,  
 C By the light of the silvery moon  
 F Watch their dispositions change,  
 C Am There'll be hoedowns at the stock exchange  
 G C They won't have the need to be so mean anymore



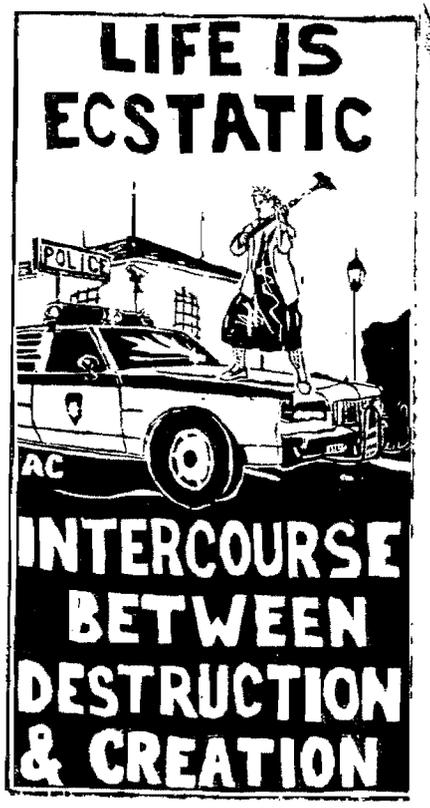
CONSUMER STRIKE: NOW IS THE HOUR TO GET VIOLENT WITH YOUR TELLY. FLY INTO THE STREETS AND CREATE CARNIVAL AND FESTIVAL ....

CH  
 C We march on Washington,  
 G We march on New York  
 We march...and we march...  
 C And it never seems to work  
 F C'mon stand up for your rights  
 C Let's dance on Washington Saturday night  
 G Watch Pat Buchanan (or fill in the blank) and his outlaws,  
 C Look out the windows and be jealous.  
 F Laughter be, give a whistle,  
 C Am Disarm a nuclear missile  
 G C Let's do this plan and then let's come out and dance

CH  
 (slower)  
 F Swing your partner, docee-doe.

C Am We say the system has got to go,  
 (vp tempo again) G C We'll dance our way to freedom!

CH



RED RIVER  
By Robert Hoyt

Em G  
Since time immemorial they'd come from the sea  
D Am  
The thousands of miles, then they'd end their journey  
Em G  
At the same place they began as small fry  
D Em  
They'd spill their loads, then they'd die



A feast for the creatures and the humans too  
But even then, plenty got through  
They found their birthplace, no one knows how  
All we know is they don't come now



CHORUS:

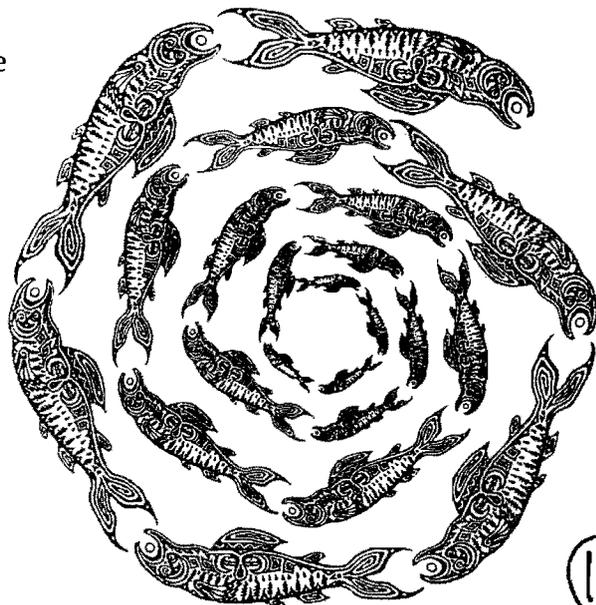
G D  
How did the Red River come by its name?  
Am Em  
Did it run red with salmon when the salmon runs came?  
Am Em  
But now all that has come to an end  
D Em  
Will the Red River run red again?



Then the white humans came like some fatal disease  
Built dams, brought in cows, and they cut down the trees  
The salmon eggs died from the washed away land  
Smothered by the mud and the sand

By an Idaho river, I sing of the same  
Lies a forest ranger station that bears its name  
And if you ever should pass by that way  
Stop, ask them, see what they say

CH (x2, last line drawn out:  
Will the Red River ever run red again?)



REDRESS

By Laurel Luddite

(This one is almost entirely played on the A string with the rest of the strings open. The numbers are the frets where your first finger presses down the A string. The barre chords in the song [third finger barring D and G two frets from the A] are the A string fret number with "barre" afterwards. The \* is where you play the D string with your pinky one fret after where it's barred.)

INTRO: 5,4,7 / 5,4,7-5 / 5,4,7,5-4,2

5 4  
Anger grows in everyone

2barre  
As we see the crimes that they have done

5 4  
Those in the places that power protects

2barre 2barre\* 2barre  
With denials of guilt in the murder of us all

JAM (Last line of Intro's chords played twice)

Anger comes to their front door  
And they're faced with the front line of the war  
And all they seem to say  
Is "we don't make the rules, we don't have a say in the way things are".

BRIDGE:

5barre 4barre  
They pass the blame to feel no shame

5barre, 6barre-5barre, 4barre  
Their hand in what they're making

5barre 4barre 2barre-2barre\* -2barre  
Hidden from their eyes

JAM

Same words they said as they gave their OK  
For clearcuts, destruction, acres of death  
The words of the sheriff as he hauled us away  
"It's the nature of the beast, can't you see my hands are tied?"

BRIDGE:

Everybody just doin' their job  
Pursuit of a paycheck the highest cause  
Blind the eyes of the man with his hand on the controls

2barre 2barre\* 2barre  
Mind the price of success in his world

JAM (play the first and third lines of the intro)

5                      4  
Answers come to our concerns

*2barre*

With folded hands he recites the words

5                      4  
Answers come with the uniform

*2barre*

Suddenly he knows, suddenly he learns

5              7              5              4  
The lies told to years of angry faces

*2barre*

Now faceless, the crowd before his door

*2barre*    *2barre\**                      *2barre*  
Come to ask again for just a little more

BRIDGE:

One more time, more of the lies

Explain away this feeling

Mitigate the pain

Jam (2, 0, 2, 0— *infinity times or so*)

# RESERVOIR

By Sean Morton

(Performed by Flying Folk Army, a seven piece celtic-polka-labor songs ensemble from Vancouver, British Columbia. They rock the house!)

They say the truth-tellers are the misfits

If they can't make them disappear

Do you know who reaps the benefits

When the public buys the smear

Well they have no names or faces

They have wiretaps and the video

And you who disagree at all

There are laws passed to divide you

And I was so confused

I could not fit it all together

C'mon northwest pacific

Can't you feel the changing weather

**A7**  
There is a large untapped

**B7**  
Reservoir of anger

Underneath the surface here

Maybe now more than ever

Well the less there is the more its worth  
And the bottom line gets longer  
Can you defeat the war machine  
And not just make it stronger  
And it got so out of hand  
Its way beyond admittable  
And the experts all agree  
But the court says its inadmissible  
It's that global reality  
The shit wage that you're earning  
And they call it competition  
But the rulebooks are burning

There is a large untapped  
Reservoir of anger  
Underneath the surface here  
Maybe now more than ever

**CHORUS:**

La la la looking back

On a century of murder

That soul sinking feeling

It's the bad guys winning

Such a peculiarity  
The witness had an accident  
Cause the company never pays  
And it never even happened  
Who's pulling the strings around here  
Who made the decisions  
They put the war-makers on the payroll  
And cut back on emissions

I was so confused  
I could not fit it all together  
C'mon northwest pacific  
Can't you feel the changing weather

There is a large untapped  
Reservoir of anger  
Underneath the surface here  
Maybe now more than ever

**CH:** La la la looking back  
On a century of murder  
That soul-sinking feeling  
It's the bad guys winning

I TELL YOU: ONE MUST  
STILL HAVE CHAOS IN ONE  
TO GIVE BIRTH TO A  
DANCING STAR!  
-Nietzsche



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Just Do It!

RESIST

By Blackfire

(This song was written coming back from Wounded Knee, and thinking about the similar situations of division and despair our relatives in Black Mesa [Arizona] communities feel when facing forced relocation at the hands of the Hopi Tribal Council and the U.S. government.--Blackfire)

C E Am C E Am  
 Walk upon the screaming grounds, each step takes us on a different past  
 C E Am C E Am  
 We try to carry on, but you hold us back  
 C E Am C E Am  
 We get used to the pain, 'cause we feel it every day  
 C E Am C E Am  
 We get used to the lies, 'cause the truth's so far away

CHORUS:

F G C Am F G Am  
 Walk upon the screaming grounds, no respect for the dead  
 F G C Am F G Am  
 You see what you want to see, is nothing sacred?

The past is just an echo we hear in the pages of books  
 How can we let go of something we could never touch?  
 We're given the freedom of speech but you change our words  
 You turn to help the environment but you can't respect the Earth

CH

You sold your life for another life, you sold your future, thought you could survive  
 You sold your soul for an education, what you got was forced relocation

CH

Decide now which side of the fence you want to be on, which way do you want to live?  
 How can we choose one or the other, we must resist  
 We will build the bridges, we will tear down the fences  
 We will resist, we will resist!

CH

C E Am C E Am  
 Walk upon the screaming grounds, no respect for the dead  
 C E Am C E Am  
 You see what you want to see, is nothing sacred?



# RIFFRAFF

By Casey Neill (See parody - "Hooray for the Yuppies" pg. 116.)

## CHORUS:

<sup>G</sup> Hooray for our band of happy ragged folks  
<sup>G</sup> Telling old stories and fireside jokes  
<sup>G</sup> Living for the music the love and the laugh  
<sup>G D G</sup> Hooray for the riffraff!

<sup>G</sup> Raconteurs and bowsies, rebels and tramps  
<sup>G</sup> Travellers who ramble from camp to camp  
<sup>G</sup> Bull dodgers and swagmen, vandals and rounders  
<sup>G</sup> Wandering hobos, town to towners

Come join the circle dance of jolly fools  
 Squatters and crusties who make their own rules  
 Riverbed beggars, carousers and thieves  
 Our only motto: anarchy!

## CH

Migrating drifters, buskers on the streets  
 Minstrels and gypsies with no shoes on our feet  
 O-drovers and rovers and nomad souls  
 Rank and feral vagabonds laying down the bedrolls  
 Treespikers (or treesitters) and Diggers, Wobblies and the like  
 Monkeywrenching saboteurs, woodenshoe Luddites  
 Bolt Weevils and trixters, elves and sprites  
 We laugh as the dozers burn and escape into the night

## CH

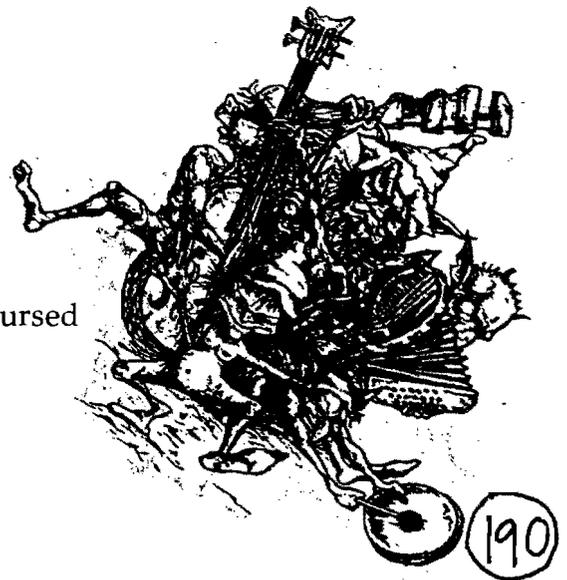
Winos and drunkards, a stout drinking crew  
 Dancing on the tables, slamming down the brews  
 We don't care if in the morning our heads need to be nursed  
 Pint after pint there's no limit to our thirst

Wizards and sages, druids and knaves  
 Outcasts, freaks, warriors brave  
 Amazons and pagans, children of the tribe  
 Again we are awakening, alive alive alive!



CH

*We come in all colors, stripes and spots  
 Raging G rannies and punkers revel in our lot  
 We don't care what we look like and we don't wear underwear  
 Go ahead and stare we are everywhere!  
 CH (sing CH twice—last time real slow and drunken, final line upbeat.)*



# ROUND-UP READY ROUNDUP

Words by Jonathan Teague and Alison Jenkins, music by Megan Adam  
(Performed by Flying Folk Army. An old-timey hillbilly-style song)

D G  
Look at that flounder leap and bound

D A  
Impervious to cold-o

D G  
Blame that frost, my crops I lost

D A D  
My farm has to be sold-o

What's the harm in creative farmin'  
It's so up to date-o  
Here's my wish: combine that fish  
With a ripe tomato

## CHORUS:

D G D  
Round-up Ready

D A D  
You can't kill those crazy beans

D G D  
Genetically unsteady

D G D  
C'mon, eat your greens!

Take that gene and fire it in  
Your favourite vegetation  
It's got a fin, that ain't no sin,  
It's a new GM creation  
Supergrain is mighty neat  
No vermin can infest-o  
Bioethics can not beat  
Our corporate manifesto

CH:  
Round-up Ready  
Dig that terminator seed  
Farmer Freddy  
Screwed by corporate greed

BRIDGE (*spoken, to the verse chords*):  
Third world countries you'll be fine  
Sign here on the dotted line  
Soon your nation will be mine  
It's the Round-up Ready Roundup

Human clones or brainless drones  
Some call it exploitation  
Try these nifty pig hormones  
It's xeno-transplantation!

CH:  
Round-up Ready  
You can't stop the march of science  
Progress is steady  
Just like your compliance

*Sing first chorus again*

SAN LUIS SONG  
By Alicia Littletree

If you come here to the place at the foot of the sacred mountain  
You will find there are no strangers in this town  
High on the mesa is a church, white stucco against blue sky  
With two bell towers and pews of rough-hewn pine

Beyond the pavement, behind the gates, lies the peoples' soul  
Sangre de Christos, the generations have called them home  
Rock slopes and valleys, deer and ponderosa  
A blanket of melting snow...  
Culebra River

Above the valley sit the sky and mountain looking down  
As they have forever, guardians of this town  
They watch the proud, simple people who live below  
Tilling the soil, harvesting crops, tending the seeds they sow

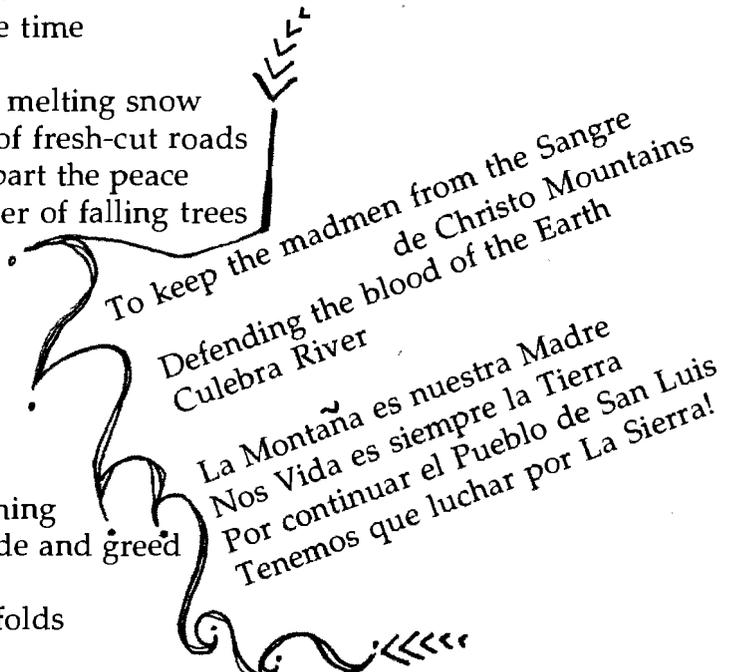
They see the white man who ties the land with fence line  
To keep the people from their mountainside  
When the sun burns away the dark of night  
They see the fences have been cut one more time

Once the people marked the seasons by the melting snow  
Now there are rumbling engines and scars of fresh-cut roads  
Roaring chainsaws, loaded log trucks, rip apart the peace  
All along the Sangre de Christos, the thunder of falling trees

The sun burns hot on the clearcut Earth  
Melting the thick-packed winter snow  
All at once the year's supply of water  
Jumps the banks of the gentle  
Culebra River

Now at last and forever, the time of Reckoning  
For Zack Taylor and his father, their genocide and greed  
On this day the sky and mountain home  
Watch over San Luis while a new story unfolds

The people taking a stand, joined by newcomers with fists held high  
They sing and pray, their bodies are barricades



To keep the madmen from the Sangre  
Defending the blood of the Earth  
Culebra River  
La Montaña es nuestra Madre  
Nos Vida es siempre la Tierra  
Por continuar el Pueblo de San Luis  
Tenemos que luchar por La Sierra!

SAUGET WIND

By Jay Farrar and Jeff Tweedy

(Performed by Uncle Tupelo. Capo on the 2nd fret. The Dsus4 and Asus4 chords are reached by hammering your little finger to the 3rd fret on the 1st string from D to Dsus4 and your ring finger to the 3rd fret on the 2nd string from A to Asus4.)

INTRO: D — Dsus4 (x3)

Dsus4 D  
It's a long way to Heaven  
G D  
A short way to Hell  
Bm  
Pain killers won't help  
A Asus4  
In a way it's not yourself  
D  
They're poisoning the air  
G D — Dsus4  
For personal wealth  
Bm  
It's a long way to Heaven  
A G  
And a short way to Hell

CH:

I don't know  
What I'm breathin' for  
'Cause the air around here ain't so good anymore  
The weatherman says fair  
He looks like a lie  
Nothin's free in this country  
And there's no place to hide no more  
A G D  
No place to hide anymore  
Music Break again

The Social Ideology Of The Motorcar

CHORUS:

D  
I don't know  
A Bm  
What I'm breathin' for  
G D A Asus4  
'Cause the air around here ain't so good anymore  
D  
The weatherman says fair  
G D  
He looks like a lie  
Bm  
Nothin's free in this country  
A G  
And there's no place to hide



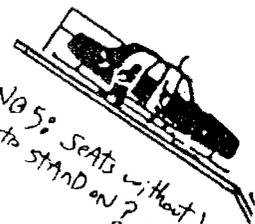
No 1: make sure no one else is about.



No 2: smash in the headlamps.



No 3: Glass hurts, get rid of it.  
No 4: Wiring looks psychedelic, rip them out.

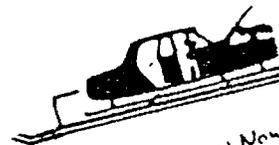


No 5: Seats without legs to stand on? OUT!

MUSIC BREAK: D — Bm(x4)  
D — Dsus4 — D

An industrial wind  
Blows from the West  
It'll burn out your eyes  
And suck out your breath  
It's waitin' in the wings  
The damage down the line  
Save your tears for the soaps  
Leave your money behind

No 6: SMASH IT UP.



No 7: Well done, you now qualify for a degree in VANDALISM.

SAVE YOUR SEEDS

By Peter Wilde

<sup>A</sup> In 1937 Congress <sup>D</sup> bought Anslinger's line

<sup>A</sup> Making marijuana a sin and a crime <sup>E</sup>

<sup>A</sup> But you can beat the government and <sup>D</sup> get the dealers too

<sup>A</sup> The answer's in your hands

<sup>E</sup> Here's what you can do

CHORUS:

<sup>A</sup> Save your seeds, <sup>D</sup> save your seeds

<sup>A</sup> Sandy soil and water is all your gonna need <sup>E</sup>

<sup>A</sup> Save your seeds, <sup>D</sup> save your seeds

<sup>A</sup> It doesn't take a miracle to cultivate a weed <sup>E</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup>

My friend john parker certainly was surprised  
Arrested by the cops after looking in his eyes  
Foolishly he figured the constitution *guaranteed*  
His pursuit of happiness  
Included smoking weed

Susie cleaned her bag and was headed for the trash  
When i grabbed her by the arm to preserve a future stash  
If you want to see more of the kind around  
Instead of growing it in the garbage,  
Plant it in the ground

CH

To the salt and the sugar, tobacco companies  
Beer makers, aspirin takers, get down on your knees  
Time has come to award you with a prize  
When it comes to making drugs  
You know how to legalize

Well for thousands of years they've been putting it into cloth  
Making oil and paper and some pretty happy moths  
If I smoke too much I might lose my voice  
Something about short term memory,  
And that's my choice

CH

SCREAM

By Francine Allen

(Throw in an occasional harmonic E [barred finger slides up to the 12<sup>th</sup> fret].)

INTRO:

CHORUS:

I want to <sup>E</sup>scream  
 Let the <sup>G</sup>voices in my <sup>A</sup>head out  
 Want to <sup>E</sup>speak out  
 There's a <sup>G</sup>lot to talk about <sup>A</sup>  
 I want to <sup>E</sup>cry  
 Because the <sup>G</sup>truth can't be <sup>A</sup>denied  
 I want to <sup>E</sup>scream — <sup>G</sup> — <sup>A</sup>  
 There is <sup>E</sup>injustice in this world  
 And it's <sup>G</sup>time to talk about it <sup>A</sup>  
 There is rape  
 We won't be silent anymore  
 There is fear  
 And it closes our eyes—it closes our ears  
 There is <sup>E</sup>race, <sup>G</sup>sex, and <sup>A</sup>classism <sup>E</sup>  
 And every kind of "ism"  
 That <sup>A</sup>revolves around oppression  
 It's a <sup>G</sup>constant evolution  
 To <sup>A</sup>creating a <sup>E</sup>solution  
 I said, every kind of "ism"  
 That revolves around oppression  
 It's a constant evolution  
 To creating a solution

CH (And it makes me want to Scream...)

There is hunger in this world  
 And it's time to feed the people  
 There is war  
 We don't support it anymore  
 There is hate  
 And it stems from homophobic fear

There are drugs, guns and warring gangs  
 And the TV generation  
 To desensitize the nation  
 It's a constant education  
 To create any change  
 (Repeat last four lines)

(Spoken-sung)  
 Well, the US Constitution  
 Gives us the right to speak our minds  
 They call it "freedom of speech"  
 Unless it's not the right kind  
 You can talk about the children  
 But don't talk about abuse  
 You can talk about the power of religion  
 But don't talk about its use  
 'Cause it's blasphemy if you don't agree  
 With the people who have power  
 You'll go to hell or get thrown in jail  
 When you mess with the Ivory Tower  
 But that's bullshit, that's what I say  
 But it ain't proper for a lady to swear  
 Gotta wear your dress, don't talk too loud  
 Well, fuck that! I don't care  
 'Cause when you're living in a world that's wounded  
 When you're living in a world that's scarred  
 It's a wonder in this world  
 That we can talk at all  
 They like to keep us poor, you know,  
 They like to keep us tame  
 They want to keep us drugged up  
 So we'll play along with their game  
 But it's a new time, a fresh time  
 A time to make a change  
 We're gonna speak up, speak out, scream and shout  
 They're gonna hear us calling for

(Start singing again here.)

E G  
No more

A \_\_\_\_\_  
Injustice

E G A—  
No more rape

\_\_\_\_\_ A \_\_\_\_\_

We won't be silent anymore

No more fear

Open your eyes, open your ears

No more

Racism

No more hunger

We're gonna feed the people

No more war

No more war on the Earth

No more hatred

We're gonna live together

No more

TV, TV, TV

CH x2 (first time: And it makes me want to Scream.../ second time: I want to Scream.)

go high octaves <sup>with your voice</sup> on  
ending Scream

# SEMINOLE WIND

By John Anderson

(This song hit number one on the country music charts in the late '80s- some say it was inspired by Hurricane Andrew. Campfire singers have adapted a more folk-style, and it's often accompanied by a fiddle or a flute. The gar is a fish.)

Em G D A(add9)  
Ever since the days of old, men have searched for wealth untold  
Em G D A(add9)  
They dig for silver and for gold, and leave the empty holes  
Em G D  
Now Way down south in the Everglades, where the black water rolls  
A(add9)  
And the sawgrass sways,  
Em G D A(add9)  
The eagles fly and the otter plays, in the land of the Seminole.

## CHORUS:

Em G  
So Blow, blow, Seminole wind  
D A(add9)  
Blow like you're never gonna blow again,  
Em G  
I'm callin' to you like a long lost friend  
D A(add9)  
And I know who you are  
Em G  
Blow, blow from the Okeechobee  
D A(add9)  
All the way up to Micanopy  
Em G  
Blow across the home of the Seminole,  
D A(add9)  
And the alligator and the gar.



Progress came and took its toll, and in the name of flood control,  
They made their plans and they drained the land,  
Now the 'Glades are goin' dry.  
The last time I walked in the swamp,  
I stood upon a Cypress stump,  
I listened close and I heard the ghost  
Of Ocoola cry.

CH

# SEXUALITY

By Billy Bragg

INTRO: G-C-D-Gmaj9-D

G C D G C D  
I've had relations with girls from many nations

G C D G C D  
I've made passes at women of all classes

G C D G C D  
And just because you're gay I won't turn you away

G C D G C D  
If you stick around I'm sure that we can find some common ground

## CHORUS:

Em7 D G C  
Sexuality -- Strong and warm and wild and free

Em7 D Em C D  
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me

A nuclear submarine sinks off the coast of Sweden  
Headlines give me headaches when I read them  
I had an uncle who once played for Red Star Belgrade  
He said that some things are really best left unspoken  
But I prefer it all to be out in the open

## CH #2:

Em7 D G C  
Sexuality -- Young and warm and wild and free

Em7 D Em C D  
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me

Em7 D G C  
Sexuality -- Don't threaten me with misery

Em7 D Em C D  
Sexuality -- I demand equality

## BRIDGE:

Bm Em C D  
I'm sure that everybody knows how much my body hates me

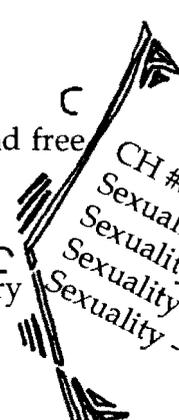
Bm Em C D  
It lets me down most every time and makes me rash and hasty

Bm Em Bm C D  
I feel a total jerk before your naked body of work

I'm getting weighed down with all this information  
Safe sex doesn't mean no sex it just means use your imagination  
Stop playing with yourselves in hard currency hotels  
I look like Robert De Niro, I drive a Mitsubishi Zero



THE DISCOVERY  
OF THE CLITORIS



CH #3:  
Sexuality -- Strong and warm and wild and free  
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me  
Sexuality -- Come eat and drink and sleep with me  
Sexuality -- We can be what we want to be

# SHACKS AND CHALETs

By Pete Sutherland

G Em G D C  
Across the Blue Ridge mountains, there's a country steep and fair,  
C G D  
The roads are high and winding, there's dogwood on the air,  
G Em G D C  
I've been longing to see those mountains, but I think I've had my fill  
G C D Em And D G  
Of those shacks along the river bank, and those chalets on the hill.

When it's springtime in the mountains it brings a stirring to the soul,  
But it also brings those floods that come from stripping out the coal,  
And those shacks along the river must obey the water's will  
You can watch them floating down the stream from the chalets on the hill.

Some folks say you shouldn't notice, if you're only passing through,  
And if folks down there accept things, then I guess that I should too,  
But I kind of wish I'd been there, when the land was wild and still,  
When the rich man's greed couldn't buy the deed to the chalets on the hill.

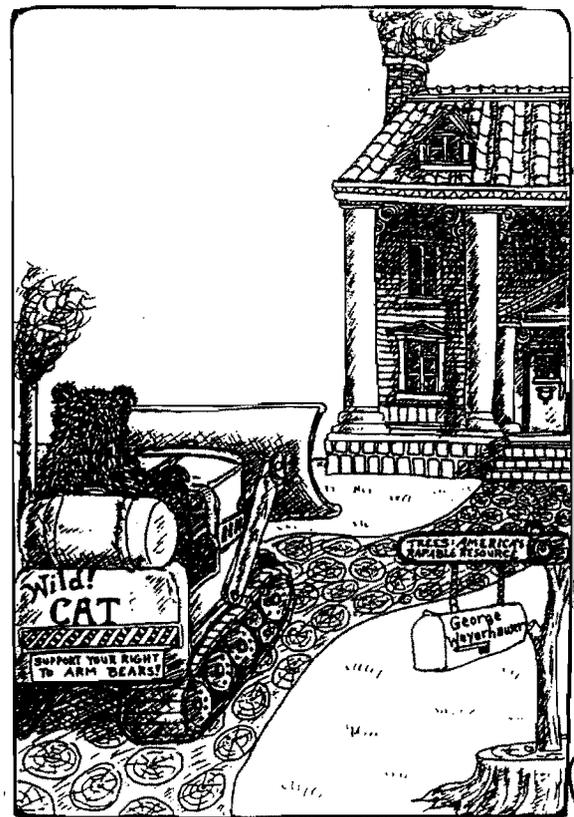
Some folks say it's human nature, others say it's just our lot,  
To have the poor folks at the bottom, and the rich folks at the top.  
But I think someday this all will change, when the people have their will,  
There'll be no shacks along the river bank and no chalets on the hill  
No more shacks along the river bank and no chalets on the hill.

Proposal: Clearcut Weyerhaeuser structure, recycle x number of horizontal board feet, and replant as a natural forest.

## E.I.S. Summary:

After appropriate study the Forest Council finds the proposal to clearcut existing structure and establish a bio-diverse forest for multiple species residency to have no significant adverse impact upon the local environment, in fact it may actually be a beneficial change...

Approved!



...the earth is being destroyed, and the people who are destroying her have names and addresses..

# SHUT THEM DOWN

By David Rovics

<sup>G</sup>  
We shall fight them on the beaches  
<sup>C</sup>  
We shall fight them on the shore  
<sup>G</sup>  
They will bring us exploitation  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
We'll bring them their class war  
<sup>C</sup>  
We'll lock down to the gates  
<sup>G</sup>  
As they're spreading vicious lies  
<sup>C</sup>  
They want to dominate the world  
<sup>D</sup>  
And we see through their disguise  
  
If they'd have one big multinational  
With their corporate flag unfurled  
Searching everywhere  
For the lowest wages in the world  
Then we'll have One Big Union  
From Melbourne to Prague to Seattle-town  
Wherever they may go  
We will shut them down

CHORUS:

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
We'll shut them down, we'll shut them down  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
We will shut them down

And CNN will spread the lies  
This is just how it's gotta be  
Well they can have their CNN  
'Cause we got our IMC  
And we will tell the truth quite clearly  
Though they don't want to hear it  
And they'll try to stop our broadcasts  
'Cause the truth is that they fear it

CH

They want a world full of strip malls  
Plants grown by biotech  
As long as they get richer  
They just don't give a heck  
But we don't want their ecocide  
We want a world we can live in  
That's why we're here to stay  
And we're not gonna give in

CH

And they'll infiltrate us  
Provocateurs within our ranks  
And if they can't divide us  
They'll send in the tanks  
But we will stand together  
Pacifists and Zapatistas  
Workers, farmers, the indigenous  
Tree-huggers and baristas

CH

And we will build a new world  
Without the corporate elite  
And we will see the day  
Of their international defeat  
We'll have self-determination  
And equality for all  
For what choice do we really have  
But to rise up and see them fall

CH

SIDE OF THE ROAD

By Lucinda Williams

INTRO: E-B-C#m-A-B (x2)

E B C#m A B  
You wait in the car on the side of the road

E B C#m A B  
Lemme go and stand awhile, I wanna know you're there but I wanna be alone

F#m A E B  
If only for a minute or two

F#m A E B  
I wanna see what it feels like to be without you

F#m A E B  
I wanna know the touch of my own skin

F#m A E B  
Against the sun, against the wind

I walked out in a field, the grass was high, it brushed against my legs  
I just stood and looked out at the open space and a farmhouse out a ways  
And I wondered about the people who lived in it  
And I wondered if they were happy and content  
Were there children and a husband and a wife?  
Did she love him and take her hair down at night?

If I stray away too far from you, don't go and try to find me  
It doesn't mean I don't love you, it doesn't mean I won't come back and stay beside you  
It only means I need a little time  
To follow that unbroken line  
To a place where the wild things grow  
To a place where I used to always go

La la la, la la la, la la la, la la la  
La la la, la la la, la la la, la la la  
If only for a minute or two  
I wanna see what it feels like to be without you  
I wanna know the touch of my own skin  
Against the sun, against the wind

# SIERRA BLANCA SONG

By Danny Dolinger

A C  
Deep in west Texas just above the Rio Grande  
G D A  
Where the spirits roll right through you just like water rolls through sand  
C  
There's a tiny little town just sixteen miles from Mexico  
G D A  
Once quiet, but now screaming with the evil winds that blow  
Em Bm  
From the eastern lands of power where the best-made plans are laid  
C D  
And the prophets speak of profits and the lobbyists are paid  
Em Bm  
To grease the wheels of the machine that rumbles *deafened toward tomorrow*  
C Bb C G  
Stopping in Sierra Blanca only to deposit sorrow...oh yeah  
G# A  
Not so long ago the rain here made the desert smell like rain  
Now it smells like New York's sewage and it smells like childrens' pain  
As they suffer through diseases no one here has known before  
And when the wind kicks up it don't just kick up desert dust no more  
It's viruses and toxins, heavy metals shipped by train  
It's every evil New York City flushes down its drain  
It's so dangerous the law says they cannot keep it there  
So they ship it to a place where they believe the folks are just too poor to care

## CHORUS:

D F  
And the wind that blows across Sierra Blanca ain't just wind  
C G  
It's every evil anyone can justify to send  
D F  
To a tiny little town too poor to fight, too strong to hide  
C Bb C G  
Where they know David beat Goliath and the truth is on their side

G# A  
The Texas Radioactive Waste Disposal Authority  
Is guided by the tender, loving hand of Rick Jacoby  
And the Texas legislature, and the TNRCC  
Drew a map around the town, said stick it there and let it be

So now it's not just New York's sewage—it's nuclear reactors  
And my governor makes lots of money silencing detractors  
Of a plan of greed and selfishness that disregards the fear  
Of a people who will live in waste that's toxic for many thousand years

But the people of Sierra Blanca do not stand alone

They stand in solidarity with all who love their homes  
And the power of the common folks so many years ignored,  
Grown *thunderous* and *deafening*, is *pounding* at the doors  
Of the ones who will not listen but no longer cannot hear  
We are mighty, we are many, we are right and we are clear  
We will save Sierra Blanca and her sisters everywhere  
From the buried-alive tactics of the ones who do not care...oh yeah...

CH



SMASH THINGS UP!

By !Tchkung!

*(Scream this while banging pots and assorted post-industrial scrap percussion. Many folks from !Tchkung!, which is now disbanded, are part of the Infernal Noise Brigade, the anarchist marching band of Seattle, Prague and beyond.)*

In Austin it was Jenny who made the rich folks sorry  
She would steal their Cadillacs and dump them in the quarry  
In jail she learned the lesson she'll remember to the end  
Stick to your story, you never confess, you never turn in a friend

CHORUS:

Rob the rich! smash things up!  
You stick to your story, you'll never get caught!  
Rob the rich! arm the poor!  
Social justice is civil war!

Nobody moves, no one gets hurt, everybody on the floor  
We stole a gun from Robin Hood, stick 'em up, it's civil war  
Steal your gas from Exxon and Texaco, pirate your software  
Fill out your taxes any way you like, as long as you don't pay your share

CH

The fancy car, the limousine, oh to smash it up  
McDonald's and Burger King, oh to smash it up  
Coca Cola and Pepsi, oh to smash it up  
Burn the fucking limousine

CH

Bill gates has fifty million, most of us don't have a cent  
The government owes a hundred trillion, I owe three months in rent  
The thing you must remember, and I'll say it once again  
Stick to your story, you never confess, you never turn in a friend

CH (x2)

SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M CRAZY  
By The Artist Formerly Known As Squid

INTRO: *Fingerpicking, C-Am-F-G7*

<sup>C</sup> Some people don't believe me when I  
<sup>F</sup> Tell them I'm bisexual

<sup>C</sup> I guess they think I'm just trying to be some  
<sup>F</sup> Sort of exhibitionist radical, but  
<sup>Am</sup> That's okay that's just fine

<sup>Am</sup> I don't pay those assholes any mind cuz  
<sup>F</sup> This is who I am, and  
<sup>F</sup> Who I am does not need to be cleared by you

Some people look down on me  
Cuz I never completed college  
I guess they think they're better than me  
Just cuz they purchased systematic knowledge  
But they're the ones who are the fools  
Cuz they allowed themselves to be schooled  
And they're no better than me  
Just like I'm no better than you

Some people think that I'm kinda scummy  
Because lately I've been eating my breakfast from dumpsters  
They think they're so great with their vegan TV dinners  
But they're really just a bunch of elitist yupsters  
And I respect what they're trying to do  
I used to hold that narrow view too  
And animals are still my friends  
But that includes the humyn animal too

Some people think that I'm satanic  
Because I don't accept Jesus as my personal savior  
They probably think that I'll be spending eternity  
Burning on some lake of fire  
But I don't care if they think I sin  
cuz I think their religion's a crock of shit  
And the Pope can kiss my ass  
And if you think you're more holy than me you can kiss it too

Some people think I'm smelly  
Because I don't wear deodorant  
They prefer an artificial spring breeze fragrance  
To the aroma of healthy humyn sweat  
And maybe they're right, maybe I stink  
But I don't give a damn what they think  
Cuz this is how I smell  
And my personal odor needs no approval  
from you

Some people think I'm crazy  
Because I believe in revolution  
I guess that they enjoy work and war  
And racism and air pollution  
And it's a shame if they think I'm dumb  
Cuz I'm having a lot more fun  
And when we create a new world  
I hope that they can be a little crazy too  
I hope they'll let themselves be crazy too

# SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET

By Katya Chorover

(A beautiful acapella, gospel-like tune. Katya sang this at David Gypsy Chain's memorial service in Berkeley, 1998.)

CHORUS (sing twice to start) :

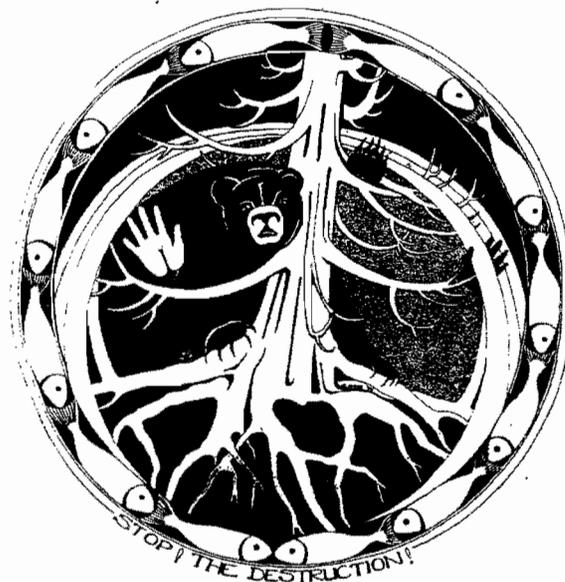
Some day we'll meet  
A million miles away  
Someday we'll meet  
In a land that's rich and green  
Someday we'll meet  
In a land of plenty  
And we'll rise  
Up on high  
With our song

That song will tell the story  
Of what had come to pass  
That song will tell the story of our journey  
That song will tell the story  
Of the glory of the Earth  
When we rose up on high  
With our song

CH

Though I may stumble on this journey  
And I may not live to tell the tale  
I hold this dream in  
Inside my soul  
And I know we will rise  
With that song

CH (x2)



SONG FOR THE BBB

By David Rovics

C F  
See the man in his limosine  
G C  
In his tie and well-pressed shirt  
C F  
Hoping that he's not been seen  
G C  
On the lookout for dessert  
Em C  
He knows that he is guilty  
G Am  
And a visit might be paid  
C F  
By the vegan vigilantes  
G C  
Of the Biotic Baking Brigade

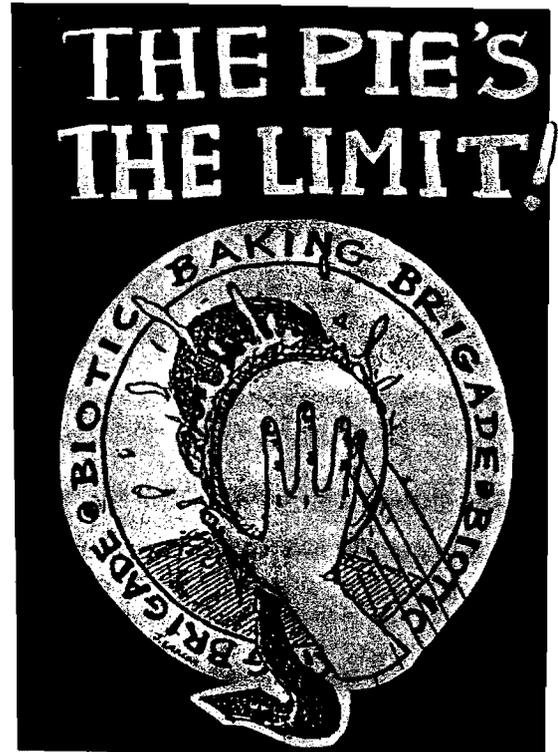
CHORUS:

Em C  
What's that sailing through the air  
G Am  
In the boardrooms see them shiver  
C F  
You can spend your life hoping for pie in the sky  
G C  
But the Baking Brigade delivers

If you sell your city's soul  
To the landlords' greedy pack  
You my friend have earned yourself  
A tasty pastry snack  
You can call yourself a liberal  
And hope your crimes will fade  
But your sell-out soul will be exposed  
By the Biotic Baking Brigade

CH

So if you cut down the last of the forests  
Spew poison in the air  
Don't you be surprised to find  
That cheesecake in your hair  
Yes if you are a corporate criminal  
You've surely made the grade  
To receive a fresh-baked goody from  
The Biotic Baking Brigade



CH

Beware all you scoundrels of industry  
We know of your disgrace  
So smile for the camera  
With the cream pie in your face  
You can hope that we won't find you out  
As you're hiding in the shade  
But someday soon you'll live to meet  
The Biotic Baking Brigade

CH (x2)

# SONG FOR

## BOXCAR BETTY

By David Rovics

(This song tells the tale of an IWW organizer hobo rebel girl. O.B.U. stands for One Big Union.)

G C G  
I've got no time for the aisles of fashion  
C A7 D  
Or the bikinis of Malibu Beach  
C G Em  
Don't take me to where the pool water's splashing  
C G D  
Where everybody's skin is soft as a peach  
G C G  
The woman for me doesn't live in a mansion  
C A7 D  
Taking baths in a hot tub, drinking whiskey and cream  
C G Em  
The woman for me is a fighter with passion  
C G D G  
Boxcar Betty is the woman of my dreams



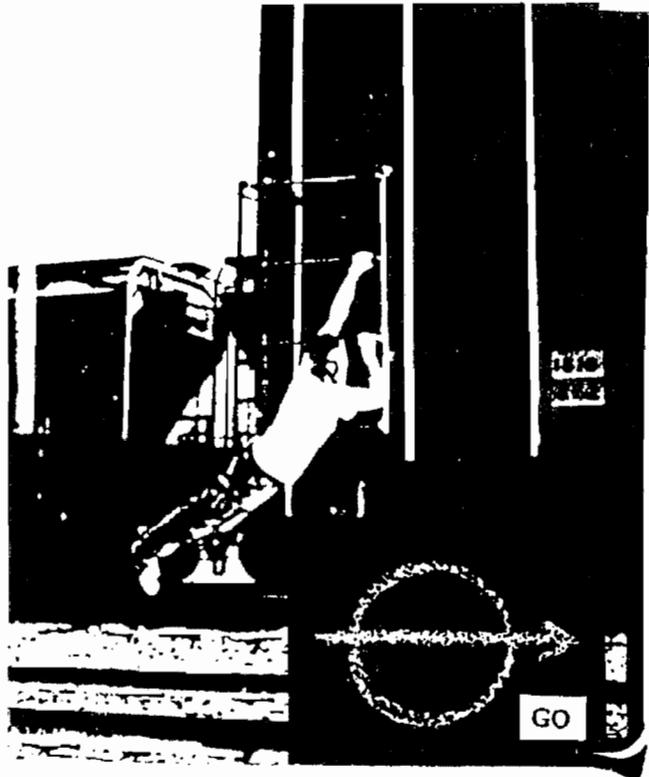
### CHORUS:

C G D Em  
She was a hobo and a tramp  
C G D  
A rebel through and through  
C G D Em  
Boxcar Betty, I'm yours  
C D G  
For the O.B.U.

She refused to marry rich  
Or kiss anybody's ass  
She was proud to be a union woman  
And a leader of the working class  
She hopped the freights from state to state  
With revolution in her eyes  
'Cause she couldn't stand to hear the sound  
Of a hungry child's cries

### CH

Boxcar Betty didn't give a damn  
About what some people said  
They called her a free lover  
They called her a dirty red  
But if I could do anything in life  
It would be to make my stand  
Hanging around the jungles



As Boxcar Betty's right-hand man (gal)

CH

208

SONG FOR THE EARTH LIBERATION FRONT

By David Rovics



G  
Civil disobedience  
C G  
Has many permutations  
G  
You can block the streets in front of  
D G  
The United Nations  
G  
You can lay down on the tracks  
C G  
Keep the nuke trains out of town  
C  
Or you can pour gas on the condo  
D  
And you can burn it down

CHORUS:

Em  
So here's a toast to the night  
C G  
Three cheers and a grunt  
C D Em  
To the Earth Liberation Front  
C D G  
The Earth Liberation Front



You can go to Senate hearings  
Wait 'til they call your name  
My hat is off to anyone  
With the will to play that game  
But if you want to know the truth  
What warms my aching heart  
Is to see the masked avengers  
Come to tear the road apart

CH

There are so many things of beauty  
In this world to see  
A wild, running river  
Or an old-growth redwood tree  
But in such an ugly situation  
So sinister and dire  
There's nothing quite so lovely  
As a Wal-Mart on fire



CH

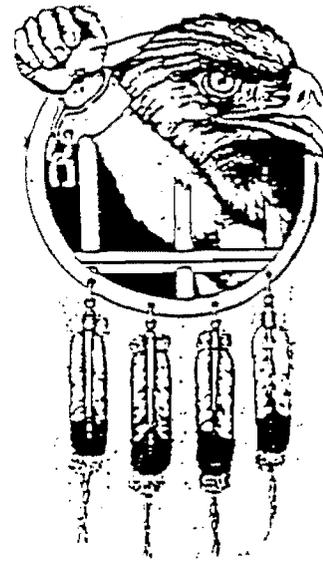
They'll tell you that it's violent  
To destroy a logging truck  
These are the very people  
Who'd kill the planet for a buck  
Talk to the governor  
Be reasonable, they say  
Maybe we can talk tomorrow  
But we can pull the crops today

CH

SONG FOR LEONARD PELTIER

By Jim Page

C  
 Loan me a minute, let me borrow your ear Fmaj7  
 Am C Fmaj7  
 And I'll sing you a song about Leonard Peltier.  
 Am C Fmaj7  
 He's gone so long in a Federal jail,  
 G Fmaj7 C  
 The innocent victim of a tangled tale.



In South Dakota where the fear has grown,  
 Where the presidents watch from a mountain of stone  
 And they say all people are free to roam,  
 There ain't no freedom in the Indian home.

CHORUS:

F C Am  
 How many have gone before?  
 C Fmaj7 Am  
 And tell me how many more  
 C G C  
 Must be lost to the Indian wars?

The company spoke to the high command,  
 "We need the deeds to the Indian land,  
 To dig for oil and uranium ore.  
 Maybe have to start a little Indian war."

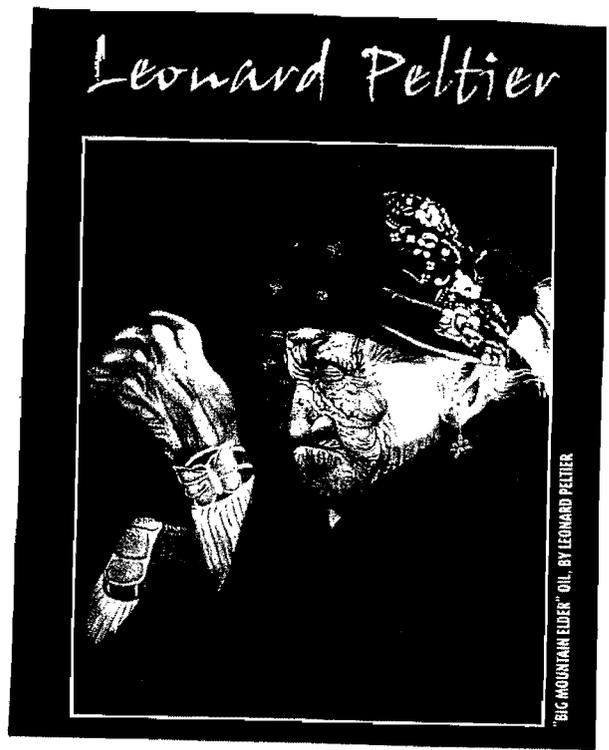
The orders came from way on high,  
 And it was a job for the FBI.  
 "It won't be hard, all we'll have to do  
 Is cause a little trouble and follow it through."

In Oglala where the spirit did dwell  
 It was a time they remember well.  
 There were women and children gathered there  
 When the wind blew a warning through the whispering air.

And Leonard Peltier was one of those  
 Who came to the call when the time arose  
 And dangerous strangers were prowlin' around  
 Bringin' trouble to the reservation ground.

And that was when the agents made their play  
 In a gunshot battle on a deadly day  
 And three men died in the hollow sand,  
 Two FBI and an Indian man.

← CH



Joe Stunz was a man that died that day  
But the eyes of the law didn't see it that way.  
All they cared about was their own kind  
Gonna get somebody for a capitol crime.

The charge was set for homicide,  
But Leonard got away to the Canada side  
Where he lived for a while in a northern town  
'Til they came up and got him and brought him back down

The judge and the jury, they both agreed  
Two times murder in the first degree.  
They pounded the gavel and they rang on the bell  
Two times life in a federal cell.

Citations came from Washington,  
Congratulations on a job well done.  
Two agents dead is a mighty price  
But if you want something bad you gotta sacrifice.

Now Leonard Peltier is a captured man  
With both legs taken so he cannot stand.  
One more swallowed by the master plan  
To get their hands on the Indian lands.

CH

And so it's been since days of old  
When Custer died for a mountain of gold  
But times have changed and passed him by  
He's been replaced by the FBI

When Joe Stunz was lowered down  
The winds did blow with a mighty sound  
And the answer came in the driving rain,  
"This man will not have died in vain."

For the hollow power of the lock and key  
Ain't nothing to the power of the ragin' sea  
Or the lightning strikes in the angry skies  
That puts the power into peoples' eyes.

Oh, the weather is building to a mighty storm  
And the words on the wind that come to warn  
Are once more spoken to your ear  
Only this time the name is Leonard Peltier

CH



SONG OF CHOICE

By Peggy Seeger

INTRO VERSE:

Em D Em  
 Early every year the seeds are growing  
 Em A Em  
 Unseen, unheard they lie beneath the ground  
 Em A Em  
 Would you know before their leaves are showing  
 D Em  
 That with weeds, all your garden will abound?  
 in

CHORUS:

Em D  
 If you close your eyes, stop your ears  
 Em A  
 Shut your mouth then how can you know?  
 Em D Em  
 For seeds you cannot hear may not be there  
 D  
 Seeds you cannot see may never grow

In January you've still got the choice  
 You can cut the weeds before they start to bud  
 If you leave them to grow high, they'll silence your voice  
 And in December you may pay with your blood

CH #2:  
 So close your eyes, stop your ears,  
 Shut your mouth and take it slow  
 Let others take the lead and you bring up the rear  
 And later you can say you didn't know

Every day another vulture takes flight  
 There's another danger born every morning  
 In the darkness of your blindness the beast will learn to bite  
 How can you fight if you can't recognise a warning ?

Today you may earn a living wage  
 Tomorrow you may be on the dole  
 Though there's millions going hungry you needn't disengage  
 For it's them, not you, that's fallen in the hole

It's alright for you if you run with the pack  
 It's alright if you agree with all they do  
 If fascism is slowly climbing back  
 It's not here yet so what's it got to do with you?

The weeds are all around us and they're growing

It'll soon be too late for the knife  
 If you leave them on the wind that around the  
 world is blowing  
 You may pay for your silence with your life

CH #3:  
 So close your eyes, stop your ears,  
 Shut your mouth and never dare  
 And if it happens here they'll never come for you  
 Because they'll know you really didn't care



peggy seeger

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# SONG OF THE RAIL

By Ralph Chaplin (*Utah Phillips covers this*)

G C G  
Life here in town is *too damn* monotonous

C G D G  
Sticking around at a regular job

G C G  
All the time somebody bossing and spotting us

C G D G  
I'm not cut out for a laboring job

C G  
Things here is much too precise and persnickety

C G D G  
Say, 'bo, i'd just as soon be in jail'

G C G  
It's us for the road and the wheels that go clickety

C G D G  
Clickety-click on the glimmering rails

It's us for the road, and the old hobo *way again*  
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun  
Cool of the night and the soft of the hay again  
Nary a worry or work to be done

## CHORUS:

Say ain't you ready to beat it by *crickety*  
Jump on a freight, be off on the trail  
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickety  
Clickety click on the glimmering rail

Judges'll call you a shame to society  
Brakemen they'll bounce you off onto the ground  
Well, trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety  
Here we're just plottin' and ploddin' around

I'm just a gettin' all feeble and rickety  
Say 'bo we'll *wither* up sure if we *stick*  
So let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickety  
Clickety clickety clickety click

CH



SPIRAL OF LIFE

By Leora Hava

(Fingerpicking)

Am C G C Am  
I dance around these trees

Am C G Am  
Like the moon dancing around the earth

Am C G C Am  
Celebrating my birth

Am C G Am  
From the womb of my mother, Mother Earth

Am C G C Am  
The spiral of life moves forward in time

Am C G Am  
Yet where we begin is where we end

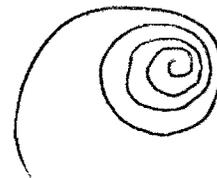
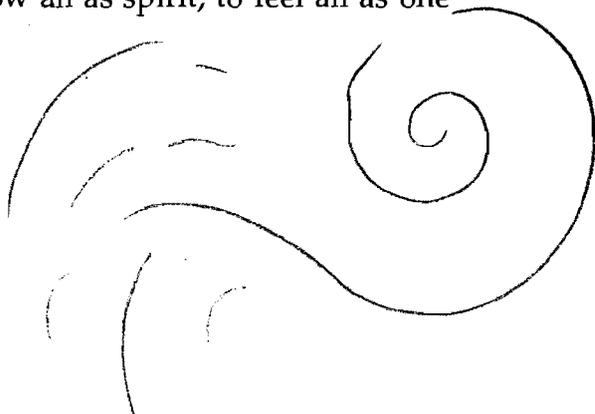
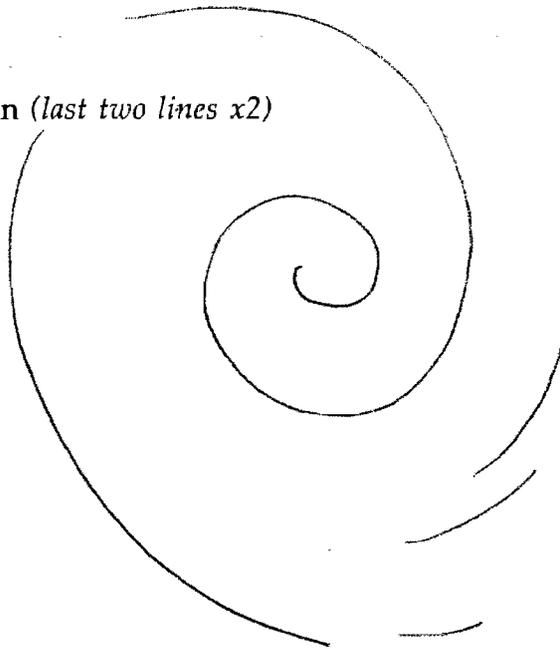
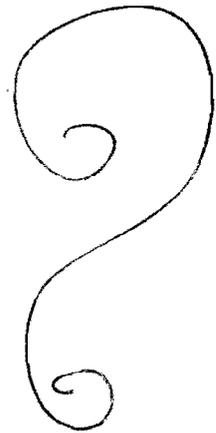
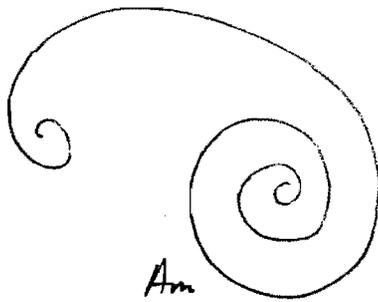
Am C G C Am  
And someday we all will learn

Am C G Am  
From the Earth we came, to the Earth we'll return (last two lines x2)

Snow fallin' from the sky  
Winter time has arrived  
Seeds are sleeping beneath the ground  
Waiting for the sun's light to nourish life  
Flowers blooming everywhere  
Smell the spring-time in the air  
And the sweet sweet sun is shining down on me  
Surrounding me with that summer's heat  
Leaves floating to the ground,  
As autumn-time comes around  
And the cold seeps back into the air,  
As the winter-time reappears

(Sing first verse again)

Someday we all will leart  
From the Earth we came, to the Earth we'll return  
And someday we all will come  
To know all as spirit, to feel all as one



## STEP BY STEP

Traditional Irish folk song, early American labor poem

*(A great chant for rounds and layering harmonies. Spread 'round by Pete Seeger. Sweet Honey & the Rock does a rad cover of this.)*

Step by step the longest march  
Can be won, can be won

Many stones to form an arch  
Singly, none. Singly, none.

And by union what we will  
Can be accomplished still

Drops of water turn the mill  
Singly, none. Singly, none.

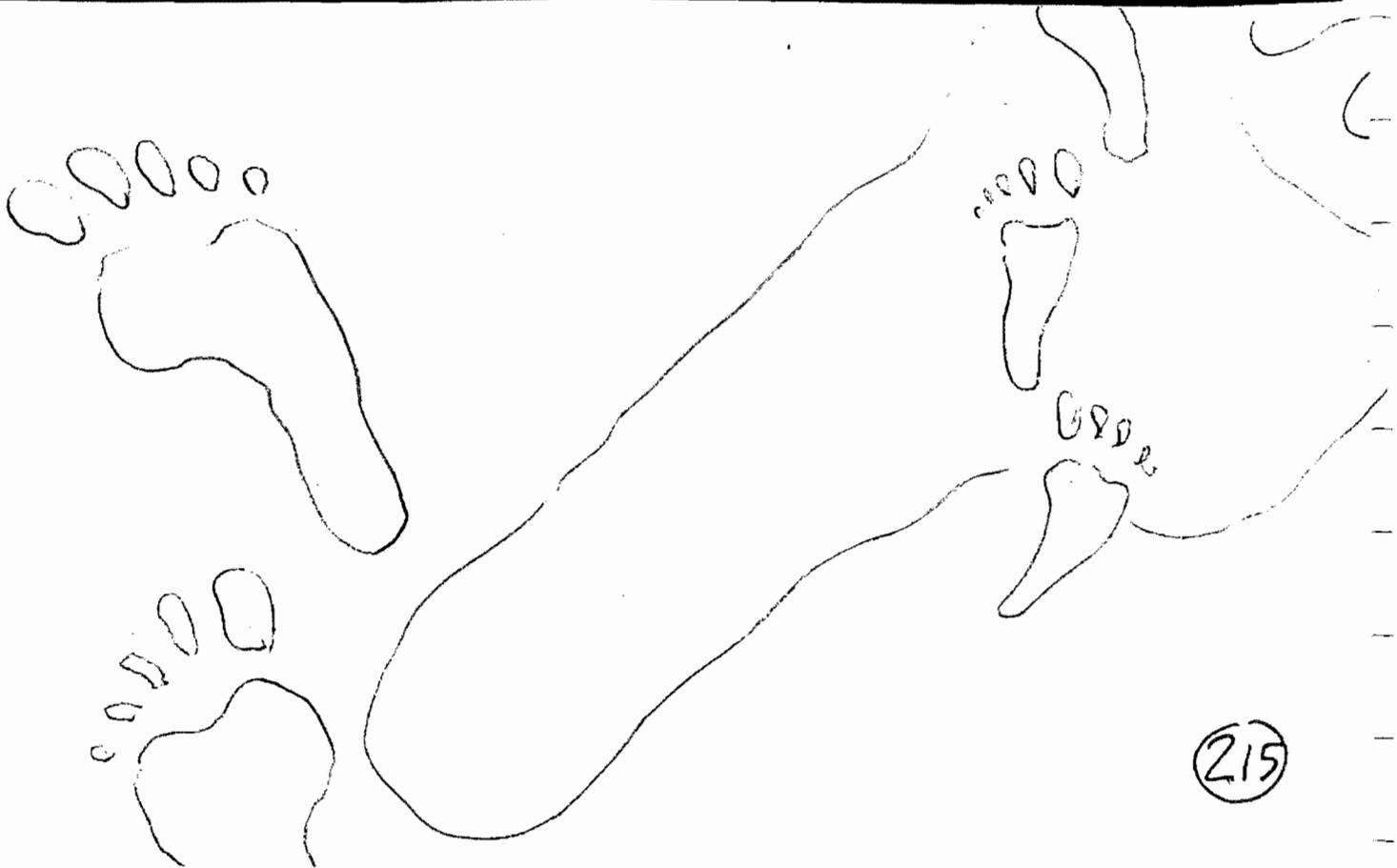
*(The folk process: make your own versions, or play with variations such as:  
"Has begun" instead of "Can be won"*

OR

Stone by stone we form an arch  
Work begun, work begun

OR

Drops of water turn the mill (or wheel)  
Long may we run, long may we run)



# SUBVERT

By Lake/Wood/Portar

*(Performed by Zounds. Rap this out. This version excerpted—and slightly changed—from issue #5 of "On the Fiddle," a Levellers 'zine.)*

If you got a job	'Cos there's
You can be an	Nothin' else to
Agent	Do
You can work	Where they
For revolution	Think they
In your place of	Got you trapped
Employment	In the boxes
If you work in a	That they
Factory	Choose
Throw a spanner	If you got a job
In the works	You can be an
Internal	Agent
Sabotage	If you work in a
Hit 'em where	Kitchen you can
It hurts	Redistribute
Subvert	Food
If you got a job	If you are a
Where they	Policeman
Treat you like a	Ordered to
Slave	Arrest me
Where they	You don't have
Treat you like a	To do it
Zombie	You can refuse
In a corporate	Subvert
Grave	
If you work in	
The office	
Making tea for	
The bosses	
While they're	
Getting richer	
On ten times	
Your pay	
They may think	
You're stupid	
But you're	
Working	
Undercover	
You got the	
Potential to	
Disobey	
Subvert	
If you got a job	

TAMPON  
By La La

Em C B7  
That pink, plastic, petal-soft applicator glide  
May look harmless, but take a look inside  
There's an ingredient in tampons, it's easily disguised  
It makes you bleed longer—it's formaldehyde

If you've ever wondered why tampons are so white  
It's the bleach in the rayon that gets 'em so bright  
And the cotton that they make 'em with is sprayed with DDT  
The world's most deadly toxin in our bodies?

CHORUS:

Em C B7  
Tampon, tamp on and on (line x3)  
C B7 Em  
They might tamp you up permanently

Now lots of feminine hygiene gots deodorant  
'Cause some people don't like the smell of cunt (or the word)  
You'll upset your pH balance with those perfume chemicals  
And your yeast infection increase will be astronomical

CH

Now tampons are just garbage, a throw-away fling  
Like disposable diapers and the trouble that they bring  
Sanitary napkins are pretty much the same  
Chokin' our landfills, ain't it a shame

CH

So just let those tampons gather dust on the shelf  
You can soak up the flow without pollutin' yourself (or the Earth)  
Just get a little sea sponge, make a pull-cord with a string  
Or home-made flannel pads will soak up everything  
Why do you think they call it on the rag?

TEAR UP THE MOUNTAIN

Through Tofu ~ INTRO: E-F#m-A-E

E F#m A-E-C-D-E  
Quarter moon rising

A E  
The sky shines red

G#m C#m  
And I ride on my bicycle

G#m  
The Earth below me is dead

A E  
And I did not ask for this

B C#m  
But this is what I got, I think

A E  
To myself and pass another

C D E  
Old abandoned lot

CHORUS:

C E  
'Cause they tore up the mountain

D E  
To make this road

C E  
And they bind it together with their

D B  
Hot black gold

A E  
So I may move swiftly

B C#m  
Where ever I want to go

A E  
But I just want some trees back

C D E  
To nourish my soul

I ride through the city  
And the country-side too  
And I ride along the river  
Muddy brown not blue  
And I ride up the ridgetop  
But all I can see  
Is a cancer of roads  
Sprawling out before me

CH (...So we may move swiftly, wherever we want to go...)

Now I go to the pavement  
With a pickaxe in my hand

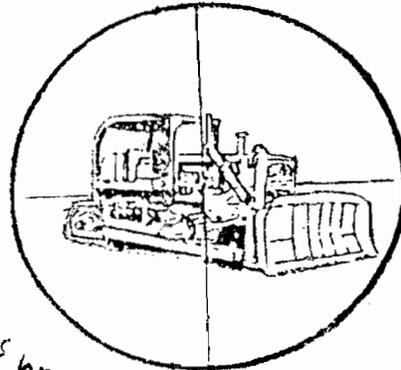
Gonna breathe some life  
Into this suffocated land  
Gonna tear up that old mountain  
One last time  
We'll watch the Wild Earth return  
Under the full moon shine

LAST CH:

And we'll tear up the mountain  
Where they made this road  
And we'll plant some food here  
And we will watch it grow  
Though we may move slowly  
Wherever we need to go  
Just like the trees that we plant here  
To nourish our souls

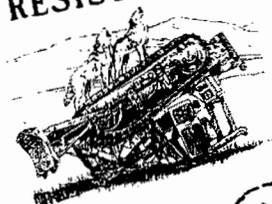
(Repeat last 4 lines w/ chords: C-E-B-C#m-AE-CDE)

If you ask a European or an Asian for the symbol of North America, the person would perhaps offer the skyscraper, or Disneyland™, but it is also the bulldozer.



Just as we denude the land for urban development, So we clear out whole sections of the city for urban renewal or freeways. With the exception of the nuclear warhead, there is no greater machine of aggression against the city, and our fellow humans than the BULLDOZER

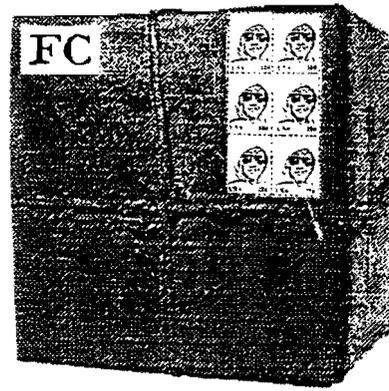
RESISTANCE



# TEDDY DON'T WRITE LETTERS ANYMORE

By Margin Walker

<sup>C</sup> Teddy was a quiet boy, he always loved to write  
<sup>G</sup> Played outside by himself and he liked to ride his bike  
<sup>C</sup> But Teddy don't write letters anymore  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>



Teddy got a little older and he went off to school  
Learned a lot about mathematics, and he thought his colleagues fools  
And Teddy don't write letters anymore

So, Teddy moved off to a place, a place deep in the woods/  
Where he could work on writing letters,  
And he could do the earth some good /  
Teddy can't write letters anymore

Teddy learned a bit of chemistry, and got some typewriters too  
Sent a long letter to the newspapers, a letter full of clues  
Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy lived in the forest, for 25 years he stayed  
The letters he sent were famous and the destroyers were afraid  
Teddy don't write letters anymore



Teddy loved our mother Earth, he couldn't bear to watch her fry  
So he wrote some powerful letters, to those who want the Earth to die  
Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy was wanted by the F-B-I so his brother turned him in  
Now it's our turn to write those letters, so let the fun begin  
'Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy went off to prison, and we know he won't be back  
But he stuck a wedge in society and now we must spread the crack  
'Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy forgot some targets, I know one he missed  
So let's write an explosive letter, and send it off to Charlie Hurwitz!  
Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

<sup>F</sup> Teddy dont write letters, no, <sup>C</sup> he can't write letters, no <sup>F</sup> teddy don't  
<sup>C</sup> Write letters anymore  
<sup>G</sup>

(Shout) Free Ted Kaczynski!!!



TESTIMONY

By Ferron

(Fingerpicking)

Am

There's god-like and war-like

And strong like <sup>D</sup>only some show,

<sup>F</sup>There's sad-like <sup>Am</sup>and mad-like

<sup>F</sup>And had like we know <sup>G</sup>

CHORUS#1:

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
But by my life be I spirit

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
And by my heart be I woman

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
And by my eyes be I open

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
And by my hands be I whole



They say slowly brings the least shock  
But no matter how slow I walk  
There are traces, empty spaces  
And doors and doors of locks

CHORUS#1

You young ones, you're the next ones  
And I hope you choose it well  
Though you try hard, you may fall prey  
To the jaded jewel

CHORUS#2:

But by your lives be you spirit  
And by your hearts be you women  
And by your eyes be you open  
And by your hands be you whole



Listen, there are waters, hidden from us  
In the maze we find them still  
We'll take you to them, you take your young ones  
May they take their own in turn

CHORUS#2 (no "but" at the beginning)

THERE REALLY IS A FIRE OUT THERE  
By Darryl Cherney

*Bm*  
I read the news the other day  
*D*  
About what NASA had to say  
*A* *Bm* *A*  
Twenty percent of the ozone layer's gone  
*Bm*  
We lost it all to CFC s  
*D*  
Better living through chemistry  
*A* *Bm* *A*  
Seemed good at first but it didn't last too long

Now thirty miles high in the stratosphere  
Our fragile shield starts to disappear  
Letting in those deadly UVB s  
So if you go out to the ocean  
Bring your 45 block suntan lotion  
And for goodness sake now don't you fall asleep

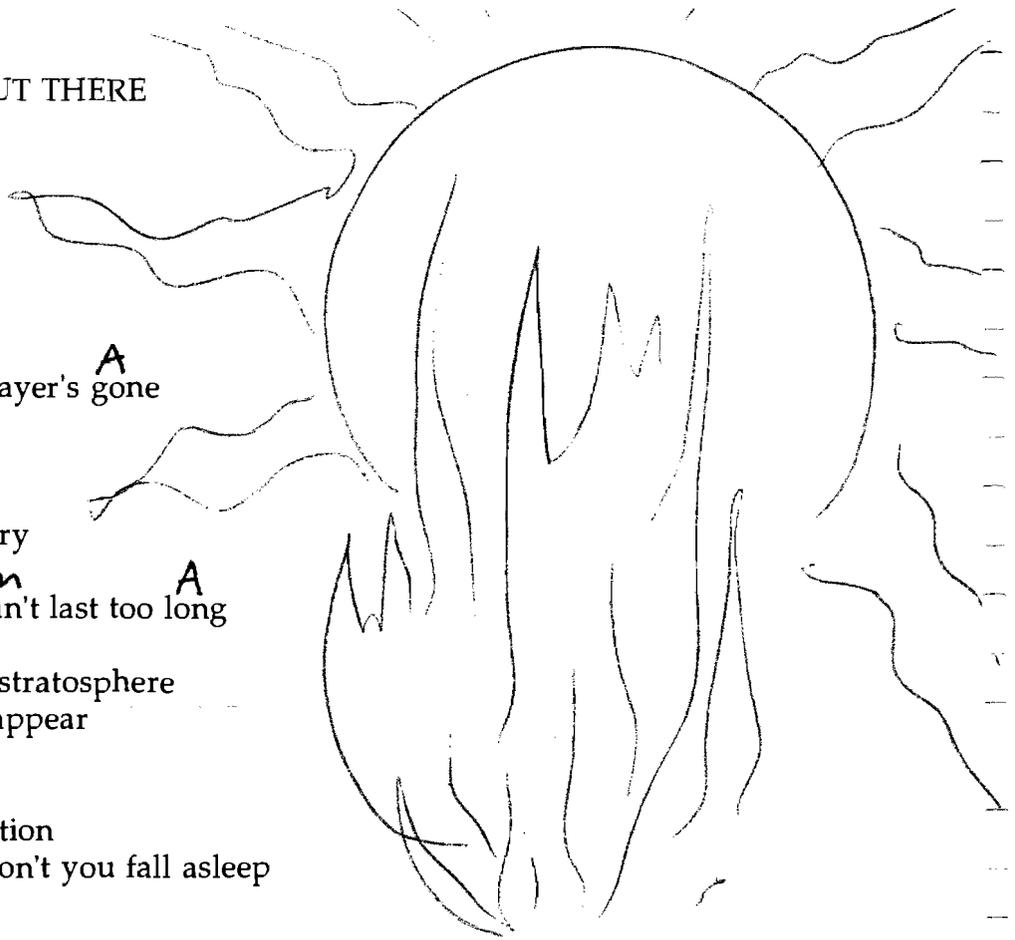
CHORUS:

*D*  
The ozone layer's torn apart  
*A*  
When will the revolution start  
*Bm*  
Will radiation suits be what we wear?  
*D*  
I'm screaming fire in a crowded theatre  
*A* *Bm* *A* *Bm* *A*  
There really is a fire out there

Now back in Wilmington, Delaware  
The Dupont Board sits in their easy chairs  
Cashing in on the highway to hell  
They'll tell you that you'll sure look cute  
In their new designer radiation suits  
With the Dupont logo right on the lapel

Now the Duponts go back centuries  
Selling gunpowder to our enemies  
They were royalty who owned slaves in this land  
And it's with these men we trust our lives  
We've given them the power should the Earth survive  
While we just sit here with a cold beer in our hand

CH



So now we must make up our minds  
Will we say goodbye to all of humankind  
While we leave behind a scorched and barren land  
Or will we all rise up my friends  
Take the bastards on to the bitter end  
There ain't much time left for us to make our stand  
So turn off your A/C and your Fridgidaire  
Open up your window take a breath of air  
And prepare yourself for the battle that's to come  
Don't tell me you don't know what to do  
Let me tell you something it's just me and you  
Will the fire in your heart burn like the sun?  
CH

THEY SURE DON'T MAKE EARTH FIRST!ERS LIKE THEY USED TO

By Avocado & Blueberry, music by Darryl Cherney

(A parody of "They Sure Don't Make Hippies Like They Used To" by Darryl Cherney.)

G C  
Once there were Earth First!ers, livin' 'mongst the trees  
G D G  
Flattening tires, pounding spikes, radical as you please  
G C  
Then one day they woke up to the Cointelpro game  
G D G  
So they dropped effective tactics and proceeded to be lame

CHORUS:

C G  
Oh, they sure don't make Earth First!ers like they used to  
D G  
They once were course and crass, but now they're kissin' ass  
C G  
No, they sure don't make Earth First!ers like they used to  
D G  
Ecotopia does not spike trees anymore

Now one fine day in Carlotta, they had five thousand people there  
And they really could have fucked shit up if only they had dared  
But instead of wrenching publicly, overt and in daylight  
They all just crossed a line and went to jail without a fight

CH (Second line is: They once were spikin' trees, now they smile and just say please)

Now there's a logging thug named Ammons, one day he went and flipped his lid  
He swore he would kill Gypsy and then he promptly went and did  
And the courtroom sent this killer free, once more to run amok  
And no one burned his house down, or even wrenched his truck

CH (They'd fight to win the day, now they just hold hands and pray)

Now there's a guy named Darryl Cherney, he used to practice what he preached  
And he'd smile big when the crankcase of a 'dozer had been breached  
But when the flames rose up at the Vail lodge, he got a bad case of the blues  
And he bitched out the EF! Journal for reporting it as news

CH (The crooks once shook with fear, now they just laugh when we come near)

Now if you go down to Arcata, they're gonna make you sign a form  
It says you will not damage property and you'll quietly conform  
But I believe in revolution with every tool that is around  
So I say, "no dice! I'll wrench and spike, and I'm California-bound"

CH:

Yeah, they still make some  
Earth First!ers like they used to  
Some still are wild and free,  
from thirteen to ninety-three  
Yeah, they still make some  
Earth First!ers like they used to  
Ecotopia may not spike trees  
but we do

# THIS IS OUR STAND

By Dan Fortson

(Key of C. Dedicated to the memory of Harold Edlund, William Kaarte, and Paul Lampella, murdered by police in the bloody repression of the Great Lumber Strike of 1935, Humboldt County, California, and to the survivors of the Humboldt Pepper Spray Offensive of 1997 and beyond. May their courage live on in each of us and their names never be forgotten.)

There was a time in Humboldt County, so the old timers say,

When workers never dared to speak their mind.

When thirty five cents an hour, was all the boss would pay,

And not a penny more for overtime.

But the Supreme Court gave its ruling in nineteen thirty five,

That unions would be accepted and the workers could organize.

They would strike for worker safety, and de-mand an eight hour day,

And they would stand, side by side, to win their way.

## CHORUS:

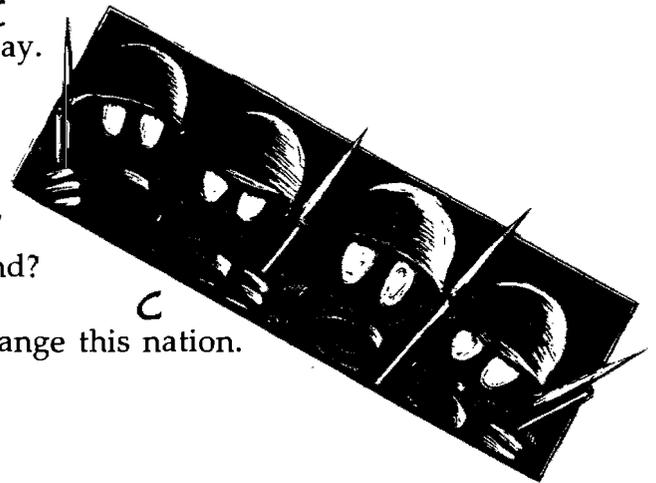
No more silence! This is our stand.

No more violence! Won't you lend a helping hand?

We must fight the corporations if we're gonna change this nation.

Sons and daughters of this land this is our stand!

Sons and daughters of this land this is our stand!



So the workers of this county went out on general strike.  
And the boys at Holmes-Eureka fell in line.  
The big boss tried to knock them down, but the workers held their ground.  
'Cause they'd come too far to turn around this time.

But then Joe Rouch called A. B. Hammond  
And Ricks gave his okay.  
Chief Littlefield said "We'll stop them. Our guns will lead the way."  
And when the big boss gave the order they fired into the crowd.  
And twenty men lay bleeding on the ground.

CH

Now the worker's voice is silent and his gains are fadin' fast.  
But Earth First! sends its challenge to the world;



223

We will stand upon the shoulders of these heroes of the past  
As we fight for the workers and the Earth.

But then John Campbell calls Chief Milsap,  
And Riggs gives his okay.  
Dennis Lewis says "We'll stop them, with a can of pepper spray."  
But the people stand united 'cause we've seen it all before,  
And we're just not gonna take it any more.

CH#2:  
No more silence!  
We're not afraid.  
Of your violence  
Or your can of pepper spray  
We will fight the corporations  
And we're gonna change this nation  
And drive Hurwitz from this land, this is our stand!  
Drive Charlie Hurwitz from this land, this is our stand!  
Sons and daughters of this land, this is our stand!



(Who's who:

*Joe Rouch- a salesman who visited Humboldt County in 1935 to sell tear gas.*

*A. B. Hammond- owner of Hammond Lumber, famous for corruption and union busting.*

*Ricks- Hammond's lawyer, the worst of his breed.*

*George Littlefield- Chief of Eureka Police Dept.*

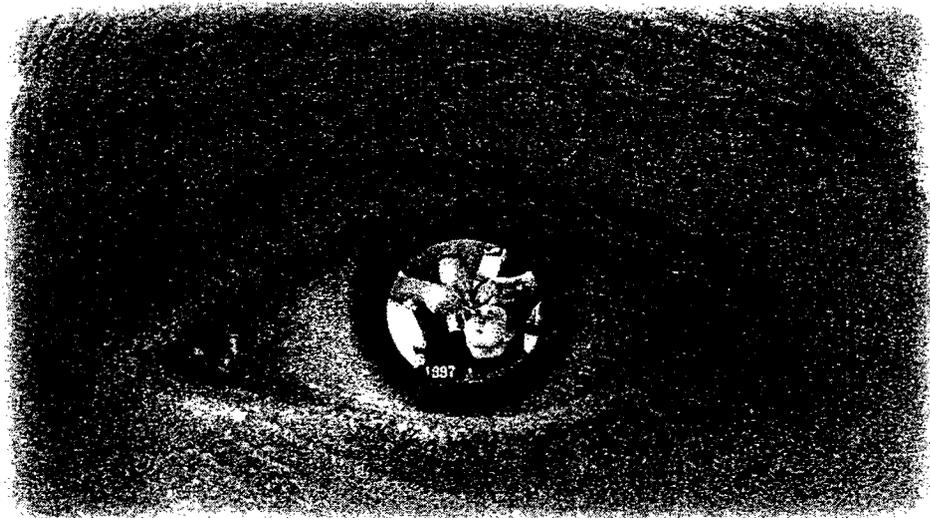
*John Campbell- current President of Pacific Lumber.*

*Arnie Milsap- current chief of Eureka P.D.*

*Frank Riggs- U.S. congressman 1994-1998 known to be in the pocket of Pacific Lumber.*

*Riggs' Eureka office was the scene of one of the pepper spray incidents in 1997.*

*Dennis Lewis- Sheriff of Humboldt County who authorized the use of pepper spray on non-violent demonstrators sparking a national outrage.)*



**Frederick Douglas wisely said, "power  
concedes nothing without a demand."**

224

TIMEBOMB  
By Chumbawamba  
(Inspired by the IRA)

CHORUS:

<sup>D</sup> Stop now, <sup>A</sup> what's that sound? <sup>E</sup> Everybody look what's going down  
<sup>D</sup> Stop now, <sup>A</sup> what's that sound? <sup>E</sup> . . .

BRIDGE:

<sup>D</sup> I am a timebomb, <sup>A</sup> a ticking ticking ticking <sup>E</sup> timebomb (x2)

<sup>E</sup> Unattended on the <sup>D</sup> railway station  
<sup>A</sup> In the litter at the <sup>E</sup> dancehall  
<sup>E</sup> Sitting pretty near the <sup>D</sup> fast-food counter  
<sup>A</sup> In the backseat of a <sup>E</sup> Vauxhall

BRIDGE

CH

BRIDGE

Hear the ticking of your heartbeat beating  
Hear the breaking of their promises  
Hear the smashing of your expectations  
Hear the shattering of half-rhymes

BRIDGE

CH

BRIDGE

And all the timebombs  
They're all dancing to the same song  
In a world full of no ones  
I am a someone

BRIDGE

CH:  
Stop now, what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down (line x3)  
Stop now, what's that sound? London Bridge is falling down

'TIS OF THEE

By Ani DiFranco

G D Em C /  
 They caught the last poor man on a poor man's vacation /  
 G D  
 They cuffed him and they confiscated his stuff  
 Em C  
 And they dragged his black ass down to the station /  
 G D  
 And said "ok the streets are safe now  
 Em C  
 All your pretty white children can come out to see Spot run /  
 G D Em  
 And they came out of their houses and they looked around  
 C  
 But they didn't see no one /

ISOLATION



IS A RETREAT  
TO DEATH

CHORUS:

And my country 'tis of thee  
 To take swings at each other on talk show TV /  
 Why don't you just go ahead and turn off the sun  
 'Cause we'll never live long enough to  
 Undo everything they've done to you  
 Undo everything they've done to you

And above 96th street,  
 They're handing out smallpox blankets  
 So people don't freeze /  
 The new dogs they got an old trick  
 It's called criminalize the symptoms  
 While you spread the disease /  
 I hold on hard to something  
 Between my teeth when i'm sleeping /  
 And i wake up and my jaw aches  
 And the Earth is full of earthquakes



CH

They caught the last poor man  
 Flying away in a shiny red cape /  
 And they brought him down to the station  
 And they said "boy you should know better  
 Than to try and escape" /  
 And I ran away with the circus  
 'Cause there's still some honest work left for bearded ladies /  
 But it's not the same goin' town to town  
 Since they put everyone in jail **except**  
 The Cleavers and the Brady s

**DO NOT FOLLOW  
FOR I WILL NOT LEAD  
DO NOT LEAD FOR I  
WILL NOT FOLLOW**

CH

# THE TREE

By Dana Lyons

There's a river flowin' near me  
And I've watched that river change and grow  
For 800 years I have lived here  
Through the wind, the fire and the snow

I see salmon return every summer  
And I've watched young owls learn to fly  
I have felt the claws of the grizzly  
And I have heard the lone wolf's cry

I have seen great glaciers melting  
I've met lightning eye to eye  
But now I hear bulldozers coming  
And I know that I am soon to die

Who will house the owl?  
And who will hold that river shore?  
And who will take refuge in my shadow  
When my shadow falls no more?

(Headwaters verse--thanks to Sarah Nelson and Ellen Fred)  
An island of redwoods surrounds me  
The last ancient grove on the Earth  
The murrelet, the coho and the coyote  
Stand our ground for all we are worth  
Stand our ground for all we are worth



TUCSON

By Desert Rat

<sup>G</sup> Earth shakes in the gully and the skip loader rumbles and the tires all churn <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I ask them what the hell are they going to build <sup>D</sup>  
It's one more goddamn shopping center and I'm prayin' that I live just to see it burn <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
I must confess I love this valley still <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

CHORUS:

So I sing, Tucson, Tucson, city that I love <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Your streets once more shall echo calls of the coyote and the cactus wren <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And I sing, Tucson, Tucson, city that I love <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
My city will make a fine ruin when the Santa Cruz runs again <sup>G</sup> <sup>C-G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Broken glass in the gully and the blacktop melts in the noon-day sun  
Couple stoners walkin' down to the Circle K  
Someday those gas pumps will be broken, the windows shattered and the river will run  
But they won't sell Fritos there upon that day

CH

I've worked the nightshifts in your bakeries baggin' bread until the break of day  
For restaurants where I can't afford to eat  
And I've camped atop your dry-wash islands and I've seen the squat fires laid  
In the myriad culverts underneath your feet

I've watched your town from the mountain canyons where there's water in the rocky pools  
And by night I've marked the cop cars by their flash  
And I've watched the monsoon lightning streak the sky above those glimmering fools  
But when daylight came my city still just looked like trash

CH

I like to piss upon your golf course where the yuppies and the snowbirds play at ball  
One hundred and sixty-eight of them in this town  
And now the mighty Colorado doesn't run to the sea anymore and the aquifer's gettin'  
small

But someday those greens will turn to lovely brown

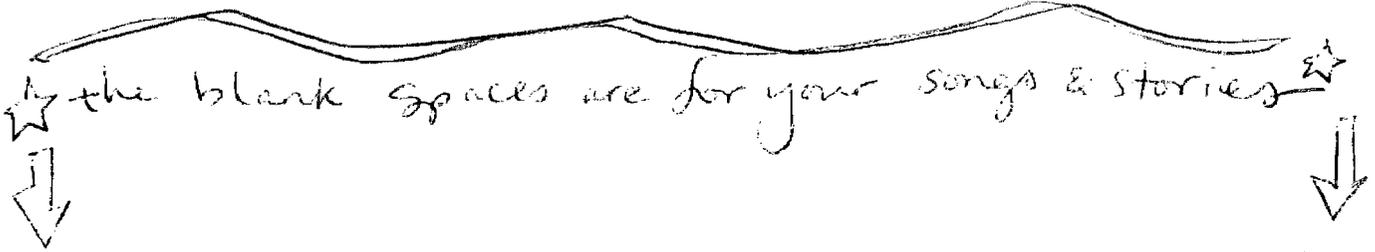
CH

I wish I'd seen that mesquite forest growin' from the river to the mountainside  
And I pray that when my life is at an end  
My ghost will walk with Father Keno through that valley where my father died  
And we'll bring the lush tropical wilderness back again

CH

<sup>G</sup>                      <sup>C-G</sup>                      <sup>D</sup>                      <sup>C—G</sup>  
My city will make a fine ruin when the Santa Cruz runs again

*the blank spaces are for your songs & stories*



# TURN OF THE WRENCH

By Dana Lyons

(One of the movement's classic sabotage songs from a very fine song-spinner.)

*Em* John Svenson was a farmer, he grew the *A* Minnesota wheat  
*C* He rode there with his daughter high upon the *Bm* thresher's *D* seat  
*Em* They broke down on the hillside, the *A* radiator spitting steam  
*C* Went back to get the toolbox so they could *Bm* fix the old *D* machine  
*Em* With a turn of the wrench, and a *A* twist of the screw  
*C* We can fix the tractor, we can *Bm* make it like new



But that day they got a letter that said the power lines would come  
Right across their farm land, right across the setting sun  
So they gathered all the family and talked late into the night  
We cannot let them do this, we've got to put up one hell of a fight  
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw  
We'll apply a little pressure and we'll see what that will do

So they phoned 100 farmers and drove to the Twin Cities  
Met there with the Governor, and they sued the Utility  
But after writing all the letters and paying all the legal costs  
To the power of the city, once again the farmers lost

## CHORUS:

*D* And in the *C* still of the *D* evening the *Em* wind is all you hear  
I watch the *C* waves on the *D* wheat fields *Em* alone  
I walk the *C* furrows of *D* earth I *Em* plant year after year  
*C* This is our *D* land, this is our *Em* home  
*C* This is our *D* land, this is our *Em* home

So they met there at the tavern but there wasn't much to say  
The powerlines may come but they will not stay  
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw  
What was once put together, we can easily undo

With bandanas on their faces, careful not to make a sound  
They loosened all the bolts that held the towers to the ground  
And several weeks later, with nobody around

CH

The Minnesota wind blew tower after tower after tower down  
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw  
What was once put together, we can easily undo  
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw  
What was once put together, we can easily undo

## THE UNWELCOME GUEST

By Woody Guthrie (lyrics, 1940) and Billy Bragg (music, 1996).

(Appears on "Mermaid Avenue," a wonderful album of Guthrie's little-known lyrics put to music by current-day musicians.)

<sup>C</sup> To the rich man's bright lodges I ride in this wind  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> On my good horse, I call you my shiny Black Bess  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> To the playhouse of fortune to take the bright silver  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And gold you have taken from somebody else  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

And as we go riding in the damp foggy midnight  
You snort, my good pony, and you give me your best  
For you know, and I know, good horse, 'mongst the rich ones  
How oftimes we go there an unwelcome guest

I've never took food from the widows and orphans  
And never a hard working man I oppressed  
So take your pace easy, for home soon like lightning  
We soon will be riding, my shiny black Bess

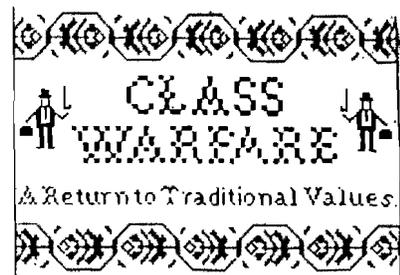
No fat rich man's pony can ever overtake you  
And there's not a rider from the east to the west  
Could hold you a light in this dark mist and midnight  
When the potbellied thieves chase the unwelcome guest

I don't know good horse, as we trot in this dark here  
That robbing the rich is for worse or for best  
They take it by stealing and lying and gambling  
And I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess

I treat horses good and I'm friendly to strangers  
I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best  
And the rangers and deputies are hired by the rich man  
To catch me and hang me, my shiny Black Bess

Yes, they'll catch me napping one day and they'll kill me  
And then I'll be gone but that won't be my end  
For my guns and my saddle will always be filled  
By unwelcome travellers and other brave men

And they'll take the money and spread it out equal  
Just like the bible and the prophets suggest  
But the men that go riding to help these poor workers  
The rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest



VILLAGE  
By Ashley Ironwood

D Am C G  
In this valley was a village

D Am C Am  
Many years ago

D Am C G  
People proudly worked together

D Am C G  
Learning how to make things grow

D Am C G  
All this magic they did know

D Am C Am  
All this magic they did know

Then one day a young man traveling  
With his carnival show  
Tried to sell the village people  
Little boxes all aglow  
He said "with this magic you will know,  
With this magic you will know"

Am Em Am  
And they all believed what the man had told them

Am Em Am  
All believed what the man had said  
All bought what the man had sold them  
All bought what the man had said

Full of wonder and desire to understand and know  
Village people stopped their work and  
Watched the boxes all aglow  
Thinking then that they would know  
Thinking then that they would know

And the box showed them the warring people  
It told them of fear and hate  
With pictures of dying people  
The box told them it was their fate

Meanwhile all the crops were dying  
Water wells ran dry  
Village people fought each other  
Never understanding why  
Never understanding why  
Never understanding why

They lost the desire to work together  
Lost years of knowing how  
Life in harmony gone forever

you gotta  
Unlearn  
to  
relearn  
to  
refind  
&  
create  
new...



THE VINE

By Laurel Luddite

(This song is a requiem for the native cultures, lumped together as "Pomo," that lived with the land that is now called the wine country in northern California's Sonoma, Napa, Mendocino and Lake counties. The last verse refers to the Stone and Kelsey massacre at Bloody Island, which used to be in Clear Lake, and is now surrounded by "reclaimed" agriculture land and vineyards... Okay, the key to understanding the way I creatively named some of the chords: A\* is A with the third finger on G string, third fret. Em\* is with third finger on A string, third fret. --Em\*-- is the whole Em\* thing slid up two frets. "2" is a bar chord: low E open, A first finger first fret, rest of strings barred at third fret.)

A(add9) A\* A(add9)  
 Weekend tourists drive their cars  
 Em Em\* Em  
 Past monoculture vineyards  
 A(add9) A\* A(add9)  
 With barbed wire fences  
 Em Em\* Em  
 To keep out the deer  
 D D4 D  
 A landscape of production  
 A(add9)  
 Destruction of the land  
 Em Em\* --Em\*-- Em  
 No sign of the ones who came before

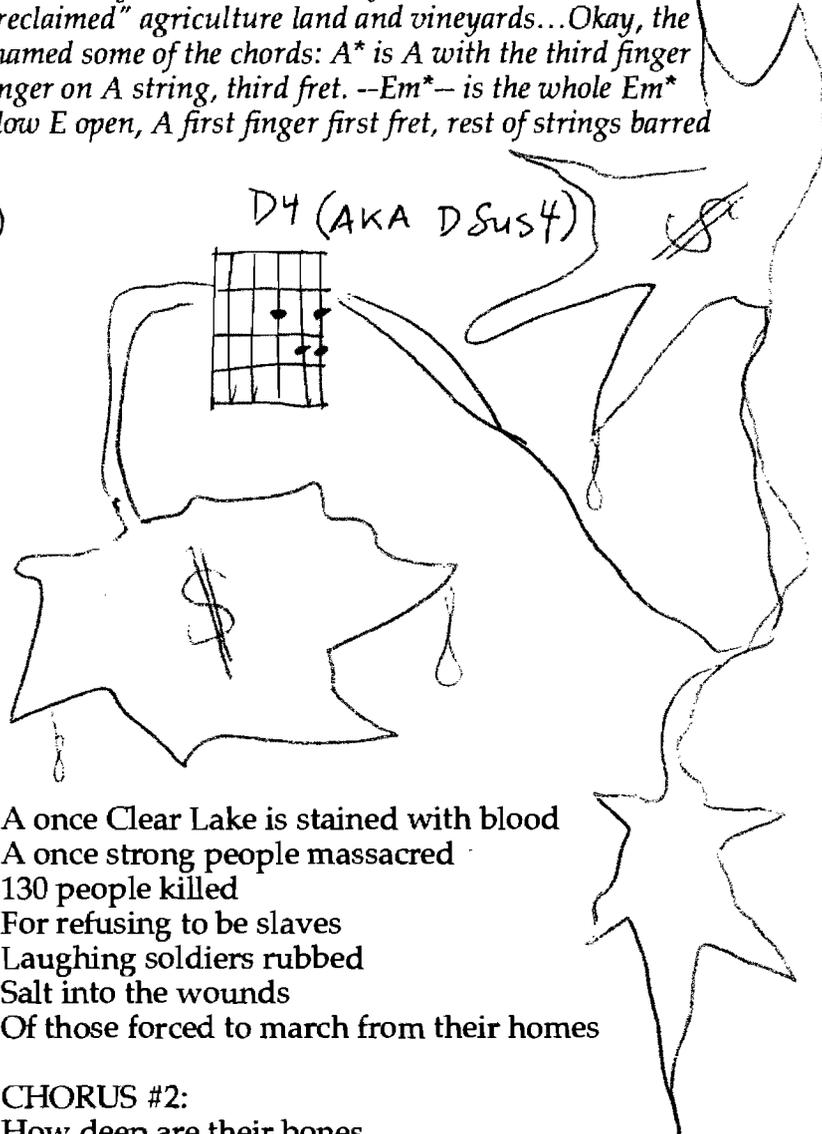
CHORUS:

A(add9) A\* 2  
 Now across the valley  
 Em Em\* --Em\*--  
 Spread the roots of the vine  
 A(add9) A\* 2  
 The fruit of genocide  
 Em Em\* --Em\*-- Em  
 Makes blood red wine

Quala-asha, Brodia ea bulb,\*  
 The acorn and the deer  
 Buckeye-time, no-travel-time,  
 The dreamer and the bear  
 The People of the Red Earth,  
 Autonomous and free  
 10,000 years

CH

JAM: Rock out solo based on verse chords



A once Clear Lake is stained with blood  
 A once strong people massacred  
 130 people killed  
 For refusing to be slaves  
 Laughing soldiers rubbed  
 Salt into the wounds  
 Of those forced to march from their homes

CHORUS #2:

How deep are their bones  
 Buried beneath the vines?  
 How much of their blood  
 Was spilled for wine?  
 Now across the valley  
 Spread the roots of the vine  
 The fruit of genocide  
 Makes blood red wine

\* Kashya Pomo word for mugwort,  
 & a Latin name for a yummy root. (233)

VOICE OF GIDEON

By Tom Burris

(Tom plays this with harmonica in the intro and jam spots. Sounds real good that way, so find yerself a blues harp!)

INTRO: C-Em-F-C-G-C-F-C-G

<sup>C</sup>  
Once I was a farmer on an Iowa farm  
<sup>Em</sup>  
The cornfields as wide as my open arms  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
With a wife and four children countin' on me  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
To keep them from harm

My great, great grandfather homesteaded that land  
And is it so hard to understand  
I buried my father in that very same soil  
With these very same hands

JAM: *Same as Intro chords*

Struggling with forces beyond my control  
Working that crop everyday 'til I dropped  
Took a hard toll on what had always  
Been a sad soul

But that corn wasn't worth a field of stones  
The market stayed down for six years in a row  
The FMHA repossessed on my loan and I  
Lost all I owned

JAM

We'd long since stopped buying our things from the store  
The kids looked like refugees from a civil war  
There's more than it seems to this gap in between  
The rich and the poor

Aw, you bankers, you congressmen, save your speech  
There are some places even your words don't reach  
I am a man who no longer believes in the  
Sermons you preach

Yeah well tell me that one where Mathew describes  
That the Pharisees wanted Jesus to die  
The wealthy and powerful had him crucified 'cause  
He stood by the poor

JAM (x2)

Something just snapped on that terrible day  
My wife took the kids to her parents' place  
So at least they'd be spared the sight of their  
father

Being dragged away

I went into town with a gun in my hand  
I did not know what I was doing  
Should I shoot that bank man in his comfort  
and wealth

Or point that shotgun at my...self...

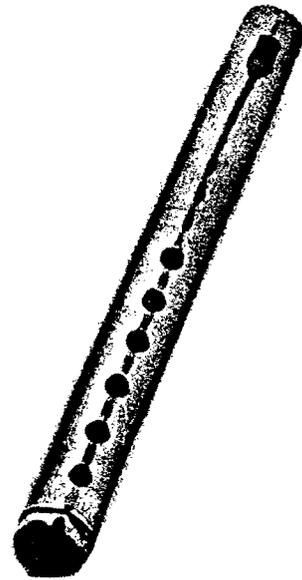
JAM

WALKING IN POWER

By Danny Dollinger

INTRO/CHORUS: E-Esus-E\*1-E\*2 (x2)

E Esus  
 Something pulls you out of bed and puts you in your day  
 E\*1 E\*2  
 And introduces you to everything you need along the way  
 E Esus  
 It puts your finger to the flame and teaches you the burning  
 E\*1 E\*2  
 And you become a ripple in the river of our learning  
 C#m B  
 It locks you at the gateway of your dreams until the hour  
 A B  
 You recognize you've always had the key and  
 E-Esus-E\*1-E\*2  
 You are walking in power



Most folks can't see power unless it is in motion  
 I see fire in your eyes to move the tide across the ocean  
 There's a purpose in your passion, there's a reason for your tears  
 Yet you dissipate your power when you ground it in your fears  
 You will step into destiny and you can do it now  
 Or stumble blindly down your path like you don't know that  
 You are walking in power



BRIDGE:

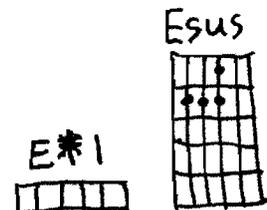
C#m B  
 You are a light now, I am here to remind you  
 A  
 When you take your path you light the way  
 For those who come behind you  
 C#m B  
 There's more to your future than the choices you have made  
 A B  
 So don't be afraid, don't.... be.... afraid (hold)



TAKE BACK CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE

There is power when you stay, there is power when you go  
 There is power in the people who are not aware they know  
 Do not give your power to the cynics who would bind you  
 If you do it's you, and you alone, who has confined you  
 Some would try to steal away the light that lets you flower  
 But you are always safe when you're aware that  
 You are walking in power

When you accept your light you are never in the dark



E\*2



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There is guidance for the asking if you listen with your heart  
And this will bring you to the very things you want the most  
But if you want to sing with angels, you've gotta dance with ghosts  
Show compassion for the people who still tremble and cower  
It was not so long ago you didn't know that  
You are walking in power

Walking in power...  
E - Esus - E\*1 - E\*2 (x2), end on E

I HATE A SONG THAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU  
AREN'T ANY GOOD. I HATE A SONG THAT MAKES YOU  
THINK THAT YOU ARE JUST BORN TO LOSE. BOUND TO  
LOSE. NO GOOD TO NOBODY. NO GOOD FOR NOTHING. BECAUSE  
YOU ARE TOO OLD OR TOO YOUNG OR TOO FAT OR TOO SLIM  
TOO UGLY OR TOO THIS OR TOO THAT. SONGS THAT RIN  
YOU DOWN OR POKE FUN AT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR BAD LUCK  
OR HARD TRAVELING.  
I AM OUT TO FIGHT THOSE SONGS TO MY VERY LAST  
BREATH OF AIR AND MY LAST DROP OF BLOOD.  
I AM OUT TO SING SONGS THAT WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT  
THIS IS YOUR WORLD AND THAT IF IT HAS HIT YOU PRETTY  
HARD AND KNOCKED YOU FOR A DOZEN LOOPS, NO MATTER WHAT  
COLOR, WHAT SIZE YOU ARE, HOW YOU ARE BUILT, I AM OUT TO SING  
THE SONGS THAT MAKE YOU TAKE PRIDE IN YOURSELF AND IN YOUR  
WORK. AND THE SONGS THAT I SING ARE MADE UP FOR THE MOST  
PART BY ALL SORTS OF FOLKS JUST ABOUT LIKE YOU.  
I COULD HIRE OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE, THE BIG MONEY SIDE,  
AND GET SEVERAL DOLLARS EVERY WEEK JUST TO QUIT  
SINGING MY OWN KIND OF SONGS AND TO SING THE KIND  
THAT KNOCK YOU DOWN STILL FARTHER AND THE ONES THAT POKE  
FUN AT YOU EVEN MORE AND THE ONES THAT MAKE YOU  
THINK YOU'VE NOT GOT ANY SENSE AT ALL. BUT  
I DECIDED A LONG TIME AGO THAT I'D STARVE  
TO DEATH BEFORE I'D SING ANY SUCH SONGS AS  
THAT, THE RADIO WAVES AND YOUR MOVIES  
AND YOUR JUKEBOXES AND YOUR  
SONG BOOKS ARE ALREADY LOADED  
DOWN AND RUNNING OVER WITH  
SUCH NO GOOD SONGS AS  
THAT ANYHOW.



WOODY GUTHRIE

# WALTZING WITH THE MOUNTAINS

By Rodney Webb

G

There is a mountain stream so pure

C

G

It's purer than any heart

G

Where rains from clouds come pouring down

C

G

It's where the ocean starts

C

G

It falls through the trees and slides down the leaves

D

G

Trickles and splatters and glides in the breeze

C

G

The Water so clean it flows like a dream

D

C

G

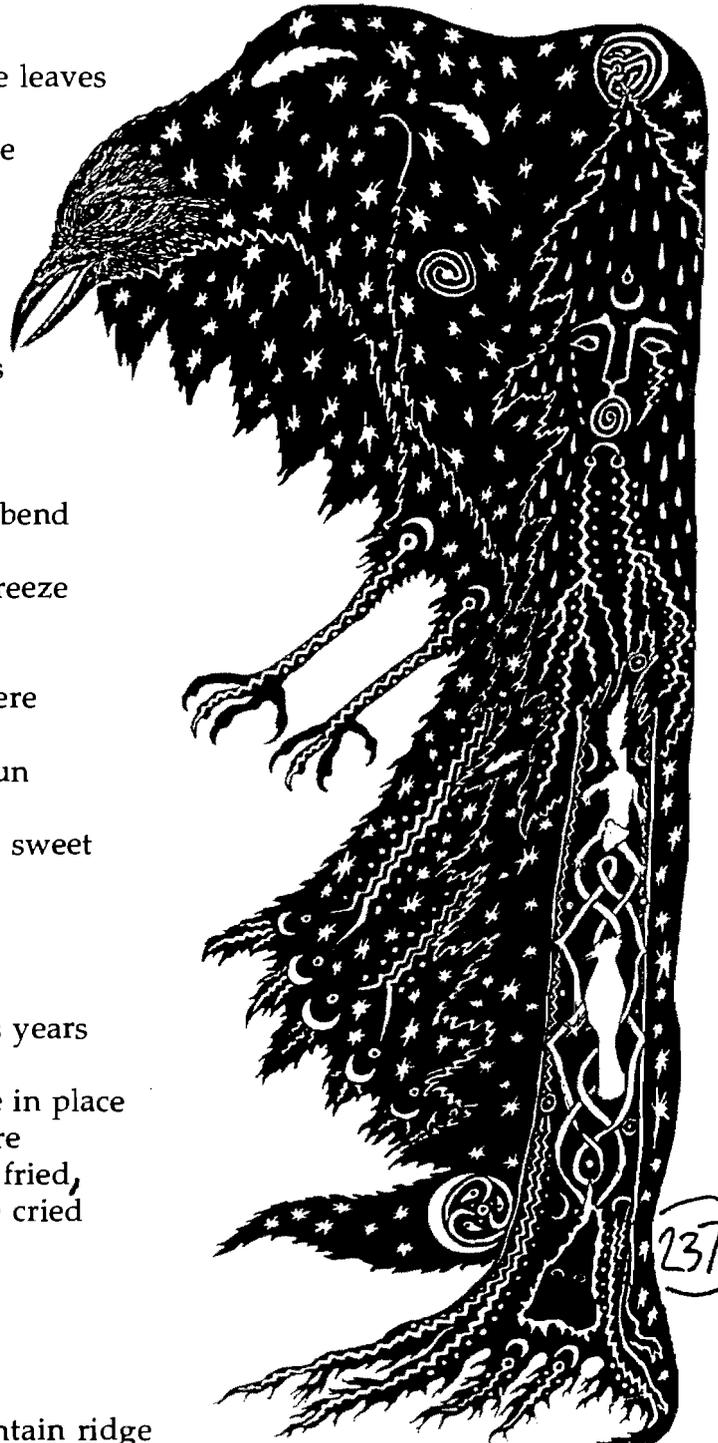
And loses itself with the greatest of ease

Well the trees are so high so the legend goes  
They go all the way to the sky  
They were here before you were born  
And they'll be here the day that you die  
They dance in the wind, they swirl and they bend  
Curtsy and bow and do it again  
They toss their leaves in the cool autumn breeze  
Whispering secrets to the birds, their friends

Well the wildflowers grow in every color here  
And bloom in every imaginable hue  
They rise with the dawn and set with the sun  
And drink up the cool morning dew  
They wink at the butterflies, their nectar's so sweet  
Waving their petals, they tickle bees' feet  
For a few short days they soak up the rays,  
Make love in the wind and then go to seed

Well the rocks have been here a billion plus years  
And they'll be here a billion plus more  
Like a grandfather's face with every wrinkle in place  
They've crinkled and cracked till they're sore  
In the ice they've frozen in the sun they've fried,  
Crumbled in sorrow and in the rain they've cried  
They're the bones of these mountains  
They're the skeleton inside  
Like a ghost in the window  
Under history they hide

Well the sunlight pours over that old mountain ridge  
And the shadows soak it up like a sieve

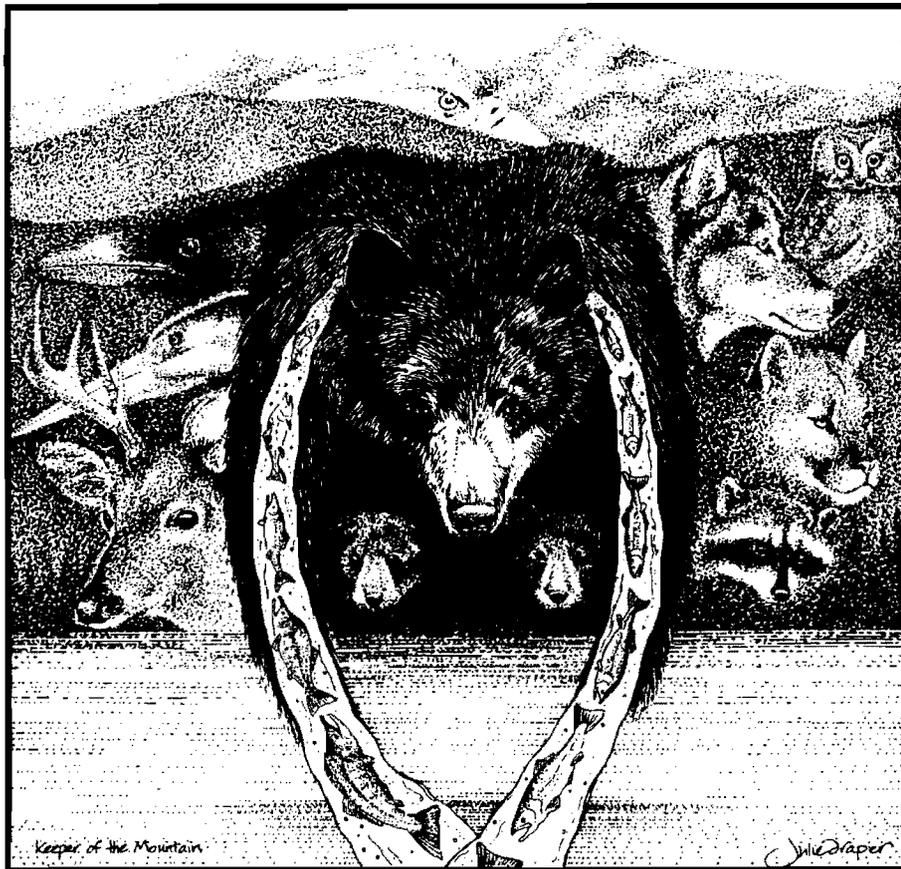


And it burns there all day till the stars come out and play  
Then the moon takes all it's got to give  
And the rain in the stream, like the love in a dream  
They flow down the river in a grandiose scheme  
Feel the heat of the light in the dark of the night  
Fulfilling like destinies, breathing in life

Well love, they say, once grew from this place  
And sometimes it can still be found  
But a heart's got to be true to itself  
And true to the Earth's sacred ground  
For the music of these mountains has a magical ring  
In summer and autumn and winter and spring

Oh come with me, you pretty young thing  
Hug me and kiss me, then let's dance and sing  
Oh come with me, you pretty young thing  
Hug me and kiss me, then let's dance and sing

For the music of these mountains has a magical ring  
In summer and autumn and winter and spring  
For the music of these mountains has a magical ring  
In summer and autumn and winter and spring



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# WARRIOR OF THE EARTH

By Cecelia Ostrow

G C D C  
I came alive in the Cascade Mountains  
G C D C  
They taught me how to sing my song  
G C D C  
I know the sound of the rippling water  
G C D C  
I know the feel of live ground

But when they come to cut the forest  
They cut my heart, they cut my flesh  
I don't know how to hold my sorrow  
I hold the memory...

## CHORUS:

G D  
I know the forest in the dawn, I know the silver river's song  
D G  
Though they cut the forest down and I may have to walk alone  
G D  
Still the Earth will be my power, for I know where I belong  
D G-C-D-G-C-D-C  
I am a warrior of the Earth, I have the mountains in my heart...

I have become a warrior of the Earth  
My heart is pledged to heal her  
I walk the mountains and the cities  
Teaching people to hear her

*(Sing second verse)*

CH

WASTELAND OF THE FREE

By Iris DeMent

(Country that kicks corporate ass. Yeehaw!)

INTRO:

C G C  
Livin' in the wasteland of the free...

C G C  
We got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines

C G C  
And their speech is growing increasingly unkind

Am  
They say they are Christ's disciples

F  
But they don't look like Jesus to me

C G C  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got politicians runnin' races on corporate cash  
Now don't tell me they don't turn around and kiss them people's ass  
Now you may call me old-fashioned  
But that don't fit my picture of a true democracy  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got CEOs makin' two hundred times the workers' pay  
But they'll fight like hell against raisin' the minimum wage  
And if you don't like it, mister  
They'll ship your job to some third world country 'cross the sea  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

CHORUS:

F G C  
Livin' in the wasteland of the free

E Am  
Where the poor have now become the enemy

F C  
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones

E Am F  
Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy

G C  
Livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got little kids with guns fightin' inner city wars  
So what do we do, we put these little kids behind prison doors  
And we call ourselves the advanced civilization  
But that sounds like crap to me  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got high school kids runnin' 'round in Calvin Klein and Guess  
Who cannot pass a sixth grade reading test  
But if you ask them they can tell you  
The name of every crotch on MTV  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We kill for oil, then we throw a party when we win  
Some guy refuses to fight and we call that the sin  
But he's standin' up for what he believes in  
And that seems perty damned American to me  
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

CH

F C  
While we sit gloating in our greatness  
E Am  
Justice is sinking to the bottom of the sea  
F G C  
Livin' in the wasteland of the free (line x3)

## WHEN THE TEAR GAS FILLS THE SKY

By Desert Rat, with last two verses by Brad

*(Acapella, to a marching beat. This song was inspired by a washing machine. You know how a washing machine when it's running has a certain rhythm to it? The reason I was listening to this washing machine was that I was washing the tear gas out of my clothes after the WTO ministerial in Seattle.—D.R.)*

I've seen the lands beyond these borders where the corporations rule  
And they spin their lies and they globalize and the working man's their tool  
And the streams are so polluted that their banks are bleak and bare  
And the babies all are born deformed and the smog is everywhere  
And the workers' wages dropped thirty percent in just one year  
Now the greedy bastards want to bring that situation here

### CHORUS:

And you called upon me brother and you asked what could I do  
And I told the truth, dear brother, when I spoke these words to you:  
"I will stand beside your shoulder when the tear gas fills the sky  
And if a national guardsman shoots me down I'll be lookin' him in the eye  
And I will wash their pepper from your face and go with you to jail  
And if you don't make it through this fight I swear I'll tell your tale  
And I will stay with you in the prison cell in solidarity  
And I will not leave that cursed room 'til you walk out with me  
For we the people fight for freedom while the cops just fight for pay  
And as long as truth is in our hearts we're sure to win some day  
I will not falter when the iron fist comes out of the velvet glove  
I will stand beside you brother and defend this land I love

I've heard tales from conquered islands where the sweatshop barons rule  
Recruiting girls from the Asian slums to be the rich man's tool  
And they're promised lives of luxury in the golden U.S.A.  
And then they're stranded on these islands with their passports stripped away  
And their aging fingers toil and bleed year after grueling year  
Now the greedy bastards want to bring those same conditions here

CH (*sister in place of brother*)

I've walked the tall misty forests, a pulsing vein from ancient time  
And they'll cut the heart out of a mountain to kill the oldest things alive  
Now the rainforest dwellers smell a burning, and the 'dozers are close behind  
Replaced with plantations and cattle, plowing under whatever they find  
With the rain comes a raging mudslide, where the land was stripped and cleared  
Now the greedy bastards want to bring those same conditions here

I've watched the oceans rolling, schools of fish running under the tide  
Working fishermen grounding their boats, starving on a hook and line  
While the industrial fishers haul in their nets, scouring the deep ocean floor  
Dolphin and sea turtle snagged in those nets will ride those waves no more  
They rip the heart out of the deep blue sea, their boats increase every year  
Now the greedy bastards want to push their bloody products here

CH (*last line twice*)

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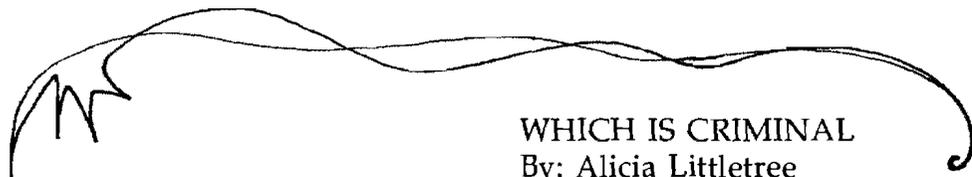
WHERE THERE'S FEAR THERE IS POWER  
By The Reclaiming Collective of San Francisco  
(Chant. We sing this for Gypsy a lot.)

Where there's fear there is power,  
Passion is the healer,  
Desire cracks open the gate,  
If you're ready it'll take you through...

And nothing lasts forever  
Time is the destroyer  
The wheel turns again and again  
Watch out! It'll take you through...

And nothing dies forever,  
Nature is the renewer,  
The wheel turns again and again  
When you're ready it'll take you through.  
When you're ready it'll take you through,  
When you're ready it'll take you...through...

DANGER ⚡  
IS ESSENTIAL  
TO LIFE 🌱



WHICH IS CRIMINAL  
By: Alicia Littletree  
(Acapella)

Every morning he bang on my door  
Got to get up, don't know what for  
Another day locked up, locked down, nothing more

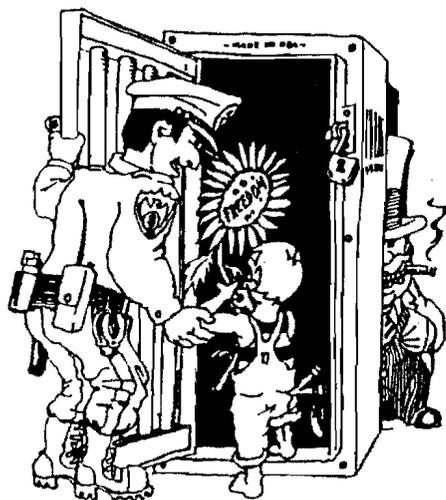
Got nothing to do 'cept do my time  
Cold concrete is so unkind  
What am I supposed to do with my mind

I think of the hands while I stare at the wall  
That laid these bricks six stories tall  
And I think of the day it's all gonna crumble and fall

In the evening it's time to sleep  
I don't even see the sky in my dreams  
Tell me which is criminal, this bright cold hell or me?

*"We better keep that in a safe place"*

Tell me which is criminal, this bright cold hell...  
That clock on the wall...  
Those guards who lock us in...  
Or me?  
Or me?  
Or me?



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# WHISTLES AND STEAM

By Zak Borden

(Capo second fret. All G chords should be played with your pointer finger lifted off. Experiment with hammering it on and off too.)

<sup>G</sup> So late Sunday evenin', I boarded a train  
<sup>Em C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> I started to dream in whistles and steam  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G D</sup> Roll me, roll me on through the rain  
<sup>C — G</sup>

I dreamt you came to me in the form of a swan  
So quickly you flew and somehow I knew  
Forever, forever your sweet love is gone

## CHORUS:

<sup>Am-C</sup> I cling to my pillow...there I can hide...  
<sup>G D-C</sup>  
And weep like a willow...pretending it's you by my side  
<sup>G</sup>

## TURN-AROUND (Instrumental jam with the intro chord progression.)

So many wish they were wanted the way that I want you  
And I'd toe the line, just show me a sign  
And tell me, tell me that you want me too  
'Cause I can't seem to find my home but I know where I've been  
And my roots were strong but now they are gone  
And I'm rollin', rollin' around in the wind

CH

## TURN-AROUND

So now the big train, it rumbles, across the mountain so steep  
(Slowly) And though I wish I could die, my seat is warm and dry  
And it cradles, cradles my poor heart to sleep

<sup>G D</sup> Please pray, pray my soul...to keep  
<sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G D</sup> And it cradles, cradles my poor heart to sleep  
<sup>C — G</sup>

# WHITE WATER

By Phil Wilhite

In the <sup>Dm</sup> Appalachian <sup>F</sup> mountains there grows a great tree <sup>C</sup>  
It's part in <sup>F</sup> North <sup>C</sup> Carolina and it's part in Tennessee  
And it's been growing on now some fifty million years  
<sup>F</sup> Running wild and free with white water <sup>C</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>

It came down from the mountains swelled by mountain snow  
From the lofty summits to the flatlands below  
Wild and unrestricted flowing fast and free  
The forest drew its life from white water

For years it ran unfettered, → then man came along  
And with his ingenuity he stopped the river's song  
He damned it up and flumed it to fill his own needs  
And sucked all the life from white water

We're rushing to destruction ... oh tell me you can't see  
In our suicidal mad race to our final destiny  
Consumed by our addictions by our own selfish greed  
And now there is no more white water  
And now there is no more white water

One day the dams will crumble and we will all go down  
When this overfed society and old TVA ain't around  
The rivers will spring back to life and break their rusty chains  
'Cause nothing can stop white water  
Oh nothing can stop white water

WHY HAVE ALL THE YUPPIES COME?

By Lu Seedhead, with last line by some sneaky kids, music by Pete Seeger  
(To the tune of Pete Seeger's "Where have all the flowers gone?" The only difference in melody between the two is that I play D7 on the second line [instead of D] because it sounds more sarcastic. One day while stuck in Boulder, CO busking, some 50-year old liberal walked by and said, "Hey, you weren't even born when that song was written! Hey! Those aren't the right words!")

G                      Em                      C                      D  
Why have all the yuppies come, short time passing  
G                      Em                      C                      D7  
Why have all the yuppies come, short time ago  
G                      Em                      C                      D  
Why have all the yuppies come, they're in SUVs, every one, oh...  
C    C                      D                      G  
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

Why do subdivisions grow, short time passing  
Why do subdivisions grow, short time to grow  
Why do subdivisions grow, cardboard houses don't you know, oh...  
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, short time passing  
Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, short time ago  
Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, we lower our standards every day, oh...  
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

Why do cops beat up my friends, short time passing  
Why do cops beat up my friends, time and time again  
Why do cops beat up my friends, 'cause yuppies don't like Mexicans...  
Except when we work for them...except when we work for them

Why are we in all these ruts, short time passing  
Why are we in all these ruts, from then until now  
Why are we in all these ruts, we won't stand up, we've got no guts, oh...  
When will we ever learn...when will we learn to burn?

# WILDFIRE

By Anne Arcky

(This song was inspired by the mosaic burns at Warner Creek, Oregon, and by the people of the Earth who refuse to serve the empire.)

<sup>Am</sup> On dry mountain ridges where the forest lies broken <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Flames of renewal begin,

<sup>Am</sup> But the boys of big timber with the laws in their pockets <sup>G</sup>

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Are up to their old tricks again..

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And they're hellbent on takin' out the trees  
They say fire is a dangerous threat,  
But the danger is the business of manipulating nature  
And in the end they'll get what they'll get what they'll get

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am-C-G</sup>  
In the end they'll get what they'll get what they'll get

<sup>Am-C-G</sup>  
What they'll get...

## CHORUS:

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
And it's a wildfire they can't put out.

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
It's a power that can't be controlled

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
It's a surge of the living soul of the Earth

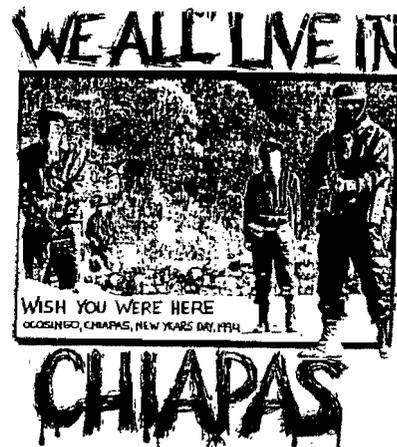
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Creating the new while destroying the old

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am-C-G</sup>  
Creating the new while destroying the old

In wet mountain canyons of the Lacandon jungle  
A defiant people draw the line  
Manifest destiny has taken enough  
And they're not moving over this time  
The corporate world order is beating down the door  
While the Mexican elite paves the way,  
But what goes around always comes back around  
They might hide from the truth, but they can't run away  
They may hide from the truth but they can't run away...

We are born of fire  
Into a world ablaze with change  
While we fight their crumbling empire  
We are learning to rearrange  
This dream of  
Liberation

CH:  
And it's a wildfire they can't put out,  
It's a power that cannot be named,  
It's the flames of resistance in the eyes of the people  
And just like the forest, we will not be tamed,  
Just like the forest we will not be tamed



Can be fueled by our desire...  
This global economy threatens autonomy  
And only our vision can fuel the fire  
Only our vision can fuel the fire  
Fuel the fire...

WILL THE FETUS BE ABORTED?

By Darryl Cherney & Judi Bari

(Religious tune: Will the Circle be Unbroken?)

G  
Betty Lou she got pregnant  
C G  
But was addicted to 15 drugs

She went down to the abortion clinic  
D G  
And was accosted by right wing thugs

CHORUS:

Oh will the fetus be aborted  
By and by Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waitin'  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Little Mary was just 11  
And she was raped by her own dad  
Danny Quayle said have that baby  
But another choice she had

Annie's pregnancy would kill her  
The doctor's warning gave her strife  
Fundamentalists said "Jesus take her"  
She said I want my right to life

Brigit had two kids already  
And an abortion is what she chose  
Christians showed her a bloody fetus  
She said "That's fine, I'll have one of those!"

CH

Tanya lived for revolution  
Wanted to overthrow the state  
She had 15 commie babies  
Phyllis Schlafley, ain't that great

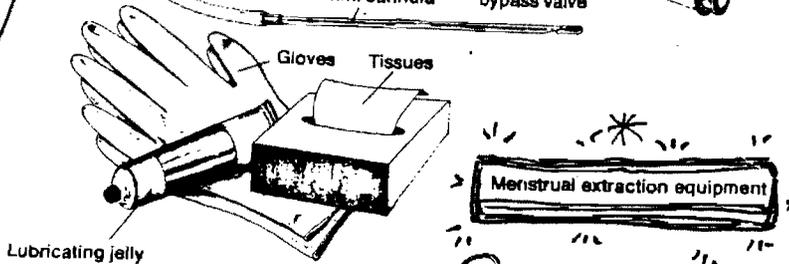
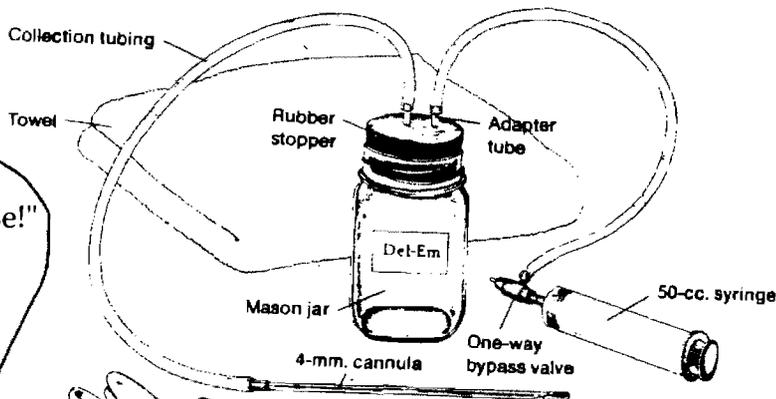
Randall Terry hated abortion  
But for a peaceful end he searched  
He said "we'll never bomb your clinic"  
We said "we'll never bomb your church"

CH

There's so many starving children  
And living in the streets is tough

There's 5 billion of us already  
Don't you think that it's enough?

CH



\*  
plus  
one  
speculum!  
O-ring forceps  
Cervical stabilizer

248

WILLIE SAYS  
By Dana Lyons

Willie Says  
Here's a story that you may not comprehend  
But the parking lots will crack and bloom again  
There's a world beneath the pavement that will never end  
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end

Willie says  
If you listen you can hear the sound of birds  
Hear their song above the chaos, hear their words  
Listen to their love song, it will never end  
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end  
If you listen you may hear...

Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end  
Listen to their love song, it will never end

CHORUS:

And the old one sits with me above the city  
While I watch the madness of the world below  
And she laughs and tells me that it's temporary  
Underneath the wild garden waits to grow

It's a dream that keeps returning that will never end

Never end, never end, never end

Willie says

Willie says

Willie says

Willie says  
When you say you are afraid I understand  
In a place where one can rarely smell the land  
But the ocean breeze still blows here, that will never end  
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end

Willie says  
If you listen to this tree you'll hear its song  
It's the music that my people pass along  
It's a dream that keeps returning that will never end  
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end  
If you listen you may hear...

CH

Willie says  
Here's a story that you may not comprehend  
But the forest here will rise and bloom again  
There's a world beneath the pavement that will never end

WINDFALL

By Jay Farrar (Son Volt)

(Capo on the second fret)

<sup>G</sup>  
Now and then it keeps you running

<sup>D</sup>  
It never seems to die

<sup>Bm</sup>  
Trails spin with fear

<sup>C</sup>  
Not enough living on the outside

<sup>G</sup>  
Never seem to get far enough

<sup>D</sup>  
Staying in between the lines

<sup>Bm</sup>  
Hold on to what you can

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Waiting for the end, not knowing when

CHORUS:

<sup>G</sup>  
May the wind take your troubles away

<sup>D</sup>  
May the wind take your troubles away

<sup>C</sup>  
Both feet on the floor

<sup>G</sup>  
Two hands on the wheel

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
May the wind take your troubles away

BRIDGE:

<sup>D</sup>  
Trying to make it far enough

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
To the next time zone

<sup>D</sup>  
Few and far between past the midnight hour

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Never feel alone

<sup>Em</sup>  
You're really not alone

Switching it over to A.M.  
Searching for a truer sound  
Can't recall the call letters  
Steel guitar and settle down  
Catchin' an all-night station

Somewhere in Louisiana,  
Sounds like 1963  
But for now...sounds like heaven

CH

END:

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
May the wind take your troubles away

<sup>C</sup>  
May the wind

<sup>G</sup>  
Take your troubles away

WOOD, STONE, FEATHER AND BONE  
By Joules Graves  
(Acapella chant)

Wood, stone, feather and bone  
Roaring of the ocean guide us home (section x2)

CHORUS:  
Angels, singin', angels, singin',  
In my soul, in my soul  
In my soul, in my soul

River sea redwood tree (ancient tree)  
Howling of the wind gonna set us free (section x2)

CH

# WORD IS GETTING OUT

By The Artist Formerly...Aw, hell! By Squid, alright?

INTRO: D-D11-D-A-A7 x2

D D11-D  
Word is getting out that the people aren't as

Bm A  
Happy as they would seem, if you

D D11-D  
Believed all actors in the

Bm A  
Movies and on TV, and if you

D D11-D  
Trusted all the models in the

Bm A  
Trendy magazines, if you

D D11-D  
Trusted the anorexic women in the

Bm A  
Calvin Klein jeans, and

G A  
Everyone, can feel an emptiness swelling up in-

G A  
Side, and it's eating them up a-

G A  
Live, and they can't quite seem to figure out why

But the word is getting out  
That the people are not quite content  
Despite the great entertainment  
Provided by the internet  
And despite the many miracles  
Of modern medicine  
Despite the growing numbers of prescriptions  
For anti-depressants

And everyone can feel an emptiness swelling up inside  
And it's eating them up alive  
But they still can't seem to figure out why

But the word is getting out  
That the people aren't as stupid as they may seem  
And they no longer believe in lies  
Like the American Dream  
And they are skeptical of institutions  
And bureaucracy  
And they don't respect any representatives  
Of authority

And I can feel a spark starting to set fire  
It's being fueled by a growing desire  
For a world much more meaningful

And the word is getting out  
That the people aren't as idle as they may seem  
To those struggling to maintain control  
Of this dying regime  
And to those who only view the world  
From inside their SUVs  
To those in denial of  
Forthcoming calamities

And I can feel a spark starting to start fire  
It's being fueled by a growing desire  
To see this whole world burn to the ground

Bm A G  
So lets add some fuel to the flames!

Bm A G  
Let's dance 'round the fire and proclaim, that

Bm A G  
We're taking our lives back today, and

Bm A G  
No one else can take that away!

END (same as intro)  
(slow down on last chords)

Peace sign, also  
used to poke some-  
body in the eyes.



Mr. F. Sh

WORLD FALLS

By Indigo Girls

(Capo on 3rd fret sounds good. Each chord is half a measure, except as noted in the bridge.)

D C  
I'm coming home with a stone, strapped onto my back

D C9 (C works too)  
I'm coming home with a burning hope, turning all my blues to black

D C9  
I'm looking for a sacred hand, to carve into my stone

D  
A ghost of comfort, angels breath

C  
To keep this life inside my chest

CHORUS:

D G  
This world falls on me

D G  
Hopes of immortality

D G  
Everywhere I turn

D G  
All the beauty just keeps shaking me



Now I woke up in the middle of a dream  
Scared the world was too much for me  
Sejarez said, "don't let go  
Just plant the seeds and watch them grow"  
I've slept in rainy canyon lands  
cold drenched to my skin  
I always wake to find a face  
To calm these troubled lands

CH#2:

Ah this world falls on me  
With dreams of immortality  
Everywhere I turn  
All the beauty just keeps shaking me

BRIDGE:

A G D A  
Now I'm running to the end of the Earth

A G D A  
And I'm swimming to the edge of the sea

A G D A  
And I'm laughing I'm under a starry sky

G D  
This world was meant for me don't bury me

I wish I once a nomad, an Indian  
or a Saint  
The edge of death would disappear,  
leave me nothing left to taint  
I wish I was a nomad, an Indian  
or a Saint  
Give me walking shoes, feathered arms,  
and a key to Heaven's gate

CH

BRIDGE & last line:

I've got hopes of immortality.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (The Diggers Song)

By Leon Rossleson

(This song has been passed around many a campfire, fueling modern day land occupations in Europe and North America. Check out Dick Gaughan's or Billy Bragg's versions. For more information about the Diggers, check out Britain's "The Land is Ours" movement: <http://www.oneworld.org/tlio/index.html>) See also "The Diggers Song", pg. 72.

<sup>C</sup>  
In 1649, to St. George's hill <sup>Dm</sup>

<sup>F</sup>  
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the peoples' will <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup>  
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws <sup>Dm</sup>

<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

CHORUS:

"We come in peace" they said, "to dig and sow  
We come to work the land in common and make the wastelands grow  
This Earth divided we will make whole  
So it will be a common treasury for all

"The sin of property, we do disdain  
No one has any right to buy or sell the Earth for private gain  
By theft and murder, they stole the land  
Now everywhere the walls rise up at their command

"They make the laws, to serve them well  
Their clergy dazzles us with heaven or they damn us into hell  
We will not worship, the god they serve  
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folks starve

"We work we eat together, we need no swords  
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent unto the lords  
We are free people, though we are poor  
You Diggers all stand up for freedom stand up now"

From the men of property, the orders came  
They sent their hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claims  
Tore down their cottages, destroyed their corn  
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on

"You poor take courage, you rich take care  
This Earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share  
All things in common, all beings one."  
They came in peace, the orders came to cut them down

CH (last line two times)

## YOU SUCK

By Yeastie Girls & Consolidated

(Rap this one to drum beats, a trap set, clanging pots, whatever's on hand.)

I know you're really proud 'cause you think you're well-hung  
But I think it's time you learn how to use your tongue  
You say you want things to be even and you want things to be fair  
But you're afraid to get your teeth caught in my pubic hair  
If you're lying there expecting me to suck your dick  
You're going to have to give me more than just a token lick  
Well you may not like it but you better learn how  
'CAUSE IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!

### CHORUS:

Now YOU SUCK

Suck it hard

Go down

Baby YOU SUCK

Lick it hard

And move your tongue around

Well I know you think it's a real drag  
To suck my cunt when I'm on the rag  
Quit making up stories, yeah give me a break  
'Cause I really don't believe that you got a headache  
You tell me it's gross to suck my yeast infection  
How do you think I feel when I gag on your erection?  
You're wasting your tongue with lame excuses and lies  
GET YOUR FACE BETWEEN MY THIGHS!

If you're worried about babies you can lower your risk  
By giving me that special cunnilingus kiss  
It's on your face that I'm gonna sit  
You can wiggle, you can jiggle your tongue on my clit  
Don't worry about making me have an orgasm  
Just take your time and do it with enthusiasm  
I can tell it's making you scared just thinking of it  
BUT YOU BETTER LEARN TO LOVE IT!

CH (*very good*)

CH (*Follow previous instructions*)

When you hear safe sex you snicker under your breath  
We got to take cover, we're flirting with death  
AIDS is our problem, we've got to talk  
Break out your dental dam and your latex sock  
I'm your latex lover wrapped like a gift  
Got my microwave plastic wrap heating up my clit  
Dinner's on, get busy with my booty  
Got a couple of flavors, sweet licorice and fruity  
I know you're sad, luscious pussy with a cover  
I'm aching too, we can't taste each other  
But there's no slacking off with an unprotected stroke  
'CAUSE THIS AIN'T NO JOKE!

CH

YOUR RULES  
By Robert Hoyt

We <sup>G</sup>prayed for your <sup>C</sup>collapse  
And we accepted your <sup>G</sup>table <sup>C</sup>scraps  
Hoping beyond hope you'd <sup>D</sup>drop the ball  
But it's a <sup>G</sup>fixed <sup>C</sup>game  
Played in your <sup>G</sup>court of <sup>C</sup>shame  
Consider this your <sup>G</sup>wakeup <sup>D</sup>call

CHORUS:

'Cause we aren't <sup>Em</sup>playing by your <sup>C</sup>rules anymore <sup>G</sup>  
You set up <sup>Em</sup>the hoops for us to jump through  
Then you set up <sup>A</sup>some more  
What do you <sup>C</sup>take us for, <sup>G</sup>fools?  
We're gonna use all our <sup>C</sup>tools <sup>G</sup>  
And we aren't <sup>C</sup>playing by your <sup>D</sup>rules anymore <sup>G</sup>

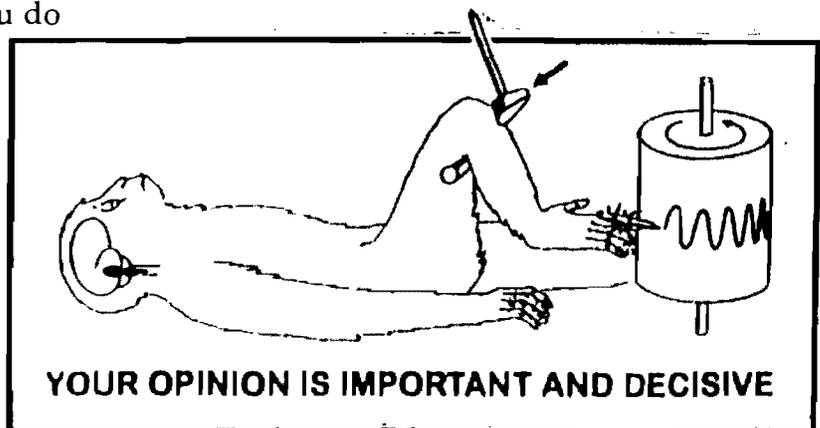
The letters that we wrote  
And we never forgot to vote  
We lobbied 'til our faces turned blue  
We worked in our spare time  
And we never made a dime  
While you got paid well for what you do

CH



**If You Don't  
RIOT**

**Then You Can't  
COMPLAIN**





Will you be meditating at the Pyramids  
Or in your Idaho bunker just flipping your lid  
I wanna know what you're gonna do  
'Cause I might just wanna follow you

CH

Now the wizards who created this computer crash  
Are selling the solutions for piles of cash  
Did you think the corporations were giving an inch  
What do you think the army will do in a pinch  
Could it be a little computer flaw  
Is their excuse for instituting martial law

CH

Will you be in Jerusalem waiting for Christ  
But his website is down, so forget it, no dice  
Will you be on 42nd Street at old Times Square  
Where the ball that falls is stuck in the air  
Will you be on the space shuttle afraid to land  
Cause even all of its computers are jammed

CH

Order  
Order  
Order  
Chaos

*An Hootenanny Editor hard at work...*



# DO-IT-YOURSELF MUSIC THEORY

no groans allowed just yet...

## IDEAS FOR RADICAL MUSIC

Music, like industrial sabotage, is fun. It becomes more fun the more you practice and understand it. The following pages contain a very brief look at some simple and complex ideas to help you keep playing and listening. Whether you're just picking up a guitar for the first time or you happen to be a diehard fiddlin' punkrocker, some of this will be of interest, hopefully!

Most of the songs in this ol' songbook follow basic western/European music theory guidelines, the same that most classical music follows. Thus, we'll be covering this style of music in the following music theory discussion. We regrettably don't (yet!) have the skill (or page space) to do justice to musical styles from other rich cultures.

However, western music has recognizable patterns that sound pretty good, which is why us folkies often use its patterns and concepts as guidelines. Getting to know musical patterns can help you jam and improvise with musicians at hootenannies, as well as help you write and play your own music.

For practical purposes, guitar is the focus instrument in the following pages. We also talk about the piano and cover singing, scales and basic theory. A lot of the info here will apply broadly.

If you find the following introductory look at music theory interesting, dive in with further reading and study.

Now remember, don't stress about music theory guidelines. All music arises from instinct, and everyone's body can create music, from handclaps to singing to programming drum machines. Don't be shy about music. Don't keep yourself from playing just because you don't sound like Alice DiMichele. Give yourself time to fuck around and feel it out. Maybe you're a bass player, maybe you're a singing carpenter. Play music everyday, even if only for a few minutes. This more than anything is vital for beginning and advanced musicians alike. It should become habit. Undoubtedly, if you play with your ears and listen with your hands, you'll do a lot to raise the spirits of you and your comrades.

## WARMING UP

Music sounds better when you warm up. It's like stretching before the eight-mile backwoods hike to re-supply the treesit. Start warming up your voice by humming almost inaudibly. Focus on a sustained breath and constant, steady pitch (but don't obsess over it). Then expand into singing notes up and down the high/low spectrum as if your voice was on a roller coaster, softly, then loudly.

Warm up your hands by shaking your wrists and wiggling your fingers. Then make fists and roll your wrists approximately eleven times in each direction. Do this again with fingers extended. You'll think up other stuff like this that works for you. If your throat or hands hurt while playing, stop and drink some licorice root tea or stretch some more.

## SINGING

Like Pete Seeger and Joan Baez, we believe everyone can and should sing. Can you imagine a chorus of CEOs belting out *Grandmother's Back*?

If you want to practice singing, find a place where no one will hear you. Creeks or rivers are best; showers work too. Try chanting. Belt out the notes. There are probably societal blocks in you that need to be sung out.

For practice in hitting notes, take out your guitar or any instrument (piano's good if you have access). Choose any chord and hit each note individually. Try to sing that note with your voice. If you're straining for the note, it may be too high or low for right now (you will expand your vocal range as time goes on), so pick another chord or note that's easier.

Listen to your guitar and voice together. There shouldn't be any wavering dissonance. Sound waves are such that you can tell if you are in tune with the note you plucked when you can't hear separateness in the tones. If you hear separate wobbling, it's time to adjust your voice.

While playing guitar, you've got a guide right there with you, in the chords you're playing. The chord's notes are the notes, or at least the complimentary notes, you can sing. Knowing this can help you stay in tune. For instance, before you start a song, play the first chord and hum your starting note to yourself. If you can't find your starting note, you can often find it by plucking the individual strings of the chord you're playing, or by playing through the song until you catch the tune.

For a better listen on how your voice sounds, sing a little ditty with your hand cupped from your mouth round to your ear and you'll channel a lot of the escaping sound right back to yourself. This is painfully honest sometimes, but because of that it helps!

When singing, use the muscles of your belly to push out the notes. Imagine that your throat allows the air pushed from your belly to become music. Practice articulating the lyrics very precisely, then slurring. Practice with a hard edge to your voice, then make it gravelly, then breathy. Know that your vocal chords will strengthen as time goes on, improving your accuracy and control, as well as widening your singing range. A song that is difficult for you to sing right now will be a piece of cake down the road—it's uncanny! (More on singing range in the transposing section.)

## HARMONIZE THIS!

Think barbershop quartet.

The melody of song is its main tune. If someone asked you how a certain song goes, you'd sing her a bit of the melody. You harmonize when you sing different but complimentary notes at the same time as a pal of yours sings the melody. Though harmony usually doesn't have main stage like the melody, it is just as important, and often makes a song much more vibrant.

Harmonizing is truly one of the most fun parts about singing. For some people who have never done it before, it can be very frustrating. For others, especially if they've sung in a choir at some point, it comes naturally.

Let's say a song's melody is too low for you. Sing a higher harmony part. If you're teaming up with a singing friend, harmonizing will make the duet more interesting. Make it up as you go, or stick with a simple, obvious harmony.

Experiment. But be careful not to sing too loud if you are just experimenting with things, 'cause you can make it harder for

the person singing the melody. And don't overdue your harmony. Sometimes it's easy to get carried away and start singing harmony all over the place, but often harmonies sound best just on certain lines or only on the choruses.

When you read the scales and chords sections below, think how this relates to harmony. Knowing music theory helps you find the pattern in which notes sound harmonious together.

### GUITAR PLAYING

Here are some basic guitar hints stolen from an unknown guitar teacher (the folk evolutionary-appropriation process!):

- Most of the guitar pick (a.k.a. plectrum) is handle. Use only the tip to make contact with the strings.
- Hold the pick firmly. This produces more string sound and less pick noise.
- Remember that you move the wrist when strumming, rarely the elbow.
- Although the hand is constantly moving, you don't have to always be hitting notes or strums. Put in some rests so you don't have constant sound. Your hand is like a metronome rhythm keeper.
- Strum like a piston (hey, we are not machines!), up and down in a variety of patterns and combos, rather than down, down, down.
- Tap your foot with every downbeat. This brings the music into your entire body.
- Use the smallest amount of pressure in making the chord shapes, just as much as you need to make them sound good and clear.
- Don't crank your chord wrist (left hand usually). Keep your wrist bent as little as possible. To reach all kinds of chord shapes, move your arm so your hand has easy access.
- Relax, then relax some more. Don't hold your breath.
- Notice the emotional difference in chords strummed beginning with up or down strums.
- Experiment with dynamics. Don't always play loud, or always soft. Try playing softer when you sing, or when someone else is singing or jamming a solo. Also, think of what you're saying in the song and maybe get quiet if it's sad, then louder and stronger for crescendo effect. Playing dynamically is often the simple secret to fancy-sounding playing.

### THE TUNING SONG

As with singing, you listen for sound wave dissonance as you tune your strings. No wobble! Sometimes it takes forever to get yer axe in tune, and if anybody's waiting on you, much less a crowd at the bar, that embarrassing tuning blush is sure to come on. To get out of this nasty situation, call it *The Tuning Song* and yell "sod off!" to any impatient ones.

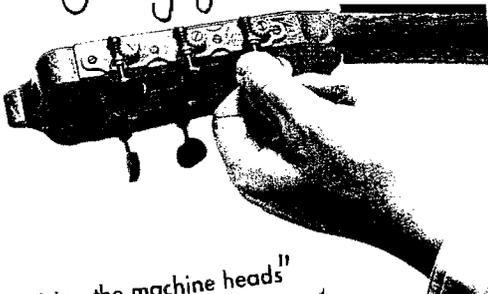
Tuning may take awhile if your strings are old, the guitar's tuning pegs are slipping, or global warming is hitting and your guitar doesn't like the changing temperatures. But just as likely tuning's slow 'cause your ear isn't trained. It can take awhile to get an ear for whether a string is slightly sharp or flat, but make yourself tune-up even if there's a really good guitarist there who will do it for you. You'll learn more quickly doing it yourself.

Likewise, beware the electric tuner! Use a tuning fork or pitch pipe instead, and practice tuning your strings in relation to each other. It's about

tuning the guitar as a whole, rather than each isolated string. You can be tuned to "true" notes (true E is often used) with the help of the aforementioned fork or pipe or you can just tune the guitar to itself, especially if you're playing solo. Here's some stuff we stole from various books on tuning:

★ Before any piece of music can be played, the guitar must be tuned correctly. Each of the open strings should be adjusted so that it is in with all the others. If the strings are tuned to "true" E or A as a reference point, the guitar can be played with other instruments.

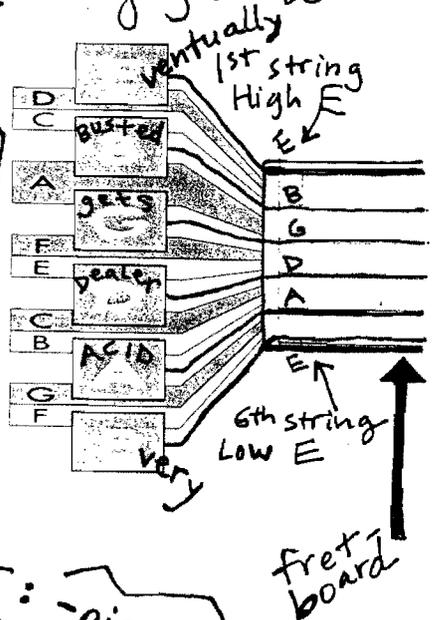
Discord → Accurate tuning is vitally important. When the open strings are not perfectly in tune, the guitar produces an unpleasantly discordant effect & chords & scales sound wrong. This can be discouraging for beginning guitarists. Don't worry - keep crackin'... ★



**Using the machine heads**

Each string on the guitar is wound onto a machine head. String tension is adjusted by turning the machine head until the string is in tune. Turning the machine head counterclockwise increases string tension and raises the pitch of the string. Guitar strings may go out of tune because of age, string slippage, changes in temperature, or simply as a result of playing.

**OPEN-STRING INTERVALS**  
The fixed series of pitches that run from the lowest to the highest strings are tuned in an ascending order of musical intervals. Intervals between notes have a numeric value based on the relationships of those notes within a scale. Each of the open strings is also designated a letter name from the series A to G. The 6th string (E) and the 5th string (A) are separated by an interval of a fourth. This is because there are four tones running from the notes E to A (E-F-G-A). The remaining strings are also tuned in intervals of fourths, except the 3rd (G) and 2nd (B) strings, where there is an interval of a third (the three notes G, A, and B).



★ **TUNING TO A REFERENCE POINT:**

The guitar is frequently tuned by selecting a reference point then tune a string to that note. Then that in-tune string can be the reference note for all the other strings. You can just start with a single note, and tune the guitar to itself if you don't have a "true" note from another reference point.

- piano - electric tuner  
- tuning fork - pitch pipe etc!  
a single note, and tune the guitar to itself if you don't have a "true" note from another reference point.

**TUNING WITH A KEYBOARD**

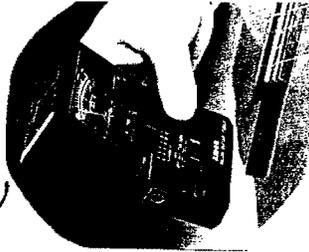
The first step in learning to tune the guitar is to find a source for reference tones. Using a piano or other keyboard, the strings on a guitar can be tuned to six keys on the keyboard. The diagram on the right shows the relationship between the keys on the piano and the open strings of the guitar.



HIT THE FORK AGAINST YOUR KNEE & THEN PRESS IT AGAINST THE GUITAR BODY.



Pitch pipe



Electric tuners



## BASIC TUNING METHOD \*

Once the 1st string is in tune, it can be used as a reference point for tuning the 2nd string. Play E on the 2nd string 5th fret and leave the note to ring. Sound E on the open 1st string so that it rings at the same time, then adjust the 2nd-string machine head until the two strings are in tune. This technique of matching adjacent strings can be used right across the fingerboard.



1 Play E on the 5th fret of the 2nd string, then the open 1st string. Adjust the 2nd string until it is in tune with the 1st string.



2 Play the note B on the 4th fret of the 3rd string, closely followed by B on the open 2nd string. Adjust the 3rd string.



3 Play the note G on the 5th fret of the 4th string, then the G on the open 3rd string. Adjust the 4th string.



4 Play the note D on the 5th fret of the 5th string, then D from the open 4th string. Adjust the 5th string.



5 Play A on the 5th fret of the 6th string followed by A from the open 5th string. Adjust the 6th string.



\* you can also tune using octaves, or using harmonics.

## HAMMERING

Hammering is fairly easy once you get the knack, and it nicely spices up normal chords. It's a handy (pun intended) stepping stone to actually soloing during the musical breaks in your songs. The concept is that a finger that's part of making a chord shape is lifted off a string and placed down again relatively quickly, causing a change in notes: a between-strums hammer sound.

What's crucial is the between-strums part. If your finger is lifted off in the same timing as your strumming, you'll get a different note, but not the sought-after hammer sound. You must lift and lower the finger in a different timing than your strumming. This means picking up your finger right before the down strum happens, playing the down strum, and then quickly placing the finger back down (into the chord shape from whence it came). The replacing of your finger should happen directly after the down strum passes the string that you're hammering. Like so, you get two notes in quick succession and this sounds oh so cool.

Try this out: Play a C chord. Now pick up your middle finger from the D string and put it back down as you strum. You just went from playing a D note on that string to playing an E note, and back to D. The C chord gets hammered a lot. Alicia Littletree's song *A Woman Walks* uses this exact hammer pattern. Continue experimenting hammering other chords and fingers. It seems to work best on the second and third frets.

## FINGERPICKING

Fingerpicking, plucking individual strings in a pattern while changing chords, takes patience. Give yourself a couple years to get good at it. Fingerpicking will be a valuable tool in your musical toolbox. It's a nice change of pace to pick a song instead of strum.

Some people use finger picks and others grow their nails long and file them. But fancy picks and manicures don't really work when you're on the wander-roam. Nylon string "classical" guitars are nice for bare fingerpicking, but if you're playing a steel-string, your fingers can get really sore and it may not be very loud.

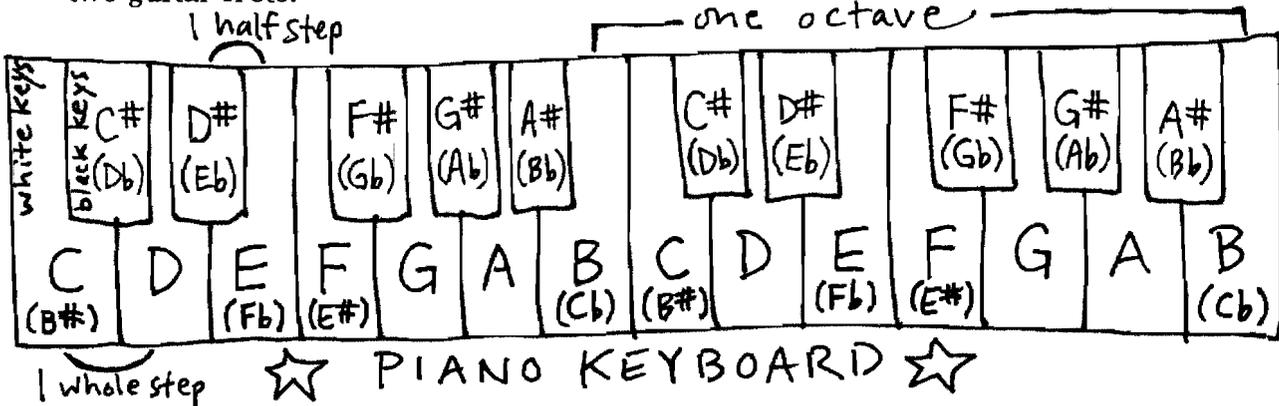
The most difficult thing about fingerpicking is making all the notes ring out the same. You can practice even timing by drumming your fingers on tabletops or books. Also try out assorted picking patterns to strengthen your fingers in different ways: pluck with the thumb, then the index finger, then the middle; or thumb, middle, index; or thumb, ring, index, middle. It's a good exercise to try to have a consistency of certain fingers plucking certain strings, but do what sounds best to you. Make it up as you go (that's how we're doing it with this music theory !).

## MUSIC THEORY FOR THE MASSES

First, some background: When western Europeans first started naming notes, they divided the space between what we now call an octave into five separate notes. Then it was divided into eight notes, and eventually into the twelve notes (or "half steps") that we have today. Other cultures divide the octave even further. In Indian music, the note between C and C# is called a semi-tone. Western music doesn't name these semi-tones and only uses them when the music slides, as with slide guitar or trombone.

The notes between octaves are grouped together in various ways to form scales. Scales are the groups of notes from which melodies and chords are derived. A scale is named after its first note, called the root, or tonic, note. Often, the tunes we hear are in the major scale.

The major scale is a specific pattern of note intervals. The basic interval in western music is the half step, which is the space, or variation, between two piano keys that are next to each other, like C and C# (look to the sketch of the piano keys as we discuss this stuff). The frets on a guitar are also half steps. A whole step (two half steps) is the variation between the piano keys C and D, or two guitar frets.

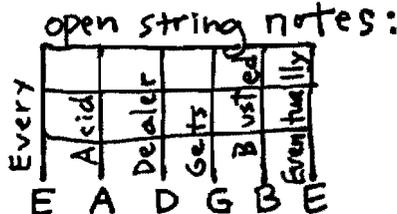
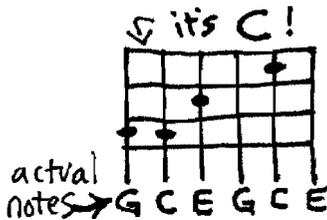


A major scale in the key of C (A.K.A. the C major scale) is made up of the notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C. This scale is a combination of half and whole steps. You can see this by counting the "step" intervals between C and C one octave apart on the piano. The interval pattern is: Whole (from C to D), whole (D to E), half (E to F...), whole, whole, whole and half.

The notes for the E major scale are E, F#, G#, A, B, C#, D#, E. You'll notice on the piano keys that G# can also be called Ab. It's not called Ab in this scale because each letter name for a note in a major scale is in alphabetical order. You'll never have two of the same note names in a major scale; Eb to E is written as D# to E. Also, major scales will not mix flats and sharps.

### CHORDS

They're the shapes your fingers make as you press down on the strings of your guitar (or piano, bass, etc.). The simple guitar chords in this book are derived from the first, third and fifth notes in a scale. These three notes, making up the spine of a chord, are called a triad. In the key of C the triad is C, E and G (go back to the notes of the C major scale above and see that the first, third and fifth notes are in fact C, E and G). On the guitar, a C chord sings these notes from its six strings in the pattern (low to high) of G, C, E, G, C, E.



diagrams with stars are superior!

You can figure out what notes you're playing on your guitar by using the names of the strings (Every Acid Dealer, etc., see above), which refer to the notes that sound when the strings are played open (without a finger

pressed down). With your finger pressed down on the third fret of the A string, count three half steps from A: A#, B, C. C is the note you're playing. To figure out the notes that make up a certain chord, count up the frets (one half step per fret) for each finger to figure out each note in the chord.

Major and minor chords are the most common. When a chord is written as just a capital letter, it is major. A capital letter followed by a lower case "m" denotes a minor chord. A major chord could perhaps be described as "happy," rounded and complete. Minor chords generally sound sad, haunting and unresolved.

The difference between major and minor chords is the intervals between the triads. A major chord has four half steps between the first and third notes of the scale, and three half steps between the third and fifth notes. A minor chord has three half steps between the first and third notes; four between the third and fifth. It can be written like this (see also interval lines drawn on piano sketch):

Major chord: (1<sup>st</sup> note)-half-half-half-half-(3<sup>rd</sup> note)-half-half-half-(5<sup>th</sup> note). For example, the C chord: (C)-C#-D-D#-(E)-F-F#-(G).

Minor chord: (1<sup>st</sup>)-half-half-half-(3<sup>rd</sup>)-half-half-half-half-(5<sup>th</sup>). For example, the Cm chord: (C)-C#-D-(Eb)-E-F-F#-(G).

Notice that the third note is the difference between a C chord and a Cm. With this third note changing from E to Eb, that changes the number of half steps between the first, third and fifth notes. This little change completely alters the sound and mood of the C. Looking at other examples, the difference between E and Em is the G# lowering to G. The difference between A and Am is the C# lowering to C. We find this pattern: Lower the third note of a major chord one half step (making that third note a flat of the original note), and now you have that chord's minor form.

Why are some chords major and some minor? Lots of different kinds of chords are found in any given scale. When we play a song in a major scale, the major chords are often those that have their first note starting on the scale's first note (this would be chord I), fourth note (chord IV) and fifth note (chord V). They are written as capitalized roman numerals (Incidentally, songs that use just these three chords are often called "one, four, five" songs. Blues songs almost always deal with just the one, four and five.). The minor chords of a major scale usually start on the second, third and sixth notes of the scale, and are written as lower case roman numerals—ii, iii and vi respectively.

You can use these patterns to figure out what key you are in. Often, the first chord of a song tells you what key it's in. For *Dancing on the Ruins*, the chords are G, C and D. All three are major chords. G is I, so C and D are IV and V (count this out on the piano keyboard). The key of a song is usually named after the I chord. Take a look at *Black Boys on Mopeds*. The chords are D, G and A. Notice how G and A are right next to each other, just like C and D in *Dancing on the Ruins*. When two major chords are next to each other, they are usually the IV and V of the key. That puts *Black Boys on Mopeds* in the key of D (I). After awhile, these patterns will become very clear.

There are certain instances in which two major chords next to each other are not IV and V. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* is in the key of D, with G being IV and A, V. But in the chorus there is a C. How does this fit in? It just so happens that the chord that begins a whole step below the I, in this case C, tends to sound good and funky. That's because, like radicals, musicians break rules—and when you break the rules it can sound stellar.

Now for some info on minor scales: The Am scale is based on the intervals of the white keys between A and A, just as major scales are based on the intervals of the white keys between C and C. Am is vi in the key of C (A is the sixth note in the C scale). If a scale starts on the vi of a major scale, it is a minor scale, and is called the "relative minor." It's a relative because it shares the exact same notes, it's scale just starts on a different note. So, Am is the relative minor to C. Em is the relative minor to G, and so on. A helpful hint: Instead of counting forward six whole steps, you can also find the relative minor by counting back three half steps from the root (I). The song *All the Way Out There* is in the key of Em, but it can be understood to be in the key of G, even though there is no G chord in the song.

Let's explore the chord structures of a few different songs. *Like a River*, by Kate Wolf, is in the key of G. Where do its Em and Am chords fit in? If you count from G, Am is two (ii) and Em is the six (vi). As you play this song, try and notice the different feel that each chord gives, and where it wants to resolve to.

With *Hillbilly Hippie*, the A chord is major, but the song is in G. A is second in the G scale, which would usually make it Am, but not in this song. This is one of those quirky exceptions to a musical rule. Typically, the ii being major (II) in any key gives the song an old ragtimey feel, i.e. *Boxcar Betty*.

Some songs, like *A Mighty Love*, change key in the middle. This is called modulation. In *Professional Protester*, each verse modulates up a half step. Raising the key of a song is a really good way to build momentum and energy and move the song forward.

You'll find some songs that are all over the place (*Anger in Motion* anyone?). Damn anarchists!

We've explored why a chord is major or minor. Now let's have a look at seventh chords and beyond.

A chord written as a note with a seven attached (D7, C7, etc.) is a triad (1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>) with a flatted seventh note of the scale added: 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, b7<sup>th</sup>. For a D7 chord, the notes are D, F#, A and C. See that the C note is a flatted seventh because it is a half step below the seventh note in the D scale (C#).

There are two other common structures for seventh chords. A major seventh chord (Dmaj7, Cmaj7, etc.) uses the actual seventh note of the scale instead of the flatted seventh. Thus, the Dmaj7 has a C# note instead of the C. A minor seventh chord has a flatted seventh *and* a flatted third note. So, Dm7 has the makeup of a D7 chord, but with the F# lowered to F. See the chord sketches below.

A D9 or D11 means that the ninth or eleventh notes of a scale are added to the original triad.

x ↙ it's D7!

ADACF#

ADAC#F#

ADACF

ADADF#

TRANSPOSING

Now that you know how to figure out what key a song is in, you can learn to change the key, without a capo. This is called transposing. Let's go back to *Dancing on the Ruins*. Remember the chords are G (I), C (IV) and D (V).

If you want to play it in the key of C (as it was recorded, in fact), the G would become C (I). Knowing that C is I, you can figure out the IV and V chords by counting up the piano keyboard in your head. In this example, F becomes IV and G, V.

The other way to transpose a song (and this is the way to go if you can't figure out the key) is to raise or lower all the chords the same amount of half steps, making sure to start with the first chord of the song. You can often do this in your head lickety-split. Going back to *Dancing on the Ruins*: From G, count the half steps until you get to C, your new starting chord. There are five half steps (this is one of the times when having memorized the intervals from C to C on a keyboard helps tremendously). Raise all the other chords in the song five half steps.

Be forewarned: It isn't always easy to count in your head like this when you're dealing with a Dm7, for example. Remember to always count alphabetically. Don't forget that there's only one half step between B and C (meaning, C could also be called B#), and between E and F. Keep a drawing of a piano keyboard handy and practice, practice, practice!

Why would you transpose a song? Your voice is able to soar in a certain range. The key of a particular song may be out of your range, especially if you're a woman singing a song written by a man, or vice versa. Transpose the key, and you may find that you're able to sing the melody much louder and clearer than before.

The song chords in this book are usually those the author originally wrote for the song. But some chords listed are those of a different key based on our personal preference (usually the key that's better for a woman's voice because, hey, we're biased!) or due to the folk process—figuring songs out by ear or memory and passing them along in different forms. So there's nothin' stoppin' ya if you find that your voice doesn't always suit the particular key of the songs within—transpose away! Please also take to heart that your vocal range will widen if you sing a lot, and if you practice singing on the edges of your range.

Some beginning guitarists may wish to transpose a song if it has difficult barre chords in it: One can sometimes find a key without barres (or at least fewer than the original key). For example, the first song in our book, and a popular one a lot of people know, is Kate Wolf's *Across the Great Divide*. Since it's key (A) has a barre chord in it (F#m), you can choose instead to put it in the key of G (moving it back one whole step) and play it starting on the G chord. Then switch to C, back to G, and then to Em on the second line and so on (notice Em is one whole step back from F#m. That might not seem obvious counting in your head—why isn't it E#m?—but remembering the piano keyboard's intervals will help with situations like this).

If you want to play these easier G, C, Em chord shapes for *Across the great Divide*, but keep it in the key of A (for when playing with others who know the song in A), use a capo on the second fret. You're starting with the G shape, but the capo has raised things two frets, or a whole step: count a whole step from the G you're playing and you get the key you're in, A (more on figuring out what chords are sounding when playing with a capo in the next section). We've just gone through transposing *and* capo-use in this one song example. Whew! Now, just 'cause you know how to avoid barre chords doesn't mean you should! Tackle 'em!

Other examples of transposing's applicability to real life? Laying out your set list for the open mic night may reveal that all your songs are in the key of G. Eep! That's gonna make for a less interesting sound than if you were to take a moment and transpose some of those tunes into other keys.

Additionally, people often transpose songs when jamming together so the key is good for everybody's voices and instruments, or simply because people might have learned the same song in a different key and then need to adapt when they play it together.

### FUN WITH CAPOS

Slap on a capo. Capos are helpful for singers who find the traditional tuning of the guitar uncomfortable to sing along with. How do capos relate to the work of transposing songs? Capos allow you to raise the key of a song without taking the time to transpose it. You can play the same chord shapes, and the capo changes the key by clamping down on the strings and shortening them, thereby shortening the neck of the guitar and raising the pitch. It's fast and easy.

If the song is too low for your voice, just put a capo on the third fret or in some cases even the seventh or eighth (experiment to get it just right for you). The higher the fret, the higher the key and therefore the higher your singing will be—unless you drop your voice down to a lower octave. If you are a male singing a high song, putting the capo on around the fifth, seventh, or eighth fret will allow you to sing it in an octave lower. As we touched on before, having a female range (even if your voice is fairly low) makes it hard to sing a heck of a lot of songs the way male singers do. Our hope is that if this is the case for you, you will learn the melody well, even if you can't sing it very well, and then use your capo (or transpose the song) and experiment to see what we're talking about.

We specifically put the section on transposing before the capo section because we think people should understand what a capo does and know how to get by without one (if you buy one in a store, it can be pricey for what is just a little plastic and metal clamp. Lotsa folks make their own DIY capos, to varying degrees of quality. A pencil and a really tight rubber band can work short term, or you can get fancier.). If you find yourself jamming with a capo-using guitarist, you can use the knowledge of the guitar and the music theories on transposing discussed here to help you figure out what actual chords they are playing.

For instance, if someone is playing *Dancing on the Ruins* with a capo on the second fret, you would play A (I), D (IV) and E (V). Here, counting a half step per fret from G gets A, and then you can figure out the rest of the chords in relation to that first chord. But if a person is playing *A Woman Walks* capoed on the third fret, find a capo or you'll probably need to sit that one out. Otherwise, you're playing barre chords all over the place (Attempting to match the chords that are sounding with the help of a capo can sometimes be an exercise in contortion. Depending on the chords and where the capo's placed, you'll find that certain capoed frets translate into easy, open, common chords (like GCD) and others don't at all (like flatted sharpened mystery barre chords). You'll maybe wanna haggle with yer fellow-jammer to move the capo up or down to an easier fret for you.). In this book, we suggest *Oregon Landslide* be played capoed on the second fret. Though the chord shapes to play are C, F, etc., the capo on the second fret means you are actually playing in the key of D. Try transposing each chord. You get: D, G, D, A, Bm, G, D, A, Bm and so on. Nifty!

So use your capo happily, it can give you sounds and effects you can't achieve otherwise, but make sure to practice transposing without a capo. It's

good exercise for your head (DO NOT be co-dependant with your capo. There are groups for people like you.).

### FINAL TIDBITS AND WELL-WISHES

—Hunt out every music jam you can and get 'em happening regularly in your community. They're the best places to progress in your musical skills. Improvisation keeps ya flexible. Play along with songs on the radio, too, even if you just mute the strings and strum in time. Try to figure out the chords and riffs to songs by experimenting while you're listening.

—Knowledge of scales is not only good for understanding chord makeup, it helps you play lead solos when jamming. Learn how to play scales on the guitar (or whatever your instrument is) and play them regularly for practice. Then you'll be able to solo by playing the notes in the scale of the key your song is in.

—Think octaves. If you play a C chord, the C note on the A string is a different octave than the C note played on the B string.

—The notes in chords are like people. Some get along with each other better than others.

—Not all guitars are created equal.

—Don't just play guitar. Learn percussion, flute, tuba, anything to make you a musician.

—Some things we didn't mention: 1) How to read music. This songbook gets by okay without written music because many of its songs are well-known, recorded or passed along orally. However, it's a good idea to learn how to write and read music...and when you do, please contact the Hootenanny Collective so you can start writing out the melodies to these songs for our next edition! 2) Alternate tuning! The EADGBE traditional tuning for the guitar is not the only way to tune a guitar, of course. You can tune each string to any note you want, and see what chord shapes sound good in that tuning. A lot of songs are composed in alternate tuning but can be converted for easier playing into chords in traditional tuning (we did this with *Faces in Stone*). A common tuning for Celtic songs is (low to high string) D, A, D, G, A, D. Dick Gaughan does his version of *The World Turned Upside Down* in DADGAD. 3) Musical modes! There are different modes of music. We just covered theory within one of the more common modes. Find out more on your own if you're intrigued.

—If you're feeling adrift at sea with all this theory (we feel that way just typing the stuff into the dreadful computer), go back to good ol' action, the antidote to despair! Flip back to the songs section of the book and play music instead. The most important learning is instinctual anyway!

—Remember the KISS rule: Keep It Simple, Stupid.

—Learn songs that you know and like to sing. You'll stick with music much more if you enjoy it. Yeeehawwww, and good luck!

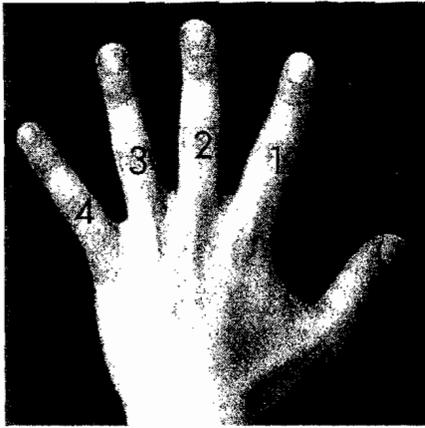
### CHORD CHART & how to read it :

I learned guitar by grabbing a songbook like this & learning chords from the chord chart & playing along. And big-time, of course, from jamming with folks too! So here's <sup>most of</sup> the chords in the book plus a random few you may like to know ~ and how to read the chord chart... →

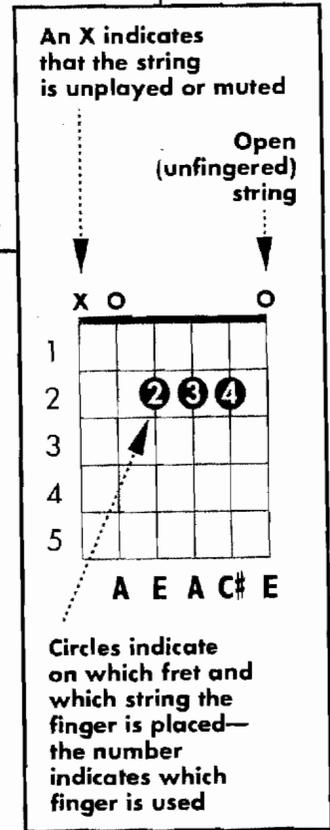
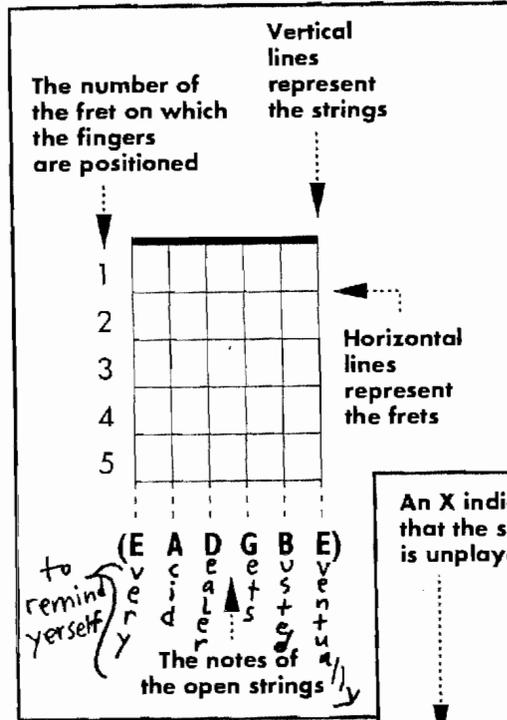
(270)

*Your fingers will hurt at first. don't worry - they'll toughen!*

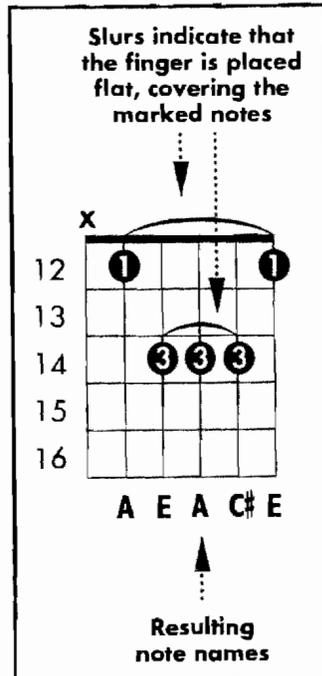
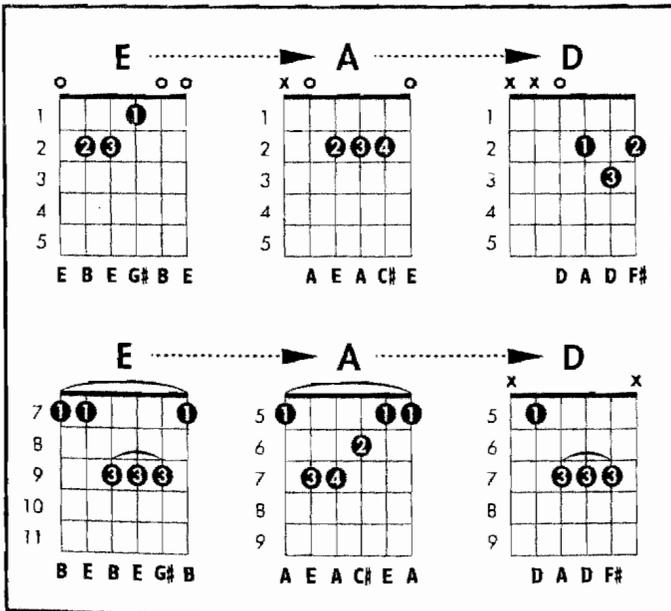
Guitar chord frames are diagrams that contain all the information necessary to play a particular chord. The fingerings, note names and position of the chord on the neck are all provided on the chord frame (see next page). The photograph below shows which finger number corresponds to which finger.



The following examples explain the various chord frame symbols.



Choose chord positions that require the least motion from one chord to the next; select fingerings that are in approximately the same location on the guitar neck. This will provide smoother and more comfortable transitions between chords in a progression.



# CHORDS

(some chords in songs that aren't here are explained on that song's page)

**A** A E A C E

**Am** A E A C E

**B** B F# B D F#

**Bm** B F# B D F#

**B7** B D F# A B F#

**A (add9)** A E A B E

**A7** A E G C E

**C** C E G C E

**C7** C E Bb C E

**Cm** C Eb G C

**D** D A D F#

**Dsus4 / D4** D A D G

**Dm** D A C G

**C9** C Eb B D

**E** E B E G# B E

**Esus4** E B E A B#

**Em** E B E G B E

**D7** D A C F#

**Dm7** D A C F

**G** G B D G B G

**G7** G B D G B E

**Em7** E B E G D E

**Fmaj7** A F A C E

**F** F C F A C F

**F#m** F# A C F#

**E7** E B D G# B E

**G barre** G D G B D G

**F#** F# C# F# A# C# F#

# Your Trusty Hootenanny

**LEXICON** (noun): *an evolving vocabulary arsenal*

- Hootenanny:** An informal, improvisational music jam or hoedown of toe-tappin' minstrels. A musical riot.
- Acapella:** Just singing, no other instruments.
- Anarchoustic:** No leaders. Only the jams. (What about Bruce?)
- Barre chord:** Any chord where your index finger presses down all six strings at once, acting like a capo. It takes a while to get the hang of it. You can move a barre chord up and down the fretboard to make punk or metal chords (sometimes called "power chords").
- Capo:** That weird little metal thing that you clamp onto the neck of the guitar (or any stringed instrument) at a particular fret, depending on the key you want to sing in. It raises the key your guitar is tuned in, one half step for each fret.
- Chord:** Two or more notes of individual pitch played simultaneously, usually built on the first, third and fifth notes of a scale. On the guitar, each placement of a finger is a different note, and when you strum across the strings, you hear all the notes of the chord. See also Triad, and Major, Minor, Diminished, Barre and Inversion Chord entries.
- Diminished chord:** A chord with three half steps between the first and third notes, and between the third and fifth notes of the scale.
- Down strum/Up strum:** Just how it sounds. Strumming "down" (low to high) on the strings or strumming "up" (high to low).
- Ecofolk:** Freaks who love the wild fall in with the good ol' GCD ballads. Not synonymous with Egofolk, yet there's always a few in every bunch.
- Flat:** a half step lower in pitch, represented by the symbol: *b*
- Folk process:** Take a song, trainhop with it strapped to your back, whisper it into a hole in the ground, throw it in a blender with assorted fruit and pour. Fear not the specter of copyright infringement!
- Fret:** The space between the metal bars on the neck (fretboard) of the guitar. If you make a chord with your fingers, and then slide that formation up or down one fret, that changes the chord a half step.
- Half step:** The space from one piano key to the next adjacent key, or from one fret to the next on the guitar.
- Harmony:** The musical part that is supposed to sound real cool alongside the melody, but when sung (or played) alone, you might not recognize the song. All the notes in a chord harmonize together (they don't make you cringe), just as a harmony part sung should not sound "off" from the melody, but complimentary.
- Interval:** The space between notes, usually a half or whole step.
- Inversion Chord:** A chord made up of its typical notes, but with those notes placed in a different order. For example, a C chord with the G note on the bottom (high) string of the guitar instead of the top.
- Jam:** A particular solo riff in a song, as in a jam interlude (good etiquette sez folks should pass turns to jam to each other).  
Also, in the larger sense, a fun hootenanny of song swapping.
- Key:** Dictionary says, "a system of related notes based on a keynote"

and forming a given scale". A key is the name given to a particular scale, usually the scale's first note. A song "in the key of D" involves a fixed set of notes, those of the D scale.

**Major chord:** A chord that has four half steps between the first and third notes, and three half steps between the third and fifth notes. Something being major generally gives it a "happy" sound, or perhaps better described as rounded and complete.

**Major/Minor scales:** A major scale is based on the following pattern of intervals: Whole, whole, half, whole, whole, whole, half. A minor scale uses a different interval pattern, giving it a different sound. A relative minor scale has the same notes as a major scale, but begins on the sixth note of the major scale.

**Melody:** The part you sing or hum when someone asks you how a song goes.

**Minor chord:** A major chord with the third note dropped a half step to a flat. Generally sad-sounding, haunting, unresolved.

**Octave:** The space between two notes of the same name: twelve half steps. The octave can also be thought of as the pitch you want to sing or play in, like you did in choir when you sang the tenor, alto, or soprano. Say you are singing a B note. You can sing a low B, middle B, or high B.

**Perfectionistic pot never boiling:** A description of the protracted timeframe for the publishing of the Hootenanny Songbook.

**Riff:** Playing a riff means to play a certain lead melody (Some hair thrashing, picking with the teeth and playing behind the back is usually in order. Hell, get that WaWa peddle in there too.).

**Root note:** The first note of a chord or scale, and usually the name of the chord or scale. AKA the "tonic."

**Scale:** A string of notes (usually eight) based on a specific pattern of intervals; a series of notes that rises or falls in pitch according to prescribed intervals. Like Do-Re-Mi, etc.

**Sharp:** a half step higher in pitch, represented by the symbol: #

**Tradical:** Traditional music with a radical edge: Zakky B. and his mighty fine mando.

**Transposing:** Changing the key of a song by playing different chords that have the same ratio of intervals between them as the original chords.

**Triad:** A three note chord.

**Whole step:** Two half steps.

\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*RANTS\*\*

# MUSIC IS OUR BOMB



By Hoot Owl

You are sitting around a crackling campfire with the heat pulsing off your face. Your gaze alternates between the liquid gold-orange and blue of the wood's flames and the other lit-up faces around the circle. The star-filled bowl of the sky arches. Songs are being sung; the logging road occupation's lock-down chain around your wrist is your percussive contribution. And at this moment you're really living it. You grin at the cliché but feel it anyway. You're living the resistance.

Your face is pressed against a metal bench. It's wide enough to lie down and close your burning eyes, catch a wink, but it's skinny enough to push you off onto the concrete floor when the twitches of deep sleep approach. Yeah. Prison. The cop chase scrolls around and around in your head, like the verses of the chant you shout-sing. You belt it out. Cells have great acoustics.

You pop the tape in. Not expecting it, time-travel ensues. That tingly vertigo of *deja vu* that only an old familiar tune brings. The flood of memory: that job in the bottle factory where people laughed a lot anyway, places you hiked and lost, the loves and sex, a burned bridge, the taste of sauerkraut (for this moment, things aren't about making sense).

Music is the heartbeat of our lives, whatever story we live out. When songs combine with struggle, power crackles in the air. Even in the most insidiously revisionist his-story books, we can strain and hear revolutionary music's melody through time. Where there's a fight, there's a soundtrack. Not Hollywood's drivel, but sound that tracks our course.

In American colonial times through the end of the (more overt) plantations-of-slavery days, African songs not only helped sing through the hard work of the fields, but were also utilized as a means of subversive communication—one the white "masters" could not understand. This is the essence of music as resistance, and no matter the time or place we study, we will find it humming along. Music is a language older than words.

"There was a time in American history where the guerrillas of African-American culture were jazz musicians. They fought using their instruments; they connected our minds, our spirits, our souls, through instrumentation, through improvisation, through the musicality of what they were doing," Rogerio Botter Maio jams out in the song 'So Isso'.

The bands Tera-13 and Fun'da'mental describe the subversive potential in modern-day hip-hop music similarly: "Guerrillas are those who know their power to make something out of nothing. The type of people that when the tables are turned against them, they create turn-tables, you know, and spin back history, cut it up, redefine it...Hip-hop has the power to effect consciousness, to change the way people think. All that's necessary is for an MC to realize their power within the artform. To realize that once you say something over a break beat it has the power to enter people in ways that have been unimaginable in the past. Hip-hop has the power to be the most powerful guerrilla warfare imaginable."

## If You Think You Can't Sing

Folk troubadour Woody Guthrie proclaimed, "I hate a song that makes you think that you are not any good. I am out to fight those songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood. I am out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world, songs that make you take pride in yourself and in your work."

Music and fighting for life go hand in hand. The impulse to sing is the same that liberates a caged animal. Likewise, both resistance and instrumentation give us the confidence to believe in ourselves and the strength to live our lives out, not to mention a foot-tappin' goshdarn good ol' time.

The vocal chord is a muscle, and for what's ahead of us in defending the Earth and freedom itself, we will need to train. To tone. If you think you can't sing, can you charge through a line of police or build a house?

We can't just sing away oppression. No, it's gonna take much more than that, and it's gonna be cacophonous and bloody. It already is. But song surely resonates as one of the tools available to us, a vital expression of our love and rage.

So make funny and embarrassing noises to yourself in an alone place. There is no such thing as "out of tune." Stretch your throat and sing as high as you can go, now as deep and low. Find your voice. Watch the growth of one day, a week, a lifetime.

The FBI may have stolen Judi Bari's fiddle as "evidence" after a car bomb ripped through her, but they could never get the songs in her head and heart. We always have our songs, even if our instruments are broken or seized.

You, me, our co-conspirators around the world—we are part of something brewing, and it's been a long time coming. The chorus of our voices is a song that makes the eardrums of authority burst. We really will be singing when we're winning.

As Judi sang in the bluesy 'The FBI Stole My Fiddle,' "They said my strings was fuses. My bow it was the light. Down inside my fiddle hole, I stashed my dynamite. So when I stroke my fuse strings with my fiddle bow, you'd better run for cover because the fiddle might just blow."

Music is our bomb.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick...

*\*Note: The quotes from Rogerio Botter Maio, Tera-13 and Fun'da'mental can be found on the album Global Guerillas, available with Blu Magazine issue #10. Blu is listed in the resources section.*

## ¿ ¿ What is Retrogression ???

From the editors of the indy punk/hardcore 'zine *Retrogression*

*Retrogression (noun) – the return to a former and less complex level of development or organization.*

There was a time when most music was made by people, for people. There was a time when music was something that brought people together on their front porches or backyards. There was a time when music was a cornerstone of community, when it was part of most people's daily lives along with working, loving, living and just struggling to survive. There was a time when music was something you learned how to play because all the neighbors gathered together on a Saturday night to talk, play and sing. There was a time when people taught each other every song they knew, when "ownership" of a song was not given a thought. There was a time when music, played by people for people as part of joining in a community celebration, reflected the lives and cares of those people. Sure, there were some songs about finding love or having fun, but there were also songs about joining a union, the injustice of landlords, freeing your country, freeing the slaves, freeing yourself. From "Wearing of the green" to "We shall overcome" to "Sit down, sit down" people have used music to express their frustrations, communicate with others, and inspire struggles for a better world.

That was when music was created by people. Throughout history there has also been music created for reasons other than to express the feelings of the people. Religious leaders commissioned works meant to espouse religion, later nobles and wealthy patrons supported musicians, writers and artists whose goals were to glorify and entertain them. Today, most of the music—in fact, most of the "communication"—is not by people for people, it is by corporations for profit. A corporation does not care about expression, about art, even about quality or sound. A corporation cares about one thing and one thing only, the value of its stock.

Thus, corporations and their musician-employees will produce music that reflects the feelings not of the people as a whole, but only of the people who will be willing and able to dish out wads of disposable income in trade for a few digitally-encoded plastic discs. Songs about love, friendship and teen angst will do well in corporate-owned media, because it appeals to the group of people most likely to buy several CDs this quarter, and therefore these songs stand a good chance of boosting the profits of whichever corporation produces them. Songs about the inability to send your sick child to the doctor, or not being able to get a cab because of your skin

color, or scraping by paycheck to paycheck—these songs may appeal to a good chunk of the people in this world (the same people who a hundred years ago would have written such songs themselves). But today those people do not have the extra cash lying around to buy CDs, so their concerns are not recognized as valid by corporate-dominated media.

One could, of course, point to "Gangsta Rap," Anarchy™ t-shirts or other manifestations of the growing "discontent industry." But these are still corporate-dominated products intended only to boost a company's quarterly earnings, by once again marketing to middle class youth with disposable income. In reality they are little more than costumes, cathartic releases and surface changes that may seem radical but in reality are about as threatening as Nerf. The fact that the same corporations sell the "clean kid" image and the "bad kid" image leaves one with about as much freedom of choice as deciding between Coke and Pepsi, between the old "dance music" of Vanilla Ice and the new "metal-rap" of Ice man.

It is not surprising that this corporate control of music that has stifled expression coincided with corporate control over television, book publishing, magazines and newspapers. A hundred years ago most cities had several different newspapers, all of which had radically diverse perspectives. Now most cities only have one paper, and that paper, like the music industry, is aimed at the affluent audience that can actually afford to buy the products it advertises. Newspapers that appealed to the people (but not to the "right" people), soon went out of business, as did those who managed to piss off their corporate sponsors. And what remains, through this "natural selection" of the market, are papers that are predisposed to give a corporate-friendly view of the world to a bunch of wealthy consumers. Yet, because they are the only game in town, they can claim to be unbiased. After all, how can you prove bias without contrast? When most news media is biased in the same direction, it does not seem biased at all.

Thus, the corporate takeover of music that has sucked the soul out of it is directly related to the corporate takeover of all other forms of communication. And it is also directly related to the declining wages (during a period of skyrocketing shareholder value and CEO pay), raising rents, increased poverty and decreased opportunity for the majority of Americans who no longer have a voice.

Retgression is a return to an earlier state. We wish to return to a time when diverse opinions were offered in various forms of communication. We wish to return to a time when all peoples' creativity was valid, when music was something that brought people together and built and strengthened community, as opposed to the current situation where music divides those on stage from those not on stage, and invalidates the views of those not on stage, especially invalidating the views of those who can not afford CDs. We wish to return to a time when music was a part of life rather than a distraction from it. We wish to return to a time when music was an inspiration for struggle rather than a champion of the status-quo. We wish to regress to a time when music was made by people, for people.

## The Power of Song

By David Rovics

There are so many important roles for people to play in building a coherent social movement. It is understood, for example, that to put together a good conference or demonstration, it is necessary to have good organizers, speakers and alternative press to spread the news. We know we need scholars to expose the constant barrage of corporate lies, and progressive teachers and students to truly educate the young and old. We know the value of people willing to risk arrest to make their voices heard, the value of people who engage in many forms of direct action, from breaking the travel ban to Iraq or Cuba to taking the streets of downtown Philadelphia to locking down to a bulldozer.

One of the vital roles that is too often under-valued is the role of music and musicians. As a movement musician, I have a certain slanted opinion on this subject, so I'm a bit hesitant to seem like I'm just being self-promotional. But as a movement musician, I may also have a deeper understanding of the importance of music.

In the years that I have been a full-time movement musician, playing on campuses, at conferences, protests, etc., I have run into a wide range of opinion on the role of music in various

activities. Many people place great value on music as part of their program, but many do not. I have often been told by conference organizers that they have too many speakers for the weekend, and no time for music (not just for me, but any music). People organizing protests have often told me that the protest was meant to be a "serious event," thus music would be inappropriate.

Good music certainly reaches that part of your brain that may not be accessed by a good speech or magazine article, regardless of whether the music is political. But a song that addresses a contemporary issue, or a song that is meant to inspire us to action, can be effective in a unique, visceral way. I meet countless people who say that they were first politicized by their parents' Phil Ochs records, or by their exposure to the punk rock or rap scene, to the Dead Kennedys or Public Enemy. Music—political music especially—can foster a sense of community, of togetherness, as well as educate on a more gut level.

And isn't inspiring people to action what we are trying to do? If so, is there anything more inspiring than feeling like you're part of something, part of a community that's striving to make the world a better place? If so, how can we foster that sense of community? I would say we can do that by treating people as whole beings, recognizing that we all have hearts as well as minds (And stomachs, too! But I'll save my perspective on the importance of good food for another essay.).

Those hearts must be fed, and music (and art, theater, dance, etc.) has been a vital part of all human societies for a long, long time. In fact, all large-scale social movements of which I am aware have involved music in a central way. Everybody joining the Wobblies back in the day was given a *Little Red Songbook* containing "Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent." The movement against the war in Vietnam employed the "anti-war coffeehouses" as a primary organizing method, with anti-war musicians and speakers holding educational and entertaining events in military towns throughout the country. During the civil rights movement, people sang as they marched towards the police lines equipped with attack dogs, clubs and fire hoses. Many people have said that if not for the songs, they would surely have turned and ran.

In the Earth First! movement today, music plays a pivotal role in keeping people going, from professional singer-songwriters like Dana Lyons or Casey Neill travelling around the country, playing the movement "circuit," to the many grassroots activists prolifically putting their thoughts to music wherever there are people struggling to save a forest from being logged or stop a road being built. Even the corporate rulers of society are well aware of the power of music—they use music to sell every product they make!

People are going to seek out community, one way or another, just as they will seek out dinner (OK, I'm getting into the food thing a little here). If they don't find these things (I'm talking about community as well as dinner) at a conference, a protest or any number of other events, they will ultimately look for them elsewhere. And if this community exists within the movement, it will attract people from outside the movement, and they will find not only the community that they seek, but the kind of purpose that another community, say a fraternity, sorority or the army, will not provide.

So I say, let us keep up the good work, but let us focus as much on inspiring people as on educating them. Let us use music to its fullest potential. Let us put as much thought and resources into making musicians a part of our events as we do for speakers. Let us remember the words of the Wobbly minstrel Joe Hill, who said, "A pamphlet, no matter how well-written, is read once and then thrown away—but a song lasts forever."

No revolutionary movement is complete without its poetic expression. If such a movement has caught hold of the masses, they will seek a vent in song for the aspirations, fears and hopes, the loves and hatreds engendered by the struggle. Until the movement is marked by THE JOYOUS SINGING OF REVOLUTIONARY SONGS, it lacks one of the most distinctive marks of a popular revolutionary movement. It is the dogma of the few and not the faith of the multitude.

— James Connolly, 1907

# RESOURCES *musical & beyond*

## Contact Hootenanny's Minstrels

Here's contact info for some of the musicians in the book. These folks have recordings available, and gig schedules which you'll want to keep in mind, so give 'em a holler and support their musical resistance! Contact info is for the USA unless otherwise stated. Albums of some of these artists and many others can also be obtained through the Earth First! Journal (listed below) as a benefit to the paper. The more elusive musicians can often be spied around campfires and at protests. If you want to find out more about a minstrel not listed here, write us and we'll rustle ya up something.

**ALICE DI MICELE:** Alice Otter Music, POB 1109, Ashland, OR 97520; 541-488-1047;  
email: [ottermusic@amp.org](mailto:ottermusic@amp.org) web: [www.alicedimicele.com](http://www.alicedimicele.com)

**ALICIA LITTLETREE:** POB 126, Ukiah, CA 95482; email: [littletree@pacific.net](mailto:littletree@pacific.net)

**ASHLEY IRONWOOD:** c/o Sequatchie Valley Institute & Media Rights at Moonshadow, Route One  
Box 304, Whitwell, TN 37397; 423-949-5922; email: [mediarights@bledsoe.net](mailto:mediarights@bledsoe.net)

\*Also: Music for the Active Heart compilation tapes 1 & 2 (featuring many of the book's musicians) available through Moonshadow!

**BLACKFIRE:** POB 1492, Flagstaff, AZ 86002; email: [blackfire\\_net@hotmail.com](mailto:blackfire_net@hotmail.com) web:  
[www.blackfire.net](http://www.blackfire.net)

**BOXCAR BERTHA:** Larkin & Nego, 336-275-2330; L's email: [palletjack@hotmail.com](mailto:palletjack@hotmail.com) N's email:  
[shorty6string@juno.com](mailto:shorty6string@juno.com)

**CASEY NEILL:** POB 18028, Portland, OR 97218; email: [jlks@speakeasy.org](mailto:jlks@speakeasy.org) web: [www.caseyneill.org](http://www.caseyneill.org)

**CITIZENS BAND:** 1103 W. 6<sup>th</sup>, Olympia, WA 98502; 360-956-9256; email: [baldharry@juno.com](mailto:baldharry@juno.com)

**COPPER WIMMIN:** Here's a site that offers their music: [www.musicwomen.com/CopperWimmin.htm](http://www.musicwomen.com/CopperWimmin.htm)

**DANA LYONS:** Reigning Records, POB 2627, Bellingham, WA 98227; 1-888-878-COWS; email:  
[bovine@cowswithguns.com](mailto:bovine@cowswithguns.com) web: [www.cowswithguns.com](http://www.cowswithguns.com)

**DANNY DOLINGER:** email: [dannydolinger@yahoo.com](mailto:dannydolinger@yahoo.com) web: <http://wakeupto/danny>

**DARRYL CHERNEY:** POB 34, Garberville, CA 95542; email: [ensopro@asis.com](mailto:ensopro@asis.com) web:  
[www.darrylcherney.com](http://www.darrylcherney.com)

**DAVID ROVICS:** POB 995, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130; 617-747-4460; email: [Drovics@aol.com](mailto:Drovics@aol.com) web:  
[www.davidrovics.com](http://www.davidrovics.com)

**THE DEPAVERS:** c/o Sustainable Energy Institute & Auto-Free Times magazine, POB 4347, Arcata,  
CA 95518; 1-888-ACT-4-APM; email: [alliance@tidepool.com](mailto:alliance@tidepool.com) web: [www.lesscars.org](http://www.lesscars.org)

**DESERT RAT:** POB 2532, Tucson, AZ 85702

**FLYING FOLK ARMY:** 604-255-6967 in Vancouver, British Columbia, CANADA; email:  
[flyingfolk@tao.ca](mailto:flyingfolk@tao.ca) web: [www.flyingfolk.ca](http://www.flyingfolk.ca)

**FRANCINE ALLEN:** POB 1282, Redway, CA 95560; 707-269-5941; email: [franny30@aol.com](mailto:franny30@aol.com)  
web: [www.francineallen.com](http://www.francineallen.com)

**INFERNAL NOISE BRIGADE:** [www.infernalnoise.org](http://www.infernalnoise.org) (or .com/.net) lotsa Tchkung! folks are in the INB

**JIM PAGE:** Greenwood POB 30198, Seattle, WA 98103; email: [folkpunch@aol.com](mailto:folkpunch@aol.com), web: [www.jimpage.net](http://www.jimpage.net)

**JOANNE RAND:** POB 235, Graton, CA 95444; 206-903-9459; email: [jr@joannerand.com](mailto:jr@joannerand.com) web:  
[www.joannerand.com](http://www.joannerand.com)

**JOHN SEED:** Rainforest Information Centre, Box 368 Lismore 2480, AUSTRALIA; 61 (0)2 66213294;  
email: [johnseed@ozemail.com.au](mailto:johnseed@ozemail.com.au) web: [www.rainforestjukebox.org](http://www.rainforestjukebox.org)

**JOULES GRAVES:** c/o Rabble Rouser Records, 1050 Larrabee Ave., Suite 104, PMB 318, Bellingham,  
WA 98225-7367; web: [www.joulesgraves.com](http://www.joulesgraves.com)

**JUDI BARI (R.I.F.P.: Rest In Feisty Peace):** web: [www.judibari.org](http://www.judibari.org)

**KATYA CHOROVER:** POB 31773, Seattle, WA 98103; 206-654-6693; email:  
[katya@katyachorover.com](mailto:katya@katyachorover.com) web: [www.katyachorover.com](http://www.katyachorover.com)

**LARKIN:** See Boxcar Bertha

**LAUREL LUDDITE:** email: [yerbachica@yahoo.com](mailto:yerbachica@yahoo.com)

**LEON ROSSELSON:** web: [www.fishdesign.com/rosselson/leon.html](http://www.fishdesign.com/rosselson/leon.html) ENGLAND

**LU SEEDHEAD:** 2000 Brown Rd. SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105; may not have albums yet, but check out  
his 'zine *Seedhead* (it's the DIY revolution at its finest!)

**NEGO:** See Boxcar Bertha  
**PAUL GILL:** email: [billposters@hotmail.com](mailto:billposters@hotmail.com) ENGLAND  
**PETER WILDE:** 442 Almaden, Eugene, OR 97402; email: [peter@efn.org](mailto:peter@efn.org) web: [www.peterwilde.com](http://www.peterwilde.com)  
**ROBERT HOYT:** c/o Red Mud Records, P.O. Box 2355, Decatur GA 30031; 404-373-8289; email: [redmud@roberthoyt.com](mailto:redmud@roberthoyt.com) web: [www.roberthoyt.com](http://www.roberthoyt.com)  
**SAMSARA:** 238 putnam street SF CA 94110; 415-642-9099; email: [samsara@hypocrisy.org](mailto:samsara@hypocrisy.org); web: [www.bushgore.org](http://www.bushgore.org) (lyrics and recordings of their political parodies)  
**SEIZE THE DAY:** POB 23, 5 High Street, Glastonbury, Somerset BA6 9DP, ENGLAND; email: [seizetheday@thismoment.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:seizetheday@thismoment.freeserve.co.uk) web: [www.siezetheday.org](http://www.siezetheday.org)  
**SETH!** PO Box 3223, Running Springs, CA 92382; email: [sethproject@yahoo.com](mailto:sethproject@yahoo.com) web: [www.mp3.com/SETH](http://www.mp3.com/SETH)  
**SOLSTICE:** email: [solsticesmurf@lycos.com](mailto:solsticesmurf@lycos.com)  
 \*Also: **Trees and Water compilation tape** (with Solstice and many others) available through the EF! Journal (listed below).  
**SQUID:** c/o Mutual Aid Portland, POB 7328, Portland, ME 04112; email: [landoflawn@yahoo.com](mailto:landoflawn@yahoo.com)  
**STEPHAN SMITH:** web: [www.stephansmith.com](http://www.stephansmith.com)  
**!TCHKUNG!** 1122 E. Pike, #949, Seattle WA, 98122; web: [www.tchkung.com](http://www.tchkung.com)  
**TIMOTHY HULL:** 6296 South Brighton Beach Rd., Clinton, WA 98236; 360-341-4601; email: [tinker@whidbey.com](mailto:tinker@whidbey.com) web: [www2.whidbey.net/tinker](http://www2.whidbey.net/tinker)  
**THE WYRD SISTERS:** Box 26062 at 116 Sherbrook St. Post Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 4K9, CANADA; email: [kimbar@autobahn.mb.ca](mailto:kimbar@autobahn.mb.ca) web: [www.escape.ca/~wyrds](http://www.escape.ca/~wyrds)  
**ZAK BORDEN:** Tradical Productions, PMB 280, 4110 NE Hawthorne Blvd., Portland, OR 97214; 503-735-4199; email: [zak@zakborden.com](mailto:zak@zakborden.com) web: [www.zakborden.com](http://www.zakborden.com)  
 \*More movement minstrels' contact info: [www.efmedia.org/minstrels.html](http://www.efmedia.org/minstrels.html)

## Other Songbooks, etc...

- \*Other People's Songs: POB 4934, Berkeley, CA 94704; 510-496-1269 ext. 0302; email: [othersongs@onebox.com](mailto:othersongs@onebox.com)
- \*A Casey Neill songbook is coming out very soon (probably out by the time you read these words), available by contacting him (info above).
- \**Rise Up Singing* songbook / *Sing Out! Magazine* and more: POB 5460, Bethlehem, PA 18015; 1-888SING-OUT; email: [info@singout.org](mailto:info@singout.org) web: [www.singout.org](http://www.singout.org)
- \*A good book/CD combo: *SOUNDING OFF! Music as Subversion/Resistance/Revolution* and accompanying music CD of same title, edited by Ron Sakolsky and Fred Wei-han Ho, published by Autonomedia, PO Box 568, Williamsburgh Station, Brooklyn, NY 11211
- \*Blu Magazine (a good deal, comes with a music CD every time): POB 903, Rifton, NY 12471; 1-800-778-8461; web: [www.blumag.com](http://www.blumag.com)

## Acoustic Guitar & Folk Music Websites

Here are some sites on the web (ugh, computers!) with info on guitar techniques and maintenance, music's history, search engine capabilities and chords to a whole marshy slough of songs.

- \*Find *Hootenanny* on the web, the songs that couldn't fit in the book, plus other radical music projects on this new and evolving website: <http://radicalmusic.tao.ca>
- \*The travelling musicians' union! [www.local1000.com](http://www.local1000.com)
- \*Musicians United to Sustain the Environment: [www.musemusic.org](http://www.musemusic.org)
- \*To find a particular musician on the web (or find ANYTHING really), use a search engine like [www.google.com](http://www.google.com) or [www.metacrawler.com](http://www.metacrawler.com) and type the artist's name in. For chords to their songs type their name and the word "tabs" or "songs." When you're done with that, type in a corporation's name and see what you get!
- \*Music theory & guitar maintenance: [guitar.about.com/musicperform/guitar/cs/acoustic/index.htm](http://guitar.about.com/musicperform/guitar/cs/acoustic/index.htm)

- \*Resources for women's folk music: [www.creativefolk.com/folk.html](http://www.creativefolk.com/folk.html)
- \*Chords and lyrics to all the country and folk you can eat: [www.insurgentcountry.com](http://www.insurgentcountry.com)
- \*Harmony Central: [www.harmony-central.com/Guitar/tab.html](http://www.harmony-central.com/Guitar/tab.html)
- \*Olga (Online Guitar Archive): [www.olga.net](http://www.olga.net)
- \*Folk Music Index of recorded folk resources: [folkindex.mse.jhu.edu/index.htm](http://folkindex.mse.jhu.edu/index.htm)
- \*Smithsonian Folkways: [www.si.edu/folkways/start.htm](http://www.si.edu/folkways/start.htm)
- \*Folk Music Community (has a link to the history of folk music from 1900-1950):  
[www.coe.ufl.edu/courses/EdTech/Vault/Folk/Home.htm](http://www.coe.ufl.edu/courses/EdTech/Vault/Folk/Home.htm)
- \*This Land is Your Land, This Land is My Land: Folk Music, Communism, and the Red Scare as a Part  
of the American Landscape: [www.loyno.edu/~history/journal/1996-7/Spivey.html](http://www.loyno.edu/~history/journal/1996-7/Spivey.html)
- \*Devil Music: Race, Class and Rock 'N Roll: [www.capital.net/~jbulmer/devil.htm](http://www.capital.net/~jbulmer/devil.htm)
- \*Bureau of Public Secrets: Some Thoughts on Jazz as Music, as Revolt, as Mystique by Ken Rexroth:  
[www.slip.net/~knabb/rexroth/jazz.htm](http://www.slip.net/~knabb/rexroth/jazz.htm)
- \*Radical Folk: A conversation with Ani DiFranco and Utah Phillips, kindred spirits and collaborators on  
joint albums: [members.tripod.com/~Dykeland/acoustic.html](http://members.tripod.com/~Dykeland/acoustic.html)

## *Inspiration for Action*

*Groups, reading materials, various and sundry subversion...*

- \*The Earth First! Journal has articles and art about defending the Earth, international contact info for tons  
of EF! groups and musicians' albums (and they distribute *Hootenanny*): POB 3023, Tucson, AZ  
85702; 502-620-6900; email: [collective@earthfirstjournal.org](mailto:collective@earthfirstjournal.org) web:  
[www.earthfirstjournal.org](http://www.earthfirstjournal.org)
- \*The Fund for Wild Nature gives grants to grassroots groups (they gave one to us, even!): POB  
86151, Portland, OR 97286; 503-232-1286; email: [fvn@fundwildnature.org](mailto:fvn@fundwildnature.org) web:  
[www.fundwildnature.org](http://www.fundwildnature.org)
- \*Bioengineering Action Network—Join the movement to protect the fabric of life! POB 11331, Eugene,  
OR 97440; 541-302-5020; email: [ban@tao.ca](mailto:ban@tao.ca) web: [www.tao.ca/~ban](http://www.tao.ca/~ban)
- \*Biblioteca Social Reconstruir, Morelos 45, Desp. 206, Col Centro, CP06006, Mexico 1DF, MEXICO;  
tel. 01525-512-0886
- \*Earth Liberation Front (ELF) & Animal Liberation Front (ALF): [www.earthliberationfont.com](http://www.earthliberationfont.com) and  
[www.envirolink.org/ALF](http://www.envirolink.org/ALF)
- \*Tao Communications (email, list serves, projects and groups--rad rad rad!): [www.tao.ca](http://www.tao.ca)
- \*Write to political prisoners!!!!  
North American Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network, POB 11331, Eugene, OR 97440;  
email: [naelpsn@yahoo.com](mailto:naelpsn@yahoo.com)  
APLAN (Anarchist Prisoners' Legal Aid Network), 818 SW 3rd Ave., PMB 354, Portland OR  
97204; email: [aplan69@hotmail.com](mailto:aplan69@hotmail.com)
- \*Warrior Poets Society: POB 14501, Berkeley, CA 94712; email: [warriorpoets@yahoogroups.com](mailto:warriorpoets@yahoogroups.com)
- \*Hobos from Hell: POB 2497, Santa Cruz, CA 95063; 831-515-4483 ext. 1217
- \*Feral Press (loads of great published material): POB 1212, Tucson, AZ 85702; 520-740-0810
- \*British EF! and connected assorted eco-freaks: [www.eco-action.org](http://www.eco-action.org)
- \*Do or Die, an annual British book of action and analysis: [www.eco-action.org/dod/index.html](http://www.eco-action.org/dod/index.html)
- \*A piece on Cointelpro, the war at home: [MediaFilter.org/MFF/USDomCovOps1.html](http://MediaFilter.org/MFF/USDomCovOps1.html)
- \*Evil Twin Publications: POB 1318, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276; web:  
[www.eviltwinpublications.com](http://www.eviltwinpublications.com)
- \*Slingshot Collective (Infoshop, magazine and more): 3124 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705;  
510-540-0751; email: [slingshot@tao.ca](mailto:slingshot@tao.ca) web: [www.tao.ca/~slingshot](http://www.tao.ca/~slingshot)
- \*OFF! Magazine: OCC/SUNY Binghamton, Binghamton, NY 13902; email: [offeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:offeditor@hotmail.com)
- \*Art & Revolution Collective: 1002 1/2 Delores St., San Francisco, CA 94110; 415-339-7801
- \*Pirate Radio: [www.radio4all.org](http://www.radio4all.org)

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Big Jim Miller's my name  
 And from California I came  
 But its a dirty shame  
 How those Earth Firsters ruined my game  
 It started in '92  
 With a small and kind of goofy crew  
 But what I know now if I'd known it then  
 I'd of blasted the shit out of each of them

The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 In the woods they're a prowlin  
 The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 Every night they're a howlin  
 They go (HOWL)

Then there was '93  
 Hippies far as you could see  
 They buried themselves in the road  
 And they sat up in the trees  
 I tried to lasso Erik Ryberg away  
 But some damn cop came and ruined my day  
 I swore by the dirt below my feet  
 That Big Jim would not go down into defeat

The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 They call it direct action  
 The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 I'll put them all in traction  
 They go (HOWL)

'94 came around  
 And they all came back to town  
 Although some judge in a gown  
 Had shut all the loggin down  
 But I can think as well as hate  
 And I blocked their land with my gate  
 So now they drive up a killer hill  
 And they're stuck with huge car repair bills

The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 We won't sell em gas here  
 The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 We say that this is their last year  
 They say (HOWL)

And now it's '95  
 And these ecos are ~~are~~ still alive  
 They're back for another try  
 Say they won't let the forest die  
 Well I don't care if the critters are hurt  
 And the workers are all treated like dirt  
 I take what I need, overcharge for what I sell  
 And the rest of the world can just go straight to hell

The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 They take nonviolence training  
 The folks who drove ole Dixie nuts  
 I take aim while complaining  
 They go (HOWL)

We should not be in the least afraid of ruins. They  
may blast and lay bare to this world before they go  
but we carry a new world here in our hearts, and  
this world is growing as we speak...

-Durrutti, Spain 1936

