Lyrics to Songs in Peter Bergel’s “Sing Like a Movement” Presentation

Follow the Drinking Gourd

When the sun comes back and first quail calls,
Follow the Drinking Gourd
Well the old man is a waitin’ for to carry you to freedom
Follow the Drinking Gourd

Chorus:

Follow the Drinking Gourd
Follow the Drinking Gourd
Well the old man is a waitin’ for to carry you to freedom
Follow the Drinking Gourd

Well the river bank makes a mighty good road
Follow the Drinking Gourd
Left foot, peg foot, travelin’ on
Follow the Drinking Gourd

Chorus

Well the river ends between two hills
Follow the Drinking Gourd
There’s another river on the other side
Follow the Drinking Gourd

Chorus

Bourgeois Blues

By Huddie Ledbetter

Come all you people, listen to me
Don’t try to buy no home down in Washington DC
‘Cause it’s a bourgeois town, yes a bourgeois town,
I got the Bourgeois Blues, gonna spread the news all around.

Well, the white folks in Washington, they know just how
To toss a colored man a nickel just to see him bow,
‘Cause it’s a bourgeois town, yes a bourgeois town,
I got the Bourgeois Blues, gonna spread the news all around.

Huddie Ledbetter and his wife, was standin’ upstairs
Heard a white man holler, “Don’t want no niggers up there,”
‘Cause it’s a bourgeois town, yes a bourgeois town,
I got the Bourgeois Blues, gonna spread the news all around.

This is the land of the brave, the home of the free
Don’t want to be mistreated by no bourgeoisie
In a bourgeois town, yes a bourgeois town,
I got the Bourgeois Blues, gonna spread the news all around.

(Repeat first verse)

Links on the Chain

By Phil Ochs

Come all your ranks of labor, come all you union corps,
And see if you remember the struggles of before
When you were standin’ helpless on the outside of the door
And you started buildin’ links on the chain, on the chain
And you started buildin’ links on the chain.

When the police on the horses were waitin’ on demand
Ridin’ through the strife with a pistol in their hand
Swingin’ at the heads of many a union man
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain
And you built one more link on the chain.

Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run,
But the army of the union, they did what could be done
And the power of the factory proved greater than the gun
As you build one more link on the chain, on the chain
And you built one more link on the chain.

Then in 1954 decision’s finally made
The black man was a risin’ fast, risin’ from the shame
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed
As you lost yourselves a link on the chain, on the chain
As you lost yourselves a link on the chain.

And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides
Forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide
Oh the automation bosses, they were laughin’ on the side
As they watched you lose your links on the chain, on the chain
As they watched you lose your links on the chain.

You know when they block your trucks, boys, by layin’ on the road
All that they are doin’ is all that you have showed
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed
When you’re building all your links on the chain, on the chain
When you’re buildin’ all your links on the chain.

And the man who tries to tell you they’ll take your jobs away
Is the same man who was scabbin’ hard just the other day
And your union’s not a union till he’s put out of your way
And he’s locked out by the links on your chain, on your chain
And he’s locked out by the links on your chain.

For now the times are tellin’ you, the times are rollin’ on
And you’re fightin’ for the same thing: the job that will be gone
So it’s only fair to ask you boys now which side are you on
As you’re building all your links on the chain, on the chain
As you’re buildin’ all your links on the chain.

(I Ain’t Gonna Let Nobody) Turn Me Around
I ain’t gonna let nobody, turn me around
Turn me around
Turn me around
I ain’t gonna let nobody, turn me around
I’m gonna keep on a walkin’
Gonna keep on a talkin’
Walking down that Freedom line.

Woke Up This Morning
Oh I woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Oh I woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Oh I woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah

I’m walkin’ and talkin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
I’m walkin’ and talkin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
I’m walkin’ and talkin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah

I’m singin’ and prayin’” with my mind stayed on freedom
I’m singin’ and prayin’” with my mind stayed on freedom
I’m singin’ and prayin’” with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah

Teachin’ and preachin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
Teachin’ and preachin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
Teachin’ and preachin’ with my mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah

There ain’t no harm to keep your mind stayed on freedom
There ain’t no harm to keep your mind stayed on freedom
There ain’t no harm to keep your mind stayed on freedom
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah

**Where Have All The Flowers Gone?**
*By Pete Seeger*

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them every one
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands every one
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers every one
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, every one
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

**Get Together**
*By Chet Powers*

Love is but a song we sing
Fear a way we die
You can make the mountains ring
Or make the angels cry
Though the bird is on the wing and
We do not know why

**Chorus**
C’mon people,now, smile on each other
Everybody get together
Try to love one another right now
(repeat, if desired)

Some will come and some will go
And we shall surely pass
When the one who left us here
Returns for us at last
We are but a moment’s sunlight
Fadin’ on the grass

**Chorus**
If you hear the song I’m singing
You will understand
You hold the key to love and fear
All in your tremblin’ hand
One key unlocks them both, you know,
It lies at your command,

Chorus

**Down by the Riverside**

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside (3x)
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
And study war no more.

Chorus
I ain’t gonna study war no more (6x)

Gonna walk with the Prince of Peace…

Gonna try on my long white robe…

Gonna join hands with everyone (or - around the world)…

**Low-Level Radiation Blues**

By Rhys Scholls and Marcia Barrentine

First it was the fallout from the sky
Buildin’ bigger bombs so more people could die
Now they got it comin’ from those nuclear plants
It’s the peaceful atom, gonna give you cancer.
I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the low-level radiation blues.

Strontium 90 it falls on the grass
The cows eat it up and then it’s milk in your glass
It settles right down in your bones and teeth
And in a few more years it’s gonna give you grief.
I’ve got the blues, I’ve got the blues
I’ve got the low-level radiation blues.

Chorus
And you better believe that it’s a-killin’ you
We better get together ‘cause it’s killin’ me too
I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the low-level radiation blues.

Doctor Sternglass and Doctor Bertell
They checked their figures and they checked them well
They said, “Thousands of people will get sick and die
Because the radiation limits are way too high.”
I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the low-level radiation blues.

So the scientists went to the NRC
They said, “These regulations are a travesty!”
The bureaucrats said, “Shucks,” and “Gee whiz,
That’s just the way it is in the nuclear biz.”
I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the low-level radiation blues.

Chorus, and then, slowly:

I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the low-level radiation, cancer and mutation,
fed’ral regulation blues.
Peace is Flowing Like a River

Peace is flowing like a river
Flowing out from you and me
Flowing out into the desert
Setting all the captives free

(Zip in Love, Hope, and We)

This Land is Your Land
By Woody Guthrie

As I was walkin’ that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York islands
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

I’ve roamed and rambled and followed by my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

When the sun was shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

Take Me Out of the Bomb Game

New Words by Peter Bergel: Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Take me out of the Bomb Game
Take me far from the cloud
Sign me some treaties
Give peace a chance
Let’s all agree
Even China and France
So it’s root, root, root for the peace team
If we don’t win it’s a shame
‘Cause it’s just one strike and you’re out
Of the Old Bomb Game.

Banks of Marble
by Woody Guthrie, new words by Peter Bergel

I have traveled ‘round this country
From shore to shining shore
And it really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw.

I have seen the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back
And I’ve heard his children cryin’
Got no coal to heat the shack.
Chorus
   But the banks are made of marble
   With a guard at every door
   And the vaults are stuffed with silver
   That the miners sweated for.

I have seen big corporations
Getting drunk on profit wine
And I’ve seen the lengths they’ll go to
To protect their bottom line.

Chorus
   But the banks are made of marble
   With a guard at every door
   And the vaults are stuffed with silver
   That the workers sweated for.

I have seen the masked policemen
With their nightsticks in a row
Just to guard faceless free traders
As they plot in the WTO.

Chorus
   But the banks are made of marble
   With a guard at every door
   And the vaults are stuffed with silver
   That the workers sweated for.

I have seen our so-called leaders
Taking care of their careers
As they cut the workers programs
To benefit war profiteers.

Chorus
   But the banks are made of marble
   With a guard at every door
   And the vaults are stuffed with silver
   That the workers sweated for.

I have seen the people working
All across this mighty land
And I prayed we’d get together
And together make a stand.

Chorus
   Then we’d own those banks of marble
   With a guard at every door
   And we’d share those vaults of silver
   That we all have sweated for.
Deportee
by Woody Guthrie

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps
They're flying them back to the Mexico border
It takes all their money to wade back again.

Chorus
Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Roselita
Adios mes amigos, Jesus e Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees.

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My sisters and brothers come work in the fruit fields
They rode that old truck till they took down and died.

Chorus

Some of us are illegal and others not wanted
Our work contract’s out and we have to move on
Six hundred miles to that Mexico border
They chased us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves.

Chorus

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills
Who are these dear friends all falling like dry leaves?
Radio said, "They are just deportees."

Chorus

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can raise our good crops?
To die and be scattered to rot on the topsoil
And be known by no names except "deportees."

Chorus

Afta NAFTA
By Dr. Atomic’s Medicine Show (Marc Nassar)

Used to be one job could feed your family
Now it seems that’s only in your dreams
You’re the 99%, that’s all you’re gonna get, that’s a facta

Big business sees just one economy
And companies flock where the pay is chicken feed
You’re the 99%, that’s all you’re gonna get, that’s a facta
Afta NAFTA – you can’t get a break
Afta NAFTA – It’s a corporate State
Afta NAFTA – If you’re gettin’ irate
Afta NAFTA – change the public debate
Hear my plea, Stop th’ TPP, afta NAFTA

The courts let one per-cent call all the shots
They’ll be the haves and we’ll be the have nots
Nothin’ but debt for the 99 percent - that’s a Shafta

You gotta chance to take this country back
The one percent won’t give it if you ask
Collectively we can break free - that’s a facta

Afta NAFTA – our future’s at stake
Afta NAFTA – It’s a corporate State
Afta NAFTA – If you’re getting irate
Afta NAFTA – change the public debate
Hear my plea, Stop th’ TPP, afta NAFTA

It’s about bein’ free and our own destiny, that’s a facta.

Do It Now
Tune: Bella Ciao, International Climate Anthem from Belgium

We need to wake up
We need to rise up
We need to open our eyes and do it now, now, now!
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now.

We’re on a planet
That has a problem
We’ve got to solve it, get involved, and do it now, now now!
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now.

Make it greener
Make it cleaner
Make it last, make it fast, and do it now, now, now!
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now.

No point in waiting
Or hesitating
We must get wise, take no more lies and do it now, now, now!
We need to build a better future
And we need to start right now.
Tearing off your mountain tops delights Peabody Coal
They don’t care about the mess that’s building their bankroll
But if a global meltdown only makes you frown,
Maybe you should tell ’em just to leave it in the ground.

Chorus
Leave it in the ground, leave it in the ground
It really doesn’t matter how much coal you’ve found
Financial domination will do in all creation
So change your frackin’ ways and leave it in the ground.

People ‘round the country can light water from their taps
Fracking natch’ral gas makes their environment collapse
Perhaps it’s not so natch’ral if it makes nature come unwound
We’d all be better off just to leave it in the ground.

Chorus (gas)

If we burn the fossil fuels that they’ve already found
Our planet will heat up so much that we won’t be around
This message from the dinosaurs I will now expound:
You really better tell them to leave it in the ground.

Chorus (fuel)

We’ve all seen the fires, floods, the droughts and super storms, Even
dittohead deniers know that this is not the norm
Unless we take some action and help nature to rebound
She’ll retaliate and she’ll leave us in the ground.

Chorus (fuel)

Tell me how this sounds for health care
You’re covered just as soon as you are born
Paying for it no longer is a nightmare
Your bills don’t read like economic porn

Chorus
Medicare for you
Medicare for me
Medicare’s the kind of care
That everybody needs.
Obamacare beats out the former system
But it’s still run by corporate greed
Fairness means we’ve got to resist ‘em
Medicare for all is what we need

Chorus

And don’t be afraid of the S-word
Not if you got here on a public street
Don’t let your thinking be censored
By right-wing nuts and corporate elites.

Chorus

Don’t vote against your best interests
Insurance profits don’t help you get well
The fear that’s created by alarmists
Is all just to make you buy the scam they sell.

Chorus

You say you don’t want health care to be rationed
Guess what, my friend, it already is
But reserving health for rich folks is old fashioned
Let’s give it to the people not big biz

Chorus, then:
It’s the kind of care everybody needs.