

This Land is Your Land

original words and music by Woodie Guthrie
with additional lyrics by Marian Shapiro

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me [CHORUS]

I've roamed and rambled and followed 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]

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me [CHORUS]

There was a time when the world united
To stand beside us, to have wrongs righted
But our leader blew it, told our allies, Screw it!
He doesn't speak for you and me.

That man deceived us, No weapons were proven
You can tell he's lyin', cause his lips are movin'
And if you accuse him, Karl Rove will out you
Freedom denied for you and me

In the schools of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
The army recruiters - harass my people
Our voting machines are now rigged by Diebold
This land was once a Democracy

Let's Take Back Your Land, Let's Take Back My Land...
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
A BLUE land depends on you and me! [CHORUS]

I Wish More Christians Loved Jesus

Words and music by RJ Eskow

Oh, I wish more Christians loved Jesus
and thought about Him when they prayed
as they saw Him drawing near, they might even find a tear
as He looks out at the world we've made.

Oh, I wish more Christians loved Jesus
and listened to Him when He called
for they'd put an end to war and He'd be something more
than just a portrait up on the wall.

He said if you would follow me
you must even love your enemies
for when a soul is bound by hate
it cannot reach the shining gates.

Oh, I wish more preachers loved Jesus
you know, the ones you see now on TV
with their daily ratings charts, their unforgiving hearts
and political hypocrisy.

They'd judge not if they really loved Jesus
and they'd read from Chapter 5, Verse 9
but in their new Mercedes-Benz with their country-clubbing friends
it's the blind golfing with the blind.

He'd find a home in every town
where the broken and the poor are found
but He'd never go where they have gone
to those parties on the White House lawn

Oh, I wish more Christians *knew* Jesus
for if they heard His words of peace
they could not support the right
if they could see the light
of a star rising in the East

It's an *inconvenience* to love Jesus
and struggle with Him 'til the end
but may they never turn away
from all He came to say -
'cause that's not the way to treat a friend.

Oh, I wish more Christians loved Jesus.

Gunplay

Words and music by RJ Eskow

Been a whole lot of gunplay, but there hasn't been a whole lot of talk
been a whole lot of bodies outlined on the ground in white chalk
been a whole lot of killing and a lot of people dying
we've seen the broken and the wounded, seen the lonely and the crying
but that ain't on their mind when they go out looking for gunplay.

Been a whole lot of gunplay, but play - that's something for kids
if you've ever fought in battle then you know, but hey, they never did
you'd know that dying brings sorrow and that killing is a curse
when you're not afraid to fight you're not afraid to talk first
you know there's nothing worse than punks out looking for gunplay.

Paging Gary Cooper, Gary Cooper was a man
who knew how to walk with a rifle in his hand
He knew about justice, he believed in the courts
he only raised his gun hand as a very last resort.

Been a whole lot of trouble going on lately, and it's the same crowd behind it all
if they don't run from danger that's just because they'd rather crawl
they cheat and lie then run and hide behind somebody's skirt
if you catch 'em red-handed they cry "orange alert"
then dive into the dirt, they don't want to get hurt just because they like gunplay.

Seems in every single Western there's some loudmouthed kid
waves his pistol 'round, takes credit for things he never did
he'll wear his gun outfit for a fancy photograph
if Gary Cooper ever saw him, you can bet your life -
Gary Cooper would laugh.

Been a whole lot of innocent lives taken by the gun
because the punks have been in charge, but now amateur hour's done
we want to find a new sheriff not afraid to stand tall
who can end all of this game playing once and for all
and then let the rifle fall, heroes waste no time at all on gunplay.

Heroes don't waste time on gunplay.

Faded Coat of Blue

Melody traditional – Lyrics by John McNaughton, 1865

Oh, my brave lad he fell in his faded coat of blue,
in a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true;
he fell faint and hungry among the vanquished brave,
and they laid him sad and lonely in a nameless grave.

He cried "Give me water and just a little crumb,
and my father will thank you through all the years to come
and tell my dear sister, so gentle, good, and true
I will meet her in Heaven in my faded coat of blue."

Chorus:

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
rest noble spirit, in a grave unknown!
We will find you and know you among the good and true,
when a robe of white is given for a faded coat of blue.

Oh, the long years have vanished, and though he comes no more,
yet my heart still will start with each footfall at my door;
and I gaze at the hilltop where he waved his last adieu,
but no gallant lad I see there in his faded coat of blue.

Chorus