

"A Change is Gonna Come"
Sam Cooke

I was born by the river in a little tent
Oh and just like the river I've been running ever since
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

It's been too hard living but I'm afraid to die
Cause I don't know what's up there beyond the sky
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

I go to the movie and I go downtown somebody keep telling me don't hang around
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

Then I go to my brother
And I say brother help me please
But he winds up knockin' me
Back down on my knees

Ohhhhhhhh.....

There been times that I thought I couldn't last for long
But now I think I'm able to carry on
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

"Blowin' In the Wind"

Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, n how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, n how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, n how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, n how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before its washed to the sea?
Yes, n how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, n how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Fortunate Son
By Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no,

Yeah!

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh.
But when the taxman comes to the door,
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one.

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no,

"Fixin' to Die Rag"
By Country Joe McDonald

Well, come on all of you, big strong men,
Uncle Sam needs your help again.
He's got himself in a terrible jam
Way down yonder in Vietnam
So put down your books and pick up a gun,
We're gonna have a whole lotta fun.

And it's one, two, three,
What are we fighting for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam;
And its five, six, seven,
Open up the pearly gates,
Well there ain't no time to wonder why,
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Come on Wall Street, don't be slow,
Why man, this is war au-go-go
There's plenty good money to be made
By supplying the Army with the tools of its trade,
But just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb,
They drop it on the Viet Cong.

And it's one, two, three,
What are we fighting for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam.
And it's five, six, seven,
Open up the pearly gates,
Well there ain't no time to wonder why
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast;
Your big chance has come at last.
Now you can go out and get those reds
'Cause the only good commie is the one that's dead
And you know that peace can only be won
When we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

And it's one, two, three,
What are we fighting for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam;
And its five, six, seven,
Open up the pearly gates,
Well there ain't no time to wonder why
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Come on mothers throughout the land;
Pack your boys off to Vietnam.
Come on fathers, and don't hesitate
To send your sons off before it's too late.
And you can be the first ones in your block

To have your boy come home in a box.

And it's one, two, three
What are we fighting for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam.
And it's five; six, seven,
Open up the pearly gates,
Well there ain't no time to wonder why,
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Draft Dodger Rag
By Phil Ochs

Oh, I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and a-keepin' old Castro down
And when it came my time to serve I knew "better dead than red"
But when I got to my old draft board, buddy, this is what I said:

CHORUS

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse
Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a DEE-fense plant

I've got a dislocated disc and a wracked up back
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when the bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze

I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse
Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a DEE-fense plant

Ooh, I hate Chou En Lai, and I hope he dies,
One thing you gotta see
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em Hell!
Kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore
I'll be the first to go

Yes, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse
Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a DEE-fense plant

Bring 'Em Home
By Pete Seeger

If you love your Uncle Sam,
Bring them home, bring them home.
Support our boys in Vietnam,
Bring them home, bring them home.

It'll make our generals sad, I know,
Bring them home, bring them home.
They want to tangle with the foe,
Bring them home, bring them home.

They want to test their weaponry,
Bring them home, bring them home.
But here is their big fallacy,
Bring them home, bring them home.

I may be right, I may be wrong,
Bring them home, bring them home.
But I got a right to sing this song,
Bring them home, bring them home.

There's one thing I must confess,
Bring them home, bring them home.
I'm not really a pacifist,
Bring them home, bring them home.

If an army invaded this land of mine,
Bring them home, bring them home.
You'd find me out on the firing line,
Bring them home, bring them home.

Even if they brought their planes to bomb,
Bring them home, bring them home.
Even if they brought helicopters and napalm,
Bring them home, bring them home.

Show those generals their fallacy:
Bring them home, bring them home.
They don't have the right weaponry,
Bring them home, bring them home.

For defense you need common sense,
Bring them home, bring them home.
They don't have the right armaments,
Bring them home, bring them home.

The world needs teachers, books and schools
Bring them home, bring them home.
And learning a few universal rules,
Bring them home, bring them home.

So if you love your Uncle Sam,
Bring them home, bring them home.
Support our boys in Vietnam,
Bring them home, bring them home.

War, by Edwin Starr

War, huh, yeah
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Uh-huh
War, huh, yeah
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Say it again, y'all

War, huh, good God
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Listen to me

Ohhh, war, I despise
Because it means destruction
Of innocent lives

War means tears
To thousands of mothers eyes
When their sons go to fight
And lose their lives

I said, war, huh
Good God, y'all
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Say it again

War, whoa, Lord
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing
But a heartbreaker
War, friend only to the undertaker
Ooooh, war
It's an enemy to all mankind
The point of war blows my mind
War has caused unrest
Within the younger generation
Induction then destruction
Who wants to die
Aaaaah, war-huh
Good God y'all
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Say it, say it, say it
War, huh
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Listen to me

War, huh, yeah
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Uh-huh
War, huh, yeah
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Say it again y'all
War, huh, good God
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker
War, it's got one friend
That's the undertaker
Ooooh, war, has shattered
Many a young man's dreams
Made him disabled, bitter and mean
Life is much too short and precious
To spend fighting wars these days
War can't give life
It can only take it away

Ooooh, war, huh
Good God y'all
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Say it again

War, whoa, Lord
What is it good for
Absolutely nothing
Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker
War, friend only to the undertaker
Peace, love and understanding
Tell me, is there no place for them today
They say we must fight to keep our freedom
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way

Ooooooh, war, huh
Good God y'all
What is it good for
You tell me
Say it, say it, say it, say it

War, huh
Good God y'all
What is it good for
Stand up and shout it
Nothing

War Pigs
By Black Sabbath

Generals gathered in their masses
Just like witches at black masses
Evil minds that plot destruction
Sorcerers of death's construction
In the fields the bodies burning
As the war machine keeps turning
Death and hatred to mankind
Poisoning their brainwashed minds, oh lord yeah!

Politicians hide themselves away
They only started the war
Why should they go out to fight?
They leave that role to the poor

Time will tell on their power minds
Making war just for fun
Treating people just like pawns in chess
Wait till their judgment day comes, yeah!

Now in darkness, world stops turning
As the war machine keeps burning
No more war pigs of the power
Hand of God has struck the hour
Day of judgment, God is calling
On their knees, the war pigs crawling
Begging mercy for their sins
Satan, laughing, spreads his wings
All right now!

Give Peace a Chance
By John Lennon

Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout
Bagism, Shagism, Dragism, Madism, Ragism, Tagism
This-ism, that-ism, ism ism ism

All we are saying is give peace a chance
All we are saying is give peace a chance

(C'mon)

Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout
Minister, Sinister, Banisters and Canisters,
Bishops, Fishops, Rabbis, and Pop Eyes, Bye bye, Bye byes

All we are saying is give peace a chance
All we are saying is give peace a chance

(Let me tell you now)

Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout
Revolution, Evolution, M-----tion, Flagellation, Regulation,
Integrations, mediations, United Nations, congratulations

All we are saying is give peace a chance
All we are saying is give peace a chance

Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout
John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary,
Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper,
Derek Taylor, Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna

Hare Hare Krishna

All we are saying is give peace a chance
All we are saying is give peace a chance

(Repeat 'til the tape runs out)

Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation
By Tom Paxton

I got a letter from L. B. J.
It said this is your lucky day.
It's time to put your khaki trousers on.
Though it may seem very queer
We've got no jobs to give you here
So we are sending you to Viet Nam

[Chorus:]

Lyndon Johnson told the nation,
"Have no fear of escalation.
I am trying everyone to please.
Though it isn't really war,
We're sending fifty thousand more,
To help save Viet nam from Viet Nameese."

I jumped off the old troop ship,
And sank in mud up to my hips.
I cussed until the captain called me down.
Never mind how hard it's raining,
Think of all the ground we're gaining,
Just don't take one step outside of town.

Every night the local gentry
Sneak out past the sleeping sentry.
They go to join the old VC.
In their nightly little dramas,
They put on their black pajamas,
And come lobbing mortar shells at me.

We go round in helicopters,
Like a bunch of big grasshoppers,
Searching for the Viet Cong in vain.
They left a note that they had gone.
They had to get down to Saigon,
Their government positions to maintain.

Well here I sit in this rice paddy,
Wondering about Big Daddy,
And I know that Lyndon loves me so.
Yet how sadly I remember,
Way back yonder in November,
When he said I'd never have to go.

I Ain't Marchin' Anymore
By Phil Ochs

Oh I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war
The young land started growing
The young blood started flowing
But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I've killed my share of Indians
In a thousand different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I heard many men lying I saw many more dying
But I ain't marchin' anymore

(chorus)

It's always the old to lead us to the war
It's always the young to fall
Now look at all we've won with the saber and the gun
Tell me is it worth it all

For I stole California from the Mexican land
Fought in the bloody Civil War
Yes I even killed my brothers
And so many others But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars
Oh I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again
But I ain't marchin' anymore

(chorus)

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky
Set off the mighty mushroom roar
When I saw the cities burning I knew that I was learning
That I ain't marchin' anymore

Now the labor leader's screamin'
when they close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason,"
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"
But I ain't marchin' any more,
No I ain't marchin' any more

What's Going On?
By Marvin Gaye

Mother, mother
There's too many of you crying
Brother, brother, brother
There's far too many of you dying
You know we've got to find a way
To bring some lovin' here today - Ya

Father, father
We don't need to escalate
You see, war is not the answer
For only love can conquer hate
You know we've got to find a way
To bring some lovin' here today

Picket lines and picket signs
Don't punish me with brutality
Talk to me, so you can see
Oh, what's going on
What's going on
Ya, what's going on
Ah, what's going on

In the mean time
Right on, baby
Right on
Right on

Father, father, everybody thinks we're wrong
Oh, but who are they to judge us
Simply because our hair is long
Oh, you know we've got to find a way
To bring some understanding here today
Oh

Picket lines and picket signs
Don't punish me with brutality
Talk to me
So you can see
What's going on
Ya, what's going on
Tell me what's going on
I'll tell you what's going on - Uh
Right on baby
Right on baby

**It Better End Soon
By Chicago**

Can't Stand It No More
The People Dying
Crying For Help For So Many Years
But Nobody Hears
Better End Soon My Friend
It Better End Soon My Friend Can't Take It No More
The People Hating
Hurting Their Brothers
They Don't Understand
They Can't Understand
Better End Soon My Friend
It Better End Soon

Hey, Everybody
Won't You Just Look Around
Can't Anybody See
Just What's Going Down
Can't You Take The Time
Just To Feel
Just To Feel What Is Real
If You Do
Then You'll See That We Got A Raw Deal
They're Killing Everybody
They're Killing Me And You
They're Killing Everybody
I Wish It Weren't True
They Say We Got To Make War
Or The Economy Will Fall
But If We Don't Stop
We Won't Be Around No More
They're Ruining This World
For You And Me
The Big Heads Of State
Won't Let Us Be Free
They Made The Rules Once
But It Didn't Work Out
Now We Must Try Again
Before They Kill Us Off
No More Dying!
No More Killing
No More Dying
No More Fighting
We Don't Want To Die
No, We Don't Want To Die
Please Let's Change It All
Please Let's Make It All
Good For The Present
And Better For The Future
Let's Just Love One Another
Let's Show Peace For Each Other
We Can Make It Happen
Let's Just Make It Happen
We Can Change This World
Please Let's Change This World

Please Let's Make It Happen For Our Children
For Our Women
Change The World
Please Make It Happen
Come On
Come On
Please
Come On
It's Up To Me
It's Up To You
So Let's Do It Now
Yeah
Do It Now

Can't Stand It No More
The People Cheating
Burning Each Other
They Know It Ain't Right
How Can It Be Right
Better End Soon My Friend
It Better End Soon My Friend

Ohio
by Neil Young

Tin Soldiers And Nixon's Bombing
We're Finally On Our Own
This Summer I Hear The Drumming
Four Dead In Ohio

Gotta Get Down To It
Soldiers Are Gunning Us Down
Should Of Been Done Long Ago
What If You Knew Her And
Found Her Dead On The Ground
How Can You Run When You Know

La La La La La La La
La La La La La La La
La La La La La La La

Tin Soldiers And Nixon's Bombing
We're Finally On Our Own
This Summer I Hear The Drumming
Four Dead In Ohio

Four Dead In Ohio
Four Dead In Ohio
Four Dead In Ohio
Four Dead In Ohio

**Ballad Of Penny Evans
by Steve Goodman**

My Name Is Penny Evans And My Age Is Twenty-One
I'm A Widow Of The War That Was Fought In Vietnam
I Have Two Baby Daughters And I Do The Best I Can
They Say The War Is Over But I Think It's Just Begun

I Remember I Was Seventeen When First I Met My Bill
At His Father's Grand Piano We Played Old 'Heart And Soul'
I Only Knew The Left Hand Part, He Knew The Right So Well
He's The Only Boy I Slept With, And The Only One I Will

First We Had A Baby Girl, We Had Two Good Years
And Next The Warning Notice Came, We Parted Without Tears
Then It's Nine Months From Our Last Goodbye Our Second Child Appears
And It's Ten Months And A Telegram Confirming All Our Fears

So Once A Month I Get A Check From Some Army Bureaucrat
And Once A Month I Tear It Up And Mail The Damn Thing Back
Do They Think That Makes It All Right? Do They Think I'll Fall For That
They Can Keep Their Bloody Money, It Won't Bring My Billy Back

I Never Cared For Politics, Speeches I Don't Understand
Likewise I'll Take No Charity From Any Living Man
But Tonight There's Fifty Thousand Gone In That Unhappy Land
And Fifty Thousand 'Heart And Souls' Being Played With Just One Hand

My Name Is Penny Evans And My Age Is Twenty-One
I'm A Widow Of The War That Was Fought In Vietnam
I Have Two Baby Daughters - Thank God I Have No Son
They Say The War Is Over But I Think It's Just Begun

Eve of Destruction
By Barry McGuire

The eastern world, it is exploding
Violence flarin' , bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
Ah, you don't believe
We're on the eve
of destruction.

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you feel the fears I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save, with the world in a grave
[Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy]

And you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
Ah, you don't believe
We're on the eve
of destruction.

Yeah, my blood's so mad feels like coaglatin'
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation.
Handful of senators don't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

And you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
Ah, you don't believe
We're on the eve
of destruction.

Think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama
You may leave here for 4 days in space
But when you return, it's the same old place
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace
And... tell me over and over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve
Of destruction
Mm, no no, you don't believe
We're on the eve
of destruction.

Goodnight Saigon
By Billy Joel

We met as soul mates on Parris Island
We left as inmates from an asylum
And we were sharp, as sharp as knives
And we were so gung ho to lay down our lives

We came in spastic like tameless horses
We left in plastic as numbered corpses
And we learned fast to travel light
Our arms were heavy but our bellies were tight

We had no home front, we had no soft soap
They sent us Playboy, they gave us Bob Hope
We dug in deep and shot on sight
And prayed to Jesus Christ with all our might

We had no cameras to shoot the landscape
We passed the hash pipe and played our Doors tapes
And it was dark, so dark at night
And we held on to each other
Like brother to brother
We promised our mothers we'd write

And we would all go down together
We said we'd all go down together
Yes we would all go down together

Remember Charlie, remember Baker
They left their childhood on every acre
And who was wrong? And who was right?
It didn't matter in the thick of the fight

We held the day in the palm of our hand
They ruled the night, and the night
Seemed to last as long as six weeks...

...On Parris Island
We held the coastline, they held the highlands
And they were sharp, as sharp as knives
They heard the hum of our motors
They counted the rotors
And waited for us to arrive

And we would all go down together
We said we'd all go down together
Yes we would all go down together

Peace Train
By Cat Stevens

Now I've been happy lately,
thinking about the good things to come
And I believe it could be,
something good has begun

Oh I've been smiling lately,
dreaming about the world as one
And I believe it could be,
some day it's going to come

Cause out on the edge of darkness,
there rides a peace train
Oh peace train take this country,
come take me home again

Now I've been smiling lately,
thinking about the good things to come
And I believe it could be,
something good has begun

Oh peace train sounding louder
Glide on the peace train
Come on now peace train
Yes, peace train holy roller

Everyone jump upon the peace train
Come on now peace train

Get your bags together,
go bring your good friends too
Cause it's getting nearer,
it soon will be with you

Now come and join the living,
it's not so far from you
And it's getting nearer,
soon it will all be true

Now I've been crying lately,
thinking about the world as it is
Why must we go on hating,
why can't we live in bliss

Cause out on the edge of darkness,
there rides a peace train
Oh peace train take this country,
come take me home again

Sky Pilot
By The Animals

He blesses the boys as they stand in line
The smell of gun grease and the bayonets they shine
He's there to help them all that he can
To make them feel wanted he's a good holy man
Sky pilot.....sky pilot
How high can you fly
You'll never, never, never reach the sky

He smiles at the young soldiers
Tells them its all right
He knows of their fear in the forthcoming fight
Soon there'll be blood and many will die
Mothers and fathers back home they will cry
Sky pilot.....sky pilot
How high can you fly
You'll never, never, never reach the sky

He mumbles a prayer and it ends with a smile
The order is given
They move down the line
But he's still behind and he'll meditate
But it won't stop the bleeding or ease the hate
As the young men move out into the battle zone
He feels good, with God you're never alone
He feels tired and he lays on his bed
Hopes the men will find courage in the words that he said
Sky pilot.....sky Pilot
How high can you fly

You'll never, never, never reach the sky
You're soldiers of God you must understand
The fate of your country is in your young hands
May God give you strength
Do your job real well
If it all was worth it
Only time it will tell

In the morning they return
With tears in their eyes
The stench of death drifts up to the skies
A soldier so ill looks at the sky pilot
Remembers the words
"Thou shalt not kill"
Sky pilot.....sky pilot
How high can you fly
You never, never, never reach the sky

**The Unknown Soldier
By the Doors**

Wait until the war is over
And we're both a little older
The unknown soldier

Breakfast where the news is read
Television children fed
Unborn living, living dead
Bullet strikes the helmet's head

And it's all over
For the unknown soldier
It's all over
For the unknown soldier, uh hu-uh

Hut!
Hut!
Hut ho hee up!
Hut!
Hut!
Hut ho hee up!
Hut!
Hut!
Hut ho hee up!
Comp'nee,
Halt!
Pree-sent arms!

Make a grave for the unknown soldier
Nestled in your hollow shoulder
The unknown soldier

Breakfast where the news is read
Television children fed
Bullet strikes the helmet's head

And, it's all over,
The war is over.
It's all over, war is over.
It's all over, baby!
All over, baby!
All, all over, yeah!
Aah, hah-hah.
All over, all over, babe!
Oh! Oh yeah!
All over, all over!
Ye-e-e-ah...

Viet Nam Blues
By Kris Kristofferson

I was out on the leave at the time just duckin' the fog nosin' around like a hungry dog
In that crazy place called Washington DC
I saw a crowd of people on the White House lawn all carrying signs about VietNam
So I went over to see what was goin' on
It was a strange looking bunch but then I never could understand some people
Oh a fellow came to me with a list in his hand he said we're gatherin' names to send
The telegram of sympathy then he handed me a pen
I said I reckon this is goin' to kids and wives
My friends over there who're givin' their lives
He said ah ah buddy this is goin' to Ho-Chi-Min
I said Ho-Chi who he said Ho-Chi-Min people's leader North VietNam
Oh I wasn't really sure I was hearin' him right
I thought I'd better move before I got in a fight
Cause my ears were hurtin' and my pulse started hit my lick
Then I thought of another telegram that I've just read
Tellin' my buddy's wife that her husband was dead
It wasn't too long till I was feelin' downright sick
Another held the sign that said we won't fight
I thought to myself boy ain't that right
To leave a lot of our soldiers die instead
I said it's a shame that every man who ever died up there that far off land
Was dyin' for that you wouldn't have to wake up dead
Course he looked at me like I was kinda crazy just another warmonger
Oh I left that place and I went downtown and hit first bar that I'd found
To cool myself off and pacify my brain
You see I was on orders to VietNam little old place just north to Saigon
Had about an hour to catch myself a plane
So all I mean to say is I don't like dyin' either but man I ain't gonna crawl

Vietnam Part I
By JB Lenoir

Vietnam Vietnam, everybody cryin' about Vietnam
Vietnam Vietnam, everybody cryin' about Vietnam
The law all the days (?) killing me down in Mississippi, nobody seems to give a damn

Oh God if you can hear my prayer now, please help my brothers over in Vietnam
Oh God if you can hear my prayer now, please help my brothers over in Vietnam
The poor boys fightin', killin' and hidin' all in holes,
Maybe killin' their own brother, they do not know

Mister President you always cry about peace, but you must clean up your house before you leave
Oh how you cry about peace, but you must clean up your house before you leave
How can you tell the world how we need peace, and you still mistreat and killin' poor me.



Vietnam Part II
By JB Lenoir

Lord I got my questionnaire
Uncle Sam gonna send me away from here
Lord I got my questionnaire
Uncle Sam gonna send me away from here
He says JB you can hide but you cannot run
Now lately you have to be in Vietnam

Sweetheart please don't you worry
I'm just beginnin' to fly in the air
Sweetheart please don't you worry
I'm just beginnin' to fly in the air
Now they in Vietnam shootin' 'em down over there
Lord you'll find my body there somewhere

Oh Lord I wonder
I wonder when will all wars come to an end
Oh Lord I wonder
I wonder when will all wars come to an end
Now in Vietnam, shootin' 'em down and sayin'
My son Jebra(?) will rise up and fight again

Viet Nam
By Phil Ochs

U.S. soldiers are a-dying over there, over there
as the status quo remains over there
U.S. soldiers
are a-dying while their mothers sit home crying
it's a crime how they're dying over there.
Viet Nam, oh Viet Nam, oh why must we die in Viet Nam
Well, I don't really care to die to die for the New Frontier
and make Viet Nam safe for Di-em-o-cra-cy.

Now one family rules the country over there, over there
and they lock up opposition over there
Well, I don't really crave to fill a Viet Nam-grave
as one family fills their pockets over there.
chorus

Now our soldiers burn the towns up over there, over there
and they relocate the people over there
Now this may sound like treason, but it sure shows lack of reason
to lock up groups of people over there.
chorus

Well, if you want to stop the fighting over there, over there
then you better stir up action over here
Drop your Congressman a line, let him know what's on your mind
and the crisis will be over over there.
chorus

Vietnam Talkin' Blues
By Johnny Cash

One mornin' at breakfast, I said to my wife,
We been everywhere once and some places twice,
As I had another helping of country ham,
She said "We ain't never been to Vietnam,
"And there's a bunch of our boys over there."
So we went to the Orient: Saigon.

Well we got a big welcome when we drove in,
Through the gates of a place that they call Long Vinh.
We checked in and everything got kinda quiet,
But a soldier boy said: "Just wait 'til tonight,
"Things get noisy. Things start happenin'.
"Big bad firecrackers."

Well that night we did about four shows for the boys,
And they were livin' it up with a whole lot of noise.
We did our last song for the night,
And we crawled into bed for some peace and quiet,
But things weren't peaceful. And things weren't quiet.
Things were scary.

Well for a few minutes June never said one word,
And I thought at first that she hadn't heard.
Then a shell exploded not two miles away,
She sat up in bed and I heard her say: "What was that?"
I said: "That was a shell, or a bomb."
She said: "I'm scared." I said "Me too."

Well all night long that noise kept on,
And the sound would chill you right to the bone.
The bullets and the bombs, and the mortar
shells,
Shook our bed every time one fell,
And it never let up; it was gonna get worse,
Before it got any better.

Well when the sun came up, the noise died down,
We got a few minutes sleep, an' we were sleepin' sound,
When a soldier knocked on our door and said:
"Last night they brought in seven dead, and 14 wounded."
And would we come down to the base hospital, and see the
boys.
"Yes!"

So we went to the hospital ward by day,
And every night we were singin' away.
Then the shells and the bombs was goin' again.
And the helicopters brought in the wounded men.
Night after night; day after day.
Comin' and a goin'.

So we sadly sang for them our last song,
And reluctantly we said: "So long."
We did our best to let 'em know that we care,

For every last one of 'em that's over there.
Whether we belong over there or not.
Somebody over here love's 'em, and needs 'em

Well now that's about all that there is to tell,
About that little trip into livin' hell.
And if I ever go back over there any more,
I hope there's none of our boys there for me to sing for;
I hope that war is over with,
And they all come back

To stay.

In peace.

Where Are You Now My Son?
By Joan Baez

It's walking to the battleground that always makes me cry
I've met so few folks in my time who weren't afraid to die
But dawn bleeds with the people here and morning skies are red

As young girls load up bicycles with flowers for the dead

An aging woman picks along the craters and the rubble
A piece of cloth, a bit of shoe, a whole lifetime of trouble
A sobbing chant comes from her throat and splits the morning air

The single son she had last night is buried under her

They say that the war is done
Where are you now, my son?

An old man with unsteady gait and beard of ancient white
Bent to the ground with arms outstretched faltering in his plight

I took his hand to steady him, he stood and did not turn
But smiled and wept and bowed and mumbled softly, "Danke
shoen"

The children on the roadsides of the villages and towns
Would stand around us laughing as we stood like giant clowns
The mourning bands told whom they'd lost by last night's
phantom messenger
And they spoke their only words in English, "Johnson, Nixon,
Kissinger"

Now that the war's being won
Where are you now, my son?

The siren gives a running break to those who live in town
Take the children and the blankets to the concrete underground
Sometimes we'd sing and joke and paint bright pictures on the wall

And wonder if we would die well and if we'd loved at all

The helmetless defiant ones sit on the curb and stare
At tracers flashing through the sky and planes bursting in air
But way out in the villages no warning comes before a blast
That means a sleeping child will never make it to the door

The days of our youth were fun
Where are you now, my son?

From the distant cabins in the sky where no man hears the

sound

Of death on earth from his own bombs, six pilots were shot
down

Next day six hulking bandaged men were dazzled by a room
Of newsmen. Sally keep the faith, let's hope this war ends soon

In a damaged prison camp where they no longer had command
They shook their heads, what irony, we thought peace was at
hand

The preacher read a Christmas prayer and the men kneeled on
the ground
Then sheepishly asked me to sing "They Drove Old Dixie Down"

Yours was the righteous gun
Where are you now, my son?

We gathered in the lobby celebrating Christmas Eve
The French, the Poles, the Indians, Cubans and Vietnamese
The tiny tree our host had fixed sweetened familiar psalms
But the most sacred of Christmas prayers was shattered by the
bombs

So back into the shelter where two lovely women rose
And with a brilliance and a fierceness and a gentleness which
froze

The rest of us to silence as their voices soared with joy
Outshining every bomb that fell that night upon Hanoi

With bravery we have sun
But where are you now, my son?

Oh people of the shelters what a gift you've given me
To smile at me and quietly let me share your agony
And I can only bow in utter humbleness and ask
Forgiveness and forgiveness for the things we've brought to
pass

The black pyjama'd culture that we tried to kill with pellet holes
And rows of tiny coffins we've paid for with our souls
Have built a spirit seldom seen in women and in men
And the white flower of Bac Mai will surely blossom once
again

I've heard that the war is done
Then where are you now, my son?

Waist Deep in the Big Muddy
By Pete Seeger

It was back in nineteen forty-two,
I was a member of a good platoon.
We were on maneuvers in-a Loozianna,
One night by the light of the moon.
The captain told us to ford a river,
That's how it all begun.
We were -- knee deep in the Big Muddy,
But the big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure,
This is the best way back to the base?"
"Sergeant, go on! I forded this river
'Bout a mile above this place.
It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging.
We'll soon be on dry ground."
We were -- waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, with all this equipment
No man will be able to swim."
"Sergeant, don't be a Nervous Nellie,"
The Captain said to him.
"All we need is a little determination;
Men, follow me, I'll lead on."
We were -- neck deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

All at once, the moon clouded over,
We heard a gurgling cry.
A few seconds later, the captain's helmet
Was all that floated by.
The Sergeant said, "Turn around men!
I'm in charge from now on."
And we just made it out of the Big Muddy
With the captain dead and gone.

We stripped and dived and found his body
Stuck in the old quicksand.
I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper
Than the place he'd once before been.
Another stream had joined the Big Muddy
'Bout a half mile from where we'd gone.
We were lucky to escape from the Big Muddy
When the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not going to point any moral;
I'll leave that for yourself
Maybe you're still walking, you're still talking
You'd like to keep your health.
But every time I read the papers
That old feeling comes on;
We're -- waist deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.
Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.
Waist deep! Neck deep! Soon even a
Tall man'll be over his head, we're
Waist deep in the Big Muddy!
And the big fool says to push on!

**Viet Nam
By the Minutemen**

Let's say I got a number that number's fifty thousand that's ten percent of five hundred thousand
oh here we are in French Indochina
executive order congressional decision the working masses are manipulated was this our policy?
ten long years
not one domino shall fall



**Joe McCarthy's Ghost
By the Minutemen**

Can you really be sure of the goddamn time of day?
Can you take the dirt from the fist of a foreigner?
Are you going to fight when they call out your number?
Can you toe the line? Can you repeat what you've been told?
Can you bite the bullet? Can you see the enemy?
Can you point the finger? Can you prove your loyalty?

Ballad of the Green Berets
By Sgt. Barry Sadler

Fighting soldiers from the sky
fearless men who jump and die
men who mean just what they say
the brave men of the Green Beret
Silver wings upon their chest
these are men Americas best
one hundred men will test today but
only three win the Green Beret
trained to live off natures land
trained in combat hand to hand
men who fight by night and day
courage take from the Green Beret

(Chorus)

Silver wings upon their chest
these are men Americas best
one hundred men will test today
but only three win the Green Beret

Back at home a young wife waits
her Green Beret has met his fate
he has died for those oppressed
leaving her this last request
put silver wings on my sons chest
make him one of Americas best
he'll be a man they'll test one day
have him win the Green Beret

Want to make "Blowin' in the wind(C)" sound awesome on your harmonica? Master tight single notes, rock solid bending and more with easy video lessons ->click here. Song: How many roads must a man walk down +6 +6+6 -6 +6 -5 +6 +5 -4 +4. Before you call him a man? +5 +6 +6 +6 -6 +6 -5 +6. Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail +5 -5 +6 +6 +6 -6 +6 -5 +6 +5 -4 +4. Before she sleeps in the sand?