

# Old Crow Medicine Show, I Hear Them All

I hear the crying of the hungry in the deserts where they're wandering;  
hear them crying out for heaven's own benevolence upon them;  
hear destructive power prevailing, I hear fools falsely hailing  
to the crooked wits of tyrants when they call.

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

I hear the sounds of tearing pages and the roar of burning paper;  
All the crimes and acquisitions turn to air and ash and vapor;  
And the rattle of the shackle far beyond emancipators;  
And the loneliest who gather in their stalls.

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

So while you sit and whistle Dixie with your money and your power,  
I can hear the flowers growing in the rubble of the towers.  
I hear leaders quit their lying.  
I hear babies quit their crying.  
I hear soldiers quit their dying, one and all.

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

I hear the tender words from Zion, I hear Noah's waterfall,  
Hear the gentle lamb of Judah sleeping at the feet of Buddha  
And the prophets from Elija to the old Paiute Wovoka  
Take their places at the table when they're called.

I hear them all  
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I hear them all

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