

# Pete Seeger, Banks Of Marble

I've travelled around this country  
From shore to shining shore  
And it really makes me wonder  
What the world is coming to

I see the weary farmer  
Just plowing up the loam  
And I see the auction hammer  
A'selling off his home

Cho:  
But the banks are made of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And the vaults are made of silver  
That the workers sweated for