

Pete Seeger, Talking Atom (Old Man Atom)

Well, I'm gonna preach you a sermon 'bout Old Man Atom,
I don't mean the Adam in the Bible datum.
I don't mean the Adam that Mother Eve mated,
I mean that thing that science liberated.
Einstein says he's scared,
And when Einstein's scared, I'm scared.
Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini...

Here's my moral, plain as day,
Old Man Atom is here to stay.
He's gonna hang around, it's plain to see,
But, ah, my dearly beloved, are we?
We hold these truths to be self-evident
All men may be cremated equal.

Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- here's my text
Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- Lordy, who'll be next.

The science guys, from every clime,
They all pitched in with overtime.
Before they knew it, the job was done;
They'd hitched up the power of the gosh-darn sun,
They put a harness on Old Sol,
Splittin' atoms, while the diplomats was splittin' hairs . . .

Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- what'll we do?
Hiroshima, Nagasaki -- they both went up the blue.

Then the cartel crowd put on a show
To turn back the clock on the UNO,
To get a corner on atoms and maybe extinguish
Every darned atom that can't speak English.
Down with foreign-born atoms!
Yes, Sir!

Hiroshima, Nagasaki...

But the atom's international, in spite of hysteria,
Flourishes in Utah, also Siberia.
And whether you're white, black, red or brown,
The question is this, when you boil it down:
To be or not to be!
That is the question. . .
Atoms to atoms, and dust to dust,
If the world makes A-bombs, something's bound to bust.

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini...

No, the answer to it all isn't milit