

# Woody Guthrie, Heaven

It's after my work tired and weary, I lay down to rest my eyes,  
I see this world change in a whirlwind and heaven flies down from the skies;  
I see rising up from my wreckage, cities and mansions so bright  
I see my friends eyes and their faces lit up with a bright shining light.

I walk through the sunshiny factory where dresses and shirts are both clean;  
A brother and sister are singing at work as they watch all the wheels;  
No smudge clouds of smoke hid my valley, my sight it is clear for miles;  
The mountains are all dancing happy, the trees are waving me smiles.

There are no sickly faces about me, the children are healthy and gay;  
Not one homeless soul is around me, not lost, nor cripple, nor lame;  
The street laid in finest of plastics, the atom is laboring as well;  
No airships are crashing here by me, no dead ones in burning hotels.

No fast cars collide nor turn over, no death curve along my new road;  
No cheaters, no gamblers, no robbers, no graveyard, no prisons, no jails;  
No gasbombs, no brass knucks, no billies, no battles tween worker and boss;  
No patrolman, no officer, policeman, to ride into crowds on his horse.

The last labor battles are ended, they're shown on the screen and the page;  
The workhand is happy at building his world like the play on his stage;  
Profiteers are gone and forgotten, except in my history and book,  
My friends all have jobs here in heaven and sing as I stand here and look.

I am sawing the finest made fiddle, I am touching the richest skin drum;  
I am blowing the sweetest of woodwinds and blowing the deepest of horns;  
I dance to my music I'm making, and the world joins in with my dance;  
Science and hope cures the fevers, not one grain is blowing by chance.

Every hand works in hand with the other, and not for power nor greed;  
Every hand works to its fullest ability and is paid in its deepest of need;  
No cancer, no tuberculosis, no paralysis nor asylums are here  
No bowery, nor skid row of homeless, no eye that is blinded by tears.

If you can only see with me this vision of heaven I dreamed,  
Then you can take new faith in working with comrades and friends  
And when I woke up from my sleeping and looked down my raggedy street,  
I go back to work with my vision and I drink down the bitter and sweet.

I know as you hear such a dream, friend, you will not pass it along;  
I do not expect you to sing it as I do, nor to sing such a curious song;  
I wrote down this song for my own self, and sing it now to my own soul,  
But if you'll sing songs of your dreamings, then you will reap treasures untold.