

Woody Guthrie, I've Got To Know

I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend;
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go!
Comrades and friends all falling around me
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know.

Why do your war boats ride on my waters?
Why do your death bombs fall from my skies?
Why do you burn my farm and my town down?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!

What makes your boats haul death to my people?
Nitro blockbusters, big cannons and guns?
Why doesn't your ship bring food and some clothing?
I've sure got to know, folks, I've sure got to know!

Why can't my two hands get a good pay job?
I can still plow, plant, I can still sow!
Why did your lawbook chase me off my good land?
I'd sure like to know, friend, I've just got to know!

What good work did you do, sir, I'd like to ask you,
To give you my money right out of my hands?
I built your big house here to hide from my people,
Why you crave to hide so, I'd love to know!

You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison,
Your hospital's jammed and your crazyhouse full,
What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
You'll hafta talk plain 'cause I sure have to know!

Why can't I get work and cash my big paycheck?
Why can't I buy things in your place and your store?
Why do you close my plant down and starve all my buddies?
I'm asking you, sir, 'cause I've sure got to know!