Woody Guthrie, Ninety Mile Wind

Tonight is a night I'll walk in the wind And listen to stuff I can write The radio says a ninety mile wind Will whip old New York town tonight.

Well I did walk and the wind did come And I got to see who was the toughest New York town or the high blowing wind And I found out New York was the roughest.

This town has stood up in the face of things Lots worse than a ninety mile wind It's not bad storms I'm afraid of today But the greed that our leaders walk in.

I'll walk along the boardwalk rail
And feel and hear this ninety mile gale
I can hear the ocean mourn and groan
And I wonder about ships lost out in this storm

So come on wind and blow out your brains Blow like a cyclone across the flat plains This is just an echo of our world wide storm That's ripping away our balls and our chains.

Blow you little hurricane blow blow I can see the Ferris Wheel and the parachute jump And the men and women in overalls holding Coney Island's rides down and I sometimes wonder w That is half as much fun as Coney Island or New York town In a ninety or a hundred miles an hour storm.

And I remember that nature fights against all of man And that man fights against all of nature And that everything bites and fights every other thing And that hurricanes do blow And will blow Some harder than others