

Woody Guthrie, Root Hog And Die

Root hog and die, friend, root hog and die,
Gotta get to Boston, root hog and die.
Sacco and Vanzetti die at sundown tonight,
So I've got to get to Boston, root hog and die.
Train wheel can roll me, cushions can ride,
Ships on the oceans, planes in the skies.
Storms they can come, Lord, flood waters rise,
But I've got to get to Boston, for two men'll die.

Nicola Sacco, a shoe factory hand,
Bartolomo (sic) Vanzetti, a trade union man,
Judge Webster Thayer swore they'll die,
But I've got to get to Boston, 'fore sundown tonight.

I might walk around, an' I might roll or fly,
Walkin' down this road shoulder, tears in my eyes.
They never done a wrong in their lives,
But Judge Webster Thayer says they must die.

Well, some come to Boston to see all the sights,
Some come to Boston to drink and to fight.
Sacco and Vanzetti told the workers "Organize!";
So Judge Webster Thayer says they must die.

Oh, Mr. Wagon Driver, please let me ride,
That's a nice-pacin' team that you got here all right.
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Judge Webster Thayer killin' two men tonight.

Hey, Mr. Engineer, lemme ride your train,
Throw in your coal an' steam up your steam.
If I can't ride the shack, please lemme ride the blind,
Got to get to Boston 'fore sundown tonight.