

# Woody Guthrie, We Welcome To Heaven

We welcome to heaven Sacco and Vanzetti,  
Two men that have won the highest of seats.  
Come, let me show you the world that you've come through,  
It's a funny old world, an' I'm sure you'll admit.  
If you wear rags on earth, you're a hobo,  
If you wear satin, they call you a thief.  
If you save money, they'll call you a miser,  
If you spend money, you live on relief.

If you work hard, of course, you are lowly,  
And if you're a loafer, of course, you're no good.  
If you stay sober, you're known as a sissy,  
An' if you drink liquor, it goes to your head.

If you are fat, they'll call you a glutton,  
If you stay skinny, they'll call you a runt.  
If you laugh, they'll say you're an idiot,  
An' if you cry, they'll ask you to stop.

If you chase women, they'll call you a wolfer,  
If you don't chase them, they'll call you no good -- an' afraid.  
If you chase men, they'll call you down-harden' (?),  
An' if you don't chase them, they'll call you an old maid.

If you eat your meat fried, they'll tell you to boil it,  
Then, if you boil it, they'll say it should broil.  
An' if you don't eat meat, and eat only green things,  
They'll ask you what's wrong with the brain in your skull.

Well, if you work for wages, you support the rich capitalist,  
And if you don't work, you're a lumpen to them.  
And if you play the gamble, of course, you're a gambler,  
An' if you don't gamble, you never do win.

If you stay poor, nobody comes courting,  
If you get rich, well, you can't find a mate.  
If you get married, you're wrecking your happiness,  
And if you stay single, you walk to your grave.

If you die in your cradle, it's a sad misfortune,  
If you live to old age, well, it's harder and worse.  
If you read the papers, you know it is many  
That take their lives daily when they empty their purse.

There's traders, and trappers, and shippers, and hoppers,  
Sacco and Vanzetti, in America's fair lands.  
There's hoppers, and croppers, and robbers, an' dopers,  
And millions of folks with just two empty hands.

You come the straight road, Sacco and Vanzetti,  
You fought with the lord on his most private grounds.  
He hired his courts and his babblers against you,  
But I'm here to say you went up and not down.