

## George Jackson

Bob Dylan

I woke up this mornin',  
There were tears in my bed.  
They killed a man I really loved  
Shot him through the head.  
Lord, Lord,  
They cut George Jackson down.  
Lord, Lord,  
They laid him in the ground.

Sent him off to prison  
For a seventy-dollar robbery.  
Closed the door behind him  
And they threw away the key.  
Lord, Lord, They cut George Jackson down.  
Lord, Lord,  
They laid him in the ground.

He wouldn't take shit from no one  
He wouldn't bow down or kneel.  
Authorities, they hated him  
Because he was just too real.  
Lord, Lord,  
They cut George Jackson down.  
Lord, Lord,  
They laid him in the ground.

Prison guards, they cursed him  
As they watched him from above  
But they were frightened of his power  
They were scared of his love.  
Lord, Lord,  
So they cut George Jackson down.  
Lord, Lord,  
They laid him in the ground.

Sometimes I think this whole world  
Is one big prison yard.  
Some of us are prisoners  
The rest of us are guards.  
Lord, Lord,  
They cut George Jackson down.  
Lord, Lord,  
They laid him in the ground.