

Christmas In Washington

Steve Earle

It's Christmas time in Washington
The Democrats rehearsed
Getting into gear for four more years
Things not getting worse
Republicans drink whiskey neat
And thank their lucky stars
Said he cannot seek another term
They'll be no more F.D.R.'s
I sat home in Tennessee
Just Staring at the screen
An un-easy feeling in my chest
And I'm wondering what it means
So come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now

Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again some how
If you run into Jesus
Maybe he can help you out
Come back Woody Guthrie to us now

I Followed in your footsteps once
Back in my travel days
Somewhere I failed to find your trail
Now I'm stumblin' through the haze
But there's killers on the highway
And man can't get around
So I sold my soul for wheels that roll
And I'm stuck here in this town
So come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now

Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again some how
If you run into Jesus
Maybe he can help us out
Come back Woody Guthrie to us now

There's foxes in the hen house
Cows out in the corn
The Unions have been busted
The proud red banners torn
To you listen to the radio
You'd think it all was real
But you and me and Cisco know
It's going straight to hell
So come back Emma Goldman
Rise up old Joe Hill
The barricades are going up
They cannot break our will
Come back to us Malcolm X
And Martin Luther King
We're marching into Selma
As the bells of freedom Ebring
So come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now

Tear your eyes from paradise
And rise again somehow