

War News Blues

Lightnin' Hopkins

You may turn your radio on soon in the morning, sad news
every day
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every day
Yes, you know, I got a warning, trouble is on its way

Poor children running, crying, "Whoa, mama, mama, now
what shall we do?"
Poor children running, crying, "Whoa, mama, mama, now
what shall we do?"
"Yes" she said, "You had better pray, children, same
thing is happening to mama too"

I'm gonna dig me a hole this morning, dig it deep down in
the ground
I'm gonna dig me a hole this morning, dig it deep down
in the ground
So if it should happen to drop a bomb around somewhere, I
can't hear the echo when it sounds