

# I Hear Them All

Old Crow Medicine Show

I hear the crying of the hungry  
In the deserts where they're wandering  
Hear them crying out for Heaven's own  
Benevolence upon them

Hear destructive power prevailin'  
I hear fools falsely hailin'  
To the crooked wits of tyrants  
When they call

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

I hear the sounds of tearing pages  
And the roar of burnin' paper  
All the crimes and acquisitions  
Turned to air and ash, and vapor

And the rattle of the shackle  
Far beyond emancipator  
And the lowliest  
Who gather in their stalls

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

So while you sit and whistle, 'Dixie'  
With your money and your power  
I can hear the flowers growin'  
In the rubble of the towers

I hear leaders quit their lyin'  
I hear babies quit their cryin'  
I hear soldiers quit their dyin'  
One and all

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

I hear the tender words from Zion  
I hear Noah's water fall  
Hear the gentle Lamb of Judas  
Sleeping at the feet of Buddha

And the Prophets from Elijah  
To the old Paiute Wovoka  
Take their places at the table  
When they're called

I hear them all  
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I hear them all

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