

Ain't That News

Tom Paxton

I've got news of the very best kind
About troubles that are falling behind
About people that used to be blind
Till they opened up their eyes to see
It's news, when they begin to ask why
They're poor until the day that they die
They're tired of the pie in the sky
And they want some security

And that's news, news, ain't that news?
Ain't that something to see?
News, news, you talk about your news
It's mighty good news to me

I've got news about some ordinary men
They heard it preached time and again
To be patient and grateful, amen
And "Don't agitate around here"
They argued and they talked it around
And they woke up and here's what they found
Their voices made a mighty big sound
Till they didn't know the meaning of fear

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In a hazard they're meeting at night
Organizing, and doing it right
And planning for a hell of a fight
And they sure don't aim to lose
In New York the tenants said no
The slumlord ain't getting our dough
They're fed up and I want you to know
That's the very best kind of news

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