

## Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney

Tom Paxton

The night air is heavy, no cool breezes blow  
The sounds of the voices are worried and low  
Desperately wondering and desperate to know  
About Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney  
Calm desperation and flickering hope  
Reality grapples like a hand on the throat  
For you live in the shadow of ten feet of rope  
If you're Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney  
The Pearl River was dragged and two bodies were found  
But it was a blind alley for both men were brown  
So they all shrugged their shoulders and the search it went on  
For Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney  
Pull out the dead bodies from the ooze of the dam  
Take the bodies to Jackson all accordin' to plan  
With the one broken body do the best that you can  
It's the body of young James Chaney  
The nation was outraged and shocked through and through  
Call J. Edgar Hoover; he'll know what to do  
For they've murdered two white men and a coloured boy too  
Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney  
James Chaney your body exploded in pain  
And the beating they gave you is pounding my brain  
And they murdered much more with their dark bloody chains  
And the body of pity lies bleeding  
The pot-bellied copper shook hands all around  
And joked with the rednecks who came into town  
And they swore that the murderer soon would be found  
And they laughed as they spat their tobacco