

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