

## Bob Dylan(1941-)

Bob Dylan was born Robert Allen Zimmerman in Duluth, Minnesota in 1941. He grew up in Hibbing, Minnesota and attended the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis for a year though he spent most of his time playing folk music in Dinkytown adjacent to the campus. At 19 he traveled to New York City in order to visit his ailing musical idol Woody Guthrie. In less than two years he had recorded his first album and begun to become nationally known for “protest” songs like “Blowin’s in the Wind,” “A Hard Rain’s Gonna Fall,” and “The Times They are A-Changin’”

Although he and Joan Baez sang at the March on Washington in 1963, Dylan’s direct involvement with the Civil Rights and Peace Movement lessened in the later 1960s as he became increasingly uncomfortable with the media’s efforts to identify him as the spokesman for his generation. His move to electric instruments in 1965 alienated many of his original folk fans.



# Let Me Die in my Footsteps

I will not go down under the ground  
'Cause somebody tells me that death's coming round,  
And I will not carry myself down to die  
When I go to my grave my head will be high.  
Let me die in my footsteps before I go down under the ground.

There's been rumors of war and wars that have been.  
The meaning of life has been lost in the wind,  
And some people thinking that the end is close by  
Instead of learning to live they are learning to die.

I don't know if I'm smart but I think I can see  
When someone is pulling the wool over me,  
And if this war comes and death's all around  
Let me die on this land 'fore I die underground.

There's always been people who have to cause fear.  
They've talking about a war now for many long years.  
I've read all their statements and I've not said a word,  
But now Lord God let my poor voice be heard

Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flood.  
Let the smell of wild flowers flow free through my blood.  
Let sleep in your meadows with the green grassy leaves.  
Let me walk down the highway with my brother in peace.



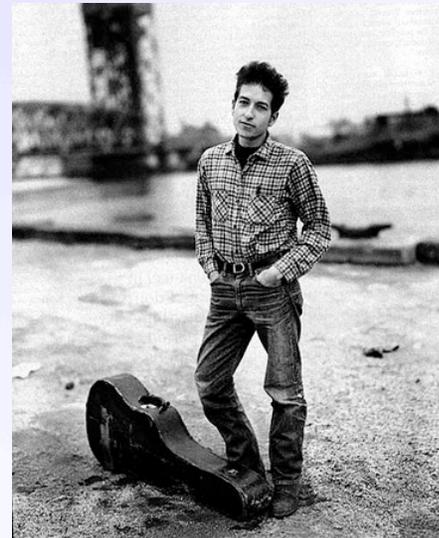
Go out in your country where the land meets the sun.  
See the craters and canyons and where the waterfalls run.  
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho,  
Let every state in this union seep deep down in your soul.  
And you'll die in your footsteps before you go down under  
the ground.

# Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, 'n' how many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind..



# A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it,  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,



And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder, that roared out a warnin',  
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,  
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin',  
I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',  
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',  
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?  
I met a young child beside a dead pony,  
I met a white man who walked a black dog,  
I met a young woman whose body was burning,  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,  
I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest,  
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,  
Where black is the color, where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin',

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gKmxEIJ.cslQ>

# The Times They are a-Changin'

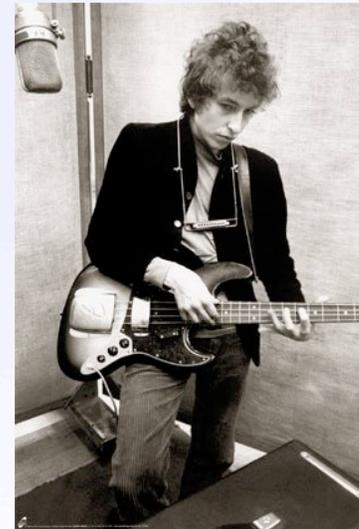
Come gather 'round people  
Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown  
And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone.  
If your time to you  
Is worth savin'  
Then you better start swimmin'  
Or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics  
Who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide  
The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon  
For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who  
That it's namin'. For the loser now  
Will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen  
Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway  
Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt  
Will be he who has stalled  
There's a battle outside  
And it is ragin'.  
It'll soon shake your windows  
And rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'.

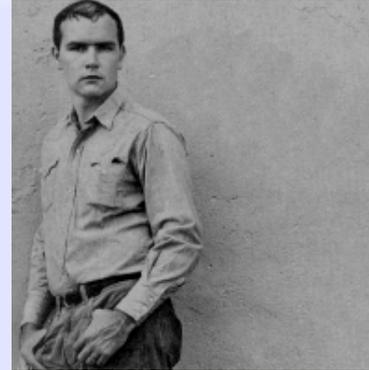
Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'.  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past  
The order is  
Rapidly fadin'.  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
For the times they are a  
-changin'.



# Tom Paxton

(1937-)



Tom Paxton was born in Chicago, but grew up in Bristow, Oklahoma. After graduating from the University of Oklahoma in 1959, he joined the Army, serving at Fort Dix, New Jersey and visiting Greenwich Village on weekends.

After his discharge he moved to New York City and became an important part of the growing folk music scene. As a singer-writer, he sang original material as opposed to the traditional tunes. Soon afterward, Bob Dylan made original folk music nationally popular.

Tom Paxton continues to record music at the age of 70.

# Daily News

Tom Paxton

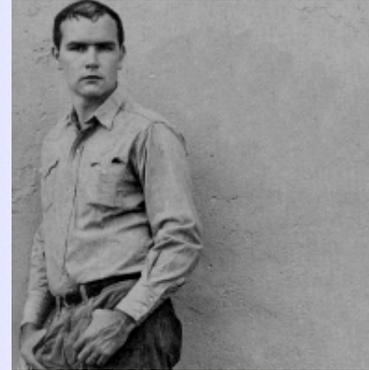
Civil rights leaders are a pain in the neck.  
Can't hold a candle to Chiang-Kai-Shek  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.

Ban the bombers are afraid of a fight.  
Peace hurts business, and that ain't right.  
How do I know ?  
I read it in the daily news.

Daily news, daily blues  
Pick up a copy any time you choose.  
Seven little pennies in the newsboy's hand  
And you ride right along to never never land

We've got to bomb Castro, bomb him flat.  
He's too damn successful and we can't risk that.  
How do I know ?  
I read it in the daily news.

There's millions of commies in the freedom fight,  
Yellin' for Lenin and civil rights.  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.



It seems like the whole damn world's gone wrong.  
Saint Joe McCarthy is dead and gone.  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.

Don't try to change my mind with facts.  
To hell with the graduated income tax.  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.

You know John Paul Getty is just plain folks  
The U.N. charter is a cruel hoax  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.

J. Edgar Hoover is the man of the hour  
All that he needed just a little more power  
How do I know?  
I read it in the daily news.

# What Did You Learn in School Today?

Tom Paxton

What did you learn at school today, dear little boy of mine?

What did you learn at school today, dear little boy of mine?

I learned that Washington never told a lie.

I learned that soldiers seldom die.

I learned that everybody's free.

And that's what teacher said to me.

And that's what I learned in school today.

That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

I learned that policemen are my friends.

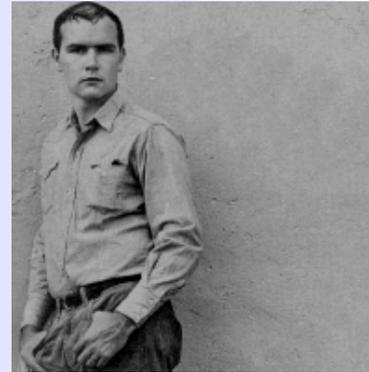
I learned that justice never ends.

I learned that murderers die for their crimes.

Even if we make a mistake sometimes.

And that's what I learned in school today.

That's what I learned in school.



And what did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

I learned that war is not so bad.

I learned about the great ones we have had.

We fought in Germany and in France.

And someday I might get my chance.

And that's what I learned in school today.

That's what I learned in school.

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

What did you learn in school today, dear little boy of mine?

I learned our government must be strong.

It's always right and never wrong.

Our leaders are our finest men.

And we elect 'em again and again.

And that's what I learned in school today.

That's what I learned in school.

# George W. Told the Nation

Tom Paxton (2007)

- I got a letter from old George W.  
It said, "Son, I hate to trouble ya,  
But this war of mine is going bad.  
It's time for me to roll the dice;  
I know you've already been there twice,  
But I am sending you back to Baghdad."

George W. told the nation,  
"This is not an escalation;  
This is just a surge toward victory.  
Just to win my little war,  
I'm sending 20,000 more,  
To help me save Iraq from Iraqis.

And, so, I made it to Iraq  
In time for one more sneak attack,  
And to my old battalion I was sent.  
We drive around in our Humvees,  
Listening to The Black-Eyed Peas  
And speaking fondly of our president.



Celebrities all come to see us,  
Grateful they don't have to be us,  
Politicians play their best face card.  
Where is Bubba? Where's our leader?  
Where's our favorite lip reader?  
AWOL from the Texas National Guard

If you're hunkered in Fallujah  
Wondering who it was who screwed ya,  
Wondering what became of Shock and Awe!  
You are feeling semi-certain  
It has to do with Halliburton,  
Dick Cheney's why you drew that fatal straw.