

## Week 4 Lyrics—Songs of, Part 2—Songs of War and Peace

### The Battle of New Orleans by Johnny Horton, Jimmy Driftwood (1959)

In 1814 we took a little trip  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans  
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
We looked down a river and we see'd the British come  
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring  
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing  
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Old Hickory said, "We could take 'em by surprise  
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eye"  
We held our fire 'til we see'd their faces well  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and gave 'em  
Well, we fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down  
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round  
We filled his head with cannonballs 'n' powdered his behind  
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind  
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Hut, two, three, four

Sound off, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four  
Sound off, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four

### **Masters of War by Bob Dylan (1963)**

Come you masters of war  
You that build the big guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build all the bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your masks  
You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly  
Like Judas of old  
You lie and deceive  
A world war can be won  
You want me to believe  
But I see through your eyes  
And I see through your brain  
Like I see through the water  
That runs down my drain  
You fasten all the triggers  
For the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch  
When the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansion  
While the young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud  
You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed

You ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins  
How much do I know  
To talk out of turn  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do  
Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could?  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul  
And I hope that you die  
And your death will come soon  
I'll follow your casket  
By the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand over your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

### **The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down by The Band (1969)**

Virgil Kane is the name  
And I served on the Danville train  
'Till Stoneman's cavalry came  
And tore up the tracks again  
In the winter of '65  
We were hungry, just barely alive  
By May the 10th, Richmond had fell  
It's a time I remember, oh so well  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And the bells were ringing  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And the people were singing  
They went, "Na, na, la, na, na, la"  
Back with my wife in Tennessee  
When one day she called to me  
"Virgil, quick, come see,  
There goes Robert E. Lee!"

Now, I don't mind chopping wood  
And I don't care if the money's no good  
You take what you need  
And you leave the rest  
But they should never  
Have taken the very best  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And the bells were ringing  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the people were singing  
They went, "Na, na, la, na, na, la"  
Like my father before me  
I will work the land  
And like my brother above me  
Who took a rebel stand  
He was just 18, proud and brave  
But a Yankee laid him in his grave  
I swear by the mud below my feet  
You can't raise a Kane back up  
When he's in defeat  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And the bells were ringing  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the people were singing  
They went, "Na, na, la, na, na, la"  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the bells were ringing  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And the people were singing  
They went, "Na, na, la, na, na, la"

### **Eve of Destruction by Barry McGuire (1965)**

The Eastern world, it is explodin'  
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'  
You're old enough to kill but not for votin'  
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'?  
And even the Jordan river has bodies floatin'  
But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
How you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
Don't you understand what I'm trying to say  
Can't you feel the fears I'm feeling today?  
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away  
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave

Take a look around you boy, it's bound to scare you, boy  
And you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
How you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
Yeah, my blood's so mad, feels like coagulin'  
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'  
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation  
Handful of senators don't pass legislation  
And marches alone can't bring integration  
When human respect is disintegratin'  
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'  
And you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
How you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
And think of all the hate there is in Red China  
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama  
Ah, you may leave here for four days in space  
But when you return, it's the same old place  
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace  
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace  
Hate your next door neighbor but don't forget to say grace  
And you tell me  
Over and over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction  
No no, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction

### **I'm Fixin' to Die Rag by Country Joe and the Fish**

Gimme an F...  
Gimme a U...  
Gimme a C...  
Gimme a K...  
What's that spell?  
What's that spell?  
What's that spell?  
What's that spell?  
What's that spell?  
yeah, c'mon on all you big strong men  
Uncle Sam needs your help again  
he's got himself in a terrible jam  
way down yonder in Vietnam  
so put down your books and pick up a gun  
we're gonna have a whole lot of fun  
and it's 1, 2, 3, what're we fighting for?

don't ask me, I don't give a damn  
next stop is vietnam  
and it's 5, 6, 7, open up the pearly gates  
well there ain't no time to wonder why  
whoopee! we're all gonna die  
well c'mon generals, let's move fast  
your big chance has come at last  
gotta go out and get those Reds  
the only good Commie is one who's dead  
and you know that peace can only be won  
when we've blown 'em all to kingdom come  
well c'mon on Wall Street  
don't be slow  
why this is war a-go-go  
there's plenty good money to be made  
by supplin' the Army with the tools of the trade  
just hope and pray that if we drop the bomb  
they drop it on-the Vietcong  
chorus  
well c'mon mothers throughout this land  
pack your boys off to Vietnam  
c'mon pops, don't hesitate  
send 'em off before it's too late  
be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box  
and it's 1, 2, 3, what're we fighting for?  
don't ask me, I don't give a damn.

### **Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival (1969)**

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
Hoo, they're red, white and blue  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no senator's son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one, no  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, Lord?  
But when the taxman come to the door  
Lord, the house lookin' like a rummage sale, yeah  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no millionaire's son, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one, no  
Yeah-yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes

Hoo, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?"  
Hoo, they only answer, "More, more, more, more"  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no military son, son, Lord  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one, one  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate son, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me...

**War by Edwin Starr, written by Barrett Strong / Norman Whitfield (1970)**

War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, uhh  
War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again, y'all  
War, huh (good God)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me, oh  
War, I despise  
'Cause it means destruction of innocent lives  
War means tears to thousands of mother's eyes  
When their sons go off to fight  
And lose their lives  
I said, war, huh (good God, y'all)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, just say it again  
War (whoa), huh (oh Lord)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
It ain't nothing but a heart-breaker  
(War) Friend only to The Undertaker  
Oh, war it's an enemy to all mankind  
The thought of war blows my mind  
War has caused unrest  
Within the younger generation  
Induction then destruction  
Who wants to die? Oh  
War, huh (good God y'all)  
What is it good for?

Absolutely nothing  
Say it, say it, say it  
War (uh-huh), huh (yeah, huh)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
It ain't nothing but a heart-breaker  
(War) It's got one friend that's The Undertaker  
Oh, war, has shattered many a young man's dreams  
Made him disabled, bitter and mean  
Life is much too short and precious  
To spend fighting wars each day  
War can't give life  
It can only take it away, oh  
War, huh (good God y'all)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, say it again  
War (whoa), huh (oh Lord)  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
It ain't nothing but a heart breaker  
(War) Friend only to The Undertaker, woo  
Peace, love and understanding, tell me  
Is there no place for them today?  
They say we must fight to keep our freedom  
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way, oh  
War, huh (God y'all)  
What is it good for? You tell me (nothing)  
Say it, say it, say it, say it  
War (good God), huh (now, huh)  
What is it good for?  
Stand up and shout it (nothing)

### **Blowin' in the Wind by Bob Dylan (1963)**

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind  
Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
And how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?



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

### **Peace Train by Cat Stevens (1971)**

Now I've been happy lately  
Thinking about the good things to come  
And I believe it could be  
Something good has begun  
Oh, I've been smiling lately  
Dreaming about the world as one  
And I believe it could be  
Someday it's going to come  
'Cause out on the edge of darkness  
There rides the peace train  
Oh, peace train take this country  
Come take me home again  
Now I've been smiling lately  
Thinkin' about the good things to come  
And I believe it could be  
Something good has begun  
Oh, peace train sounding louder  
Glide on the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on now, peace train  
Yes, peace train holy roller  
Everyone jump upon the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on now, peace train  
Get your bags together  
Go bring your good friends too  
Because it's getting nearer  
It soon will be with you  
Now come and join the living  
It's not so far from you  
And it's getting nearer

Soon it will all be true  
Oh, peace train sounding louder  
Glide on the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on now peace train  
Peace train  
Now I've been crying lately  
Thinkin' about the world as it is  
Why must we go on hating?  
Why can't we live in bliss?  
'Cause out on the edge of darkness  
There rides a peace train  
Oh, peace train take this country  
Come take me home again  
Oh, peace train sounding louder  
Glide on the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on now, peace train  
Yes, peace train holy roller  
Everyone jump upon the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on, come on, come on  
Yes, come on, peace train  
Yes, it's the peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah  
Come on now, peace train  
Oh, peace train  
Ooh-ah, ee-ah, ooh-ah

**Give Me Love (Give Me Peace on Earth) by George Harrison (1973)**

Give me love  
Give me love  
Give me peace on earth  
Give me light  
Give me life  
Keep me free from birth  
Give me hope  
Help me cope with this heavy load  
Trying to touch and reach you with  
Heart and soul  
Om  
My Lord  
Please take hold of my hand  
That I might understand you  
Won't you please

Oh, won't you?  
Give me love  
Give me love  
Give me peace on earth  
Give me light  
Give me life  
Keep me free from birth  
Give me hope  
Help me cope with this heavy load  
Trying to touch and reach you with  
Heart and soul  
Om  
My Lord  
Won't you please  
Oh, won't you?  
Give me love  
Give me love  
Give me peace on earth  
Give me light  
Give me life  
Keep me free from birth  
Give me hope  
Help me cope with this heavy load  
Trying to touch and reach you with  
Heart and soul  
Give me love  
Give me love  
Give me peace on earth  
Give me light  
Give me life  
Keep me, keep me free from birth  
Now give me hope  
Help me cope with this heavy load  
Trying to touch and reach you with  
Heart and soul  
Om  
My Lord

**What's So Funny (About Peace, Love & Understanding) by Elvis Costello, written by Nick Lowe (1974)**

As I walk through this wicked world  
Searchin' for light in the darkness of insanity  
I ask myself, "Is all hope lost?  
Is there only pain and hatred and misery?"  
And each time I feel like this inside

There's one thing I wanna know  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding? Oh-oh  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?  
And as I walk on through troubled times  
My spirit gets so downhearted sometimes  
So where are the strong, and who are the trusted?  
And where is the harmony, sweet harmony?  
'Cause each time I feel it slippin' away, just makes me wanna cry  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding? Oh-oh  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?  
So where are the strong, and who are the trusted?  
And where is the harmony, sweet harmony?  
'Cause each time I feel it slippin' away  
Just makes me wanna cry  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding? Oh-oh  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding? Oh-oh  
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?

### **Give Peace a Chance by The Plastic Ono Band**

Ev'rybody's talking about  
Bagism, Shagism, Dragism, Madism, Ragism, Tagism  
This-ism, that-ism, is-m, is-m, is-m  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
C'mon  
Ev'rybody's talking about Ministers  
Sinisters, Banisters and canisters  
Bishops and Fishops and Rabbis and Pop eyes  
And bye bye, bye byes  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
Let me tell you now  
Ev'rybody's talking about  
Revolution, evolution, masturbation  
Flagellation, regulation, integrations  
Meditations, United Nations  
Congratulations  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
Ev'rybody's talking about  
John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary  
Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper  
Derek Taylor, Norman Mailer  
Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna  
Hare, Hare Krishna

All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance  
All we are saying is give peace a chance