

This guitar is my tool of choice
For wars cannot be won
With guns and tanks and walls such
We battled on and on

CCGC CCGC
FFGC CCGC

If only they would listen
If only they could see
I only hate the other man
Cause you need an enemy

My protest song will carry on
Through bloody empty wars
For chains and yokes and atom bombs
Can't keep my boat ashore

My words cannot be broken
And my soul cannot be crushed
Locked in the arms of my fellow man
Our battle scars ain't rough

I heard the tale of Ira Hayes
When I was Blowin' in The Wind
I know that soon we'll overcome
And hate will be condemned

When all the world's gone hungry
And all the lies been spun
I see your flag's still waving high
But I ain't no Fortunate Son

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