

This guitar is my tool of choice, for wars cannot be won
With guns and tanks and walls such, we battled on and on
If only they would listen, if only they could see
I only hate the other man 'cause you need an enemy

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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, my soul cannot be crushed
Locked in the arms of my fellow man our battle scars ain't rough

Now 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*

I've been up to the mountain top, I've seen the promised land
I won't walk those earthly valleys, for here I take my stand
I found the words and rhymes for another protest song
But it's words upon the paper, 'til you all sing along