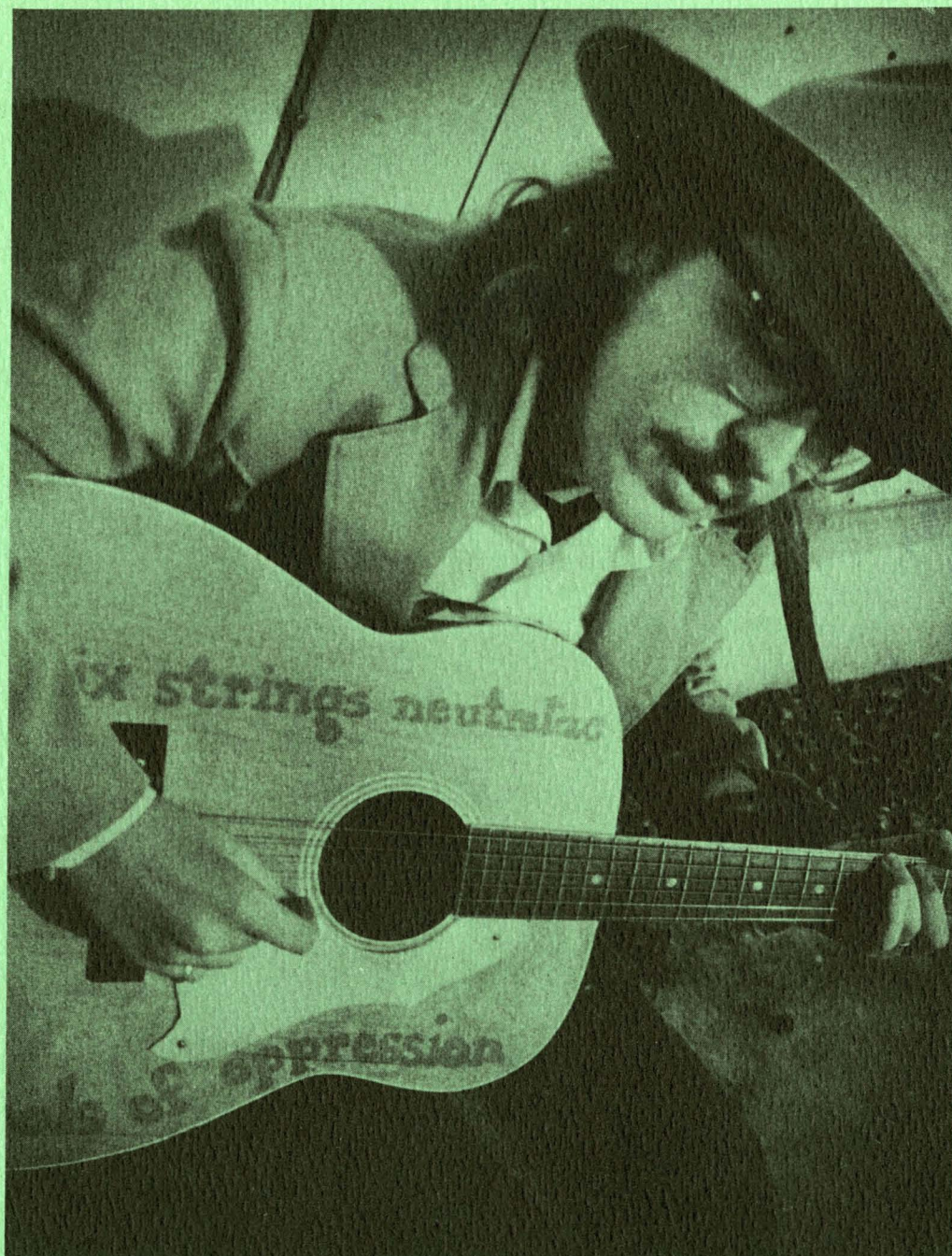


# GARY GREEN



These Six Strings Neutralize The  
Tools Of Oppression



# GARY GREEN

these six strings  
neutralize  
the tools  
of oppression

## SIDE ONE

1. THERE AIN'T NO EASY WAY
2. THE MURDER OF ELLA MAY WIGGINS
3. DOWN THE ROAD AND OVER THE HILL
4. OVEN FORK MINING DISASTER-1976
5. LITTLE MARK DUPREE
6. THE CIA SONG

## SIDE TWO

1. THE COWBOY
2. YOU'RE JUST AS GUILTY
3. I WORE HIS GUN
4. THE BALLAD OF BROADSIDE
5. AMERICA'S CHILD
6. DEAR MISTER KELLEY AT THE FBI
7. THE HAMMER

all songs written and sung by GARY GREEN

photos and art by CINDY GREEN

descriptive notes are inside pocket

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5351



# GARY GREEN

## INTRODUCTION

PLATO (2200 years ago in "The Republic"): Any musical innovation is full of danger to the whole state, and ought be prohibited...(it) imperceptively penetrates into manners and customs; whence issuing with greater force, it invades contracts between man and man and...goes on to laws and constitutions, in utter recklessness, ending at last...by overthrow of all rights, private as well as public."

QUEEN MARY I: "(There shall be no) books, ballads, rhymes, and interludes...without royal authorization.

Max Weber (german sociologist) said that people act on social issues because of their state of awareness of the issues. Karl Marx called this "state of awareness" class consciousness. V.I. Lenin said that consciousness determines being, and his vanguard used folkish songs, proverbs, fairy tales and adages for "consciousness raising"...and eventually brought about the October Revolution. Woody Guthrie is credited for saying that "one good song is worth 10,000 of your best speeches and a couple of armies."

I've been telling people that a rambling folksinger that masters his or her tools can drop a state, city, a community, an organization or and individual just as fast as one dust-tramp could draw on another 100 years ago. AND, that same guitar-slinger can raise an army and build a nation as fast as English prisoners settled Georgia.

Around the body of my guitar in big blue letters is painted, "THESE SIX STRINGS NEUTRALIZE THE TOOLS OF OPPRESSION."

The idea for the paint-job grew from a little sign that Woody Guthrie taped to his guitar; "This Machine Kills Facists."

I figured that there were probably more oppressed people than fascists running around, so I decided to neutralize a few tools.

Only problem is that I've found so much oppression floating around that I'm seriously considering taking up the 12-string guitar just to get six more tool-neutralizers.

This is the fifth time I have parked myself in front of my typewriter and tried to spit out an introduction to a collection of my songs.

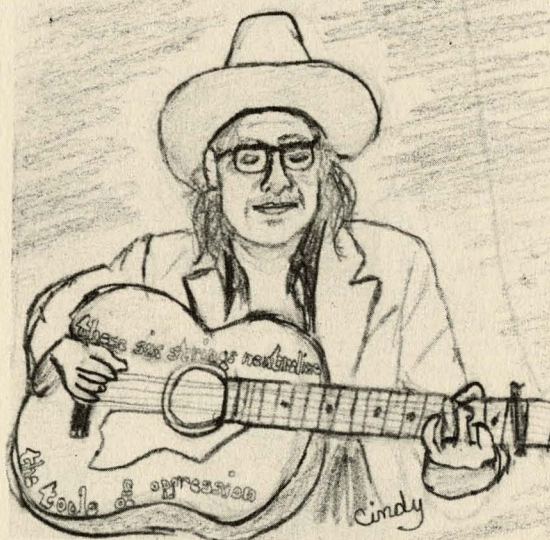
This is the first time I've ever really believed that anyone outside a small group of friends would be reading it.

Somehow, this one is the hardest to write.

They told me that I have to have a biographical (or autobiographical) note or two here:

This is an album of 13 of my 80 or so songs. I've been writing songs since about 1969 (when I was just starting high school). Actually, I've been making-up songs since I was 6 or 7 years old...but I didn't start writing songs until I was 15.

I played a little bit on the piano (learned from my mother--the music teacher) and was able to team up with a guitar-pickin' schoolmate in Nashville (where we lived). I bribed him with a 45 rpm record of some long-forgotten rock group and a SATURDAY EVENING POST article about another rock group.



In return, he taught me three chords and let me borrow a \$13 Stella guitar (The strings were so far from the neck that you could crawl under them and set up camp if you wanted to).

It was 1971 before I decided to put all my songs in a book and write a "what and why" introduction for it. We were living in Gastonia, North Carolina (where my parents still live).

The second time I sat down to write an introduction was right after I started college at the University of Tennessee. I had just finished wandering around the countryside in the South and in part of Europe, and I was tryin' to figure out what life is all about.

continued on next page



I wrote a third introduction when I got locked into an 18-hour-a-day and began letting "making a living" get in the way of "living" (After all, it is the nature of the system that we all do that). A fourth introduction came after a couple of years of hacking brought me a sore back and a first-hand distaste for a system that puts social need second to private profit.

And now I'm up to introduction number five for this nifty little book that always goes with a FOLKWAYS record.

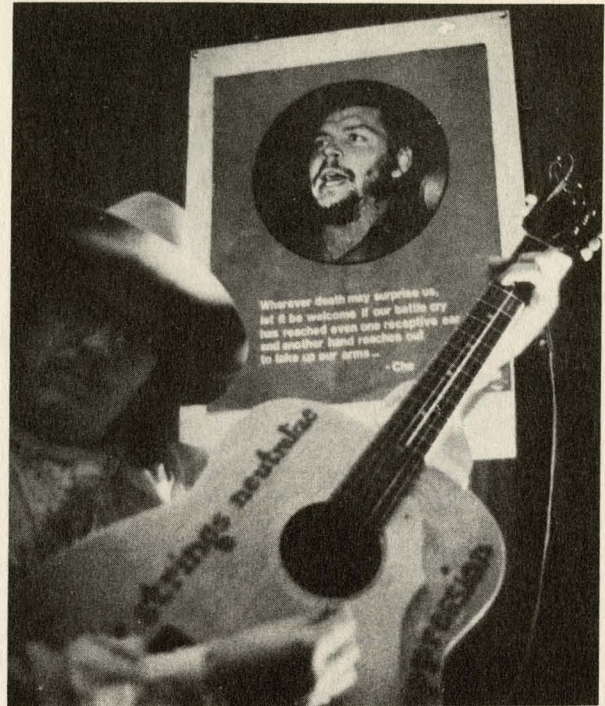
Over the past few years I've played guitar, banjo, mandolin, harmonica, piano, organ and bass in rock groups, country bands, folk duos, gospel groups and a couple of plays.

I worked for a year as a newspaper reporter on a police beat riding around with blue lights and guns and murder and rape and shoot-outs and other nasty things like that. I managed an "x"-rated drive-in theatre for a while...was hired as a deputy sheriff in Knox County, Tennessee...published an "underground" newspaper...taught a college course called "Folk Music and the American Left"...wrote a weekly newspaper column...taught private and classroom guitar lessons...sold cameras, records and housewares in a department store...unloaded trucks and opened boxes in a shipping and receiving department...delivered four newspaper routes while going to college (at the University of Tennessee)...been on TV, radio and organized rallies for AIM, United Farm Workers, Council for Universal and Unconditional Amnesty, Peoples' Coalition for Peace and Justice, Peace Action Coalition, Campaign to Impeach Nixon, PBC, and a handful of other outfits....was a photographer at a couple of hardware trade shows...was a handler's aide for the American Kennel Club...and had a few other assorted jobs here and there.

I've lived in a trailer, a university-owned apartment high-rise, an inner-city slum, a couple of normal apartments, the woods, a tent in a backyard of some kind-souled hippies, a commune house, the street, the back seat of a car, a few dozen hotels and motels and a few assorted middle-class houses occupied by my parents and two brothers.

I've traveled in four countries; every state east of the Mississippi except Maine; and almost every little town, city, township and community in Tennessee, Virginia, East Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama (I started traveling when I was born--my father is a salesman...and used to work for the railroad).

I was born on the day before Ground Hog Day in 1954 in a place called Hamlet, North Carolina (Since I was born at a very early age, I don't remember a lot of the details). By the time I was 15, I had lived in 18 different houses. I went to so many different grammar schools that I can't count them, but only two high schools and one college (I dropped out of the college). I got married the day I graduated from high school.



I've traveled by plane, train, steamship, helicopter, bus, car and thumb (not to mention a lot of walking).

I've been drunk and stoned and tripped-out and high and low and up and down. And I met a man that drank after-shave lotion three-times-a-day.

I've been to church and in jail and I've been a Taoist and a Christian and an atheist.

I met a famous nazi in hiding and I helped a famous commie out of hiding.

I've marched and sung songs with the SCLC, SNCC, NAACP, mine workers, farm workers, hospital workers, garbage workers and a few people that never have and never will work.

I got cold in Greenwich Village (from the people and the weather) and I got hot in Atlanta on Peachtree Street. I got hungry in Southampton and I went to sleep in Memphis.

I gave a guy a gun to rob a gas station and I kicked in the door for a cop and helped him search on his biggest heroin raid.

I've been spied on, phone tapped, cussed at, photographed and followed by so many suited guys that if they had paid me half of what they were making I would have saved them all the trouble and told them what I was doing. And so help me, every word of it is true.

I've seen it...and as much as I've seen...I still ain't seen a thing. And I've been there and I ain't been nowhere. I've watched people die but I don't know death. I watched life begin, but I don't know birth.

And, that's what my songs are all about. And, that's why I'm sitting here writing introduction number five for a collection of 13 of my songs.



SIDE I, Band 1: THERE AIN'T NO EASY WAY

WORDS & MUSIC

TO ALL SONGS

BY GARY GREEN

©1977 by author

I rolled all my clothes into the pack on my back.  
And I stood with my thumb on the road for three days.  
And I breathed enough monoxide to start a bus of my own.  
And every word I spoke began with, "I'll be damned."

New York City streets turn to wood then cobblestone  
And the acid from the pits of hell has eaten all along  
Where the poet stood on the corner 15 years ago  
Sprinkling prophetic prayers to a world tryin' to grow.

chorus: New York City ain't no place to be  
Searchin' for the Gods you'll never see.  
Lookin' for a dream in the devil's hide-a-way  
And never knowin' there ain't no easy way.

The junkie on the corner is stairin' up at me  
Beggin' me to take him for a ride.  
There's a sidewalk-speaker blairin' some words I don't wanna hear  
And across the street blows yesterday's magazine.

Where the sidewalk turned grey with age the day it was poured  
And sisters in the night lay their bodies on the street  
There's a wide-eyed cowboy wandering, tryin' to sing his songs...  
And a spectre of tomorrow hums along:

chorus

The faces of the crucified meets the faces of the kings  
But neither stops to speak as they walk by.  
And the cowboy's words are heard only by his boots  
and they echo, "There ain't no easy way."

Side I, Band 2:

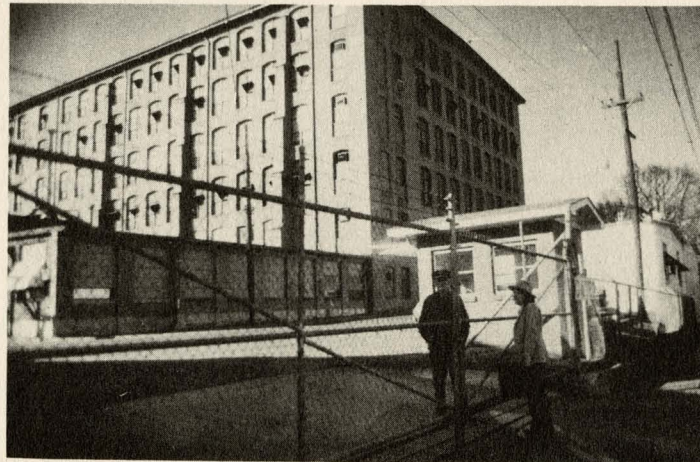
The Murder  
of  
Ella May Wiggins

chorus: A hobo must ramble; a cowboy must ride  
Every train has tracks upon which it must glide  
While some will choose the mountain crest,  
Some will choose the shore;  
But some will jump the track and say,  
"I'll run for you no more."

Come with me to Loray Mill  
In Gastonia, North Carolina  
To a woman and her story  
That history forgot to tell.  
Ella May Wiggins lived alone  
With her nine little children--  
Each one she loved oh so well!  
She had to work graveyard shift  
to tend them in the day--  
Hard work and little pay!  
chorus

Then four of her babies  
Come down with whooping cough  
And they needed their mother  
in the nights.  
She asked the supervisor  
To let her work the day.  
He said "NO",  
So she left her job at Loray.  
Then her four babies died...  
Though Ella May had tried;  
What's her power  
against the super at Loray?  
chorus

Now Ella May told  
and sung her sad story.  
She said, "We'll always be slaves  
unless we organize."  
Gaston County needs a union  
of the workers...  
Then our voices they would recognize!



Loray Mill (now owned  
by FIRESTONE, INC.)  
in Gastonia, NC is  
still unionless today--  
50 years after the murder  
of Ella May Wiggins.

Soon all Gaston workers  
were talkin' union...  
And old Loray had a strike  
upon its hands.  
Ella May led every union meetin'  
singin' her songs to clappin' hands.  
The newspaper and the big mill bosses  
said, "This is getting out of hand."  
So on the fourteenth day of September,  
They put a bullet through Ella May's brain.  
chorus



SIDE I, Band 3:

DOWN THE ROAD AND OVER THE HILL

I'm gonna head for Tennessee one more time.  
I'm gonna leave a cloud of dust at the  
North Carolina Line.  
Said "goodbye" to the cotton mill...  
This is one linthead that won't be still,  
till I'm down the road and over the hill.

I'm tired of doffin' and I'm tired of spinnin',  
And I'm tired of weavin' Burlington's linen.  
Wanna farm the land and watch things grow...  
don't wanna think of that foreman no more,  
till I'm down the road and over the hill.

I was born hard workin' and I'm bound to die  
the same.  
But I don't like livin' where a time card has become  
my name.  
I can't see workin' to make some rich man more...  
So he can up the price and make the workin' man  
poorer.  
So I'll go down the road and over the hill.

SIDE I, Band 4: OVEN FORK MINE DISASTER--1976

It started on Tuesday morning  
when 108 men went down,  
But it began years ago  
when men first mined in the ground.  
And their wives and their children  
Just went along their way  
not knowing 15 men would die that very day.

Oven Fork, Kentucky  
was an average miner's town  
Til 1:15 that afternoon  
when an explosion brought  
that mine down.  
The shudder of the earth  
and the belch from the ground...  
and only 93 men scrambled from that hole.

Then 8 rescue teams worked  
in a six-foot passageway  
Digging for 15 men  
'Neath coal, earth and clay.  
And the wives and the children  
came down to the mine  
But 15 men had already laid  
down their lives.

Two days later  
13 inspectors climbed down  
To test the gas and smoke  
in that Black Mountain mine.  
Two men called for help  
as a second explosion roared  
And 11 more men died in that mine.

"Let's close this mine for safety,"  
One inspector said;  
"Let it be a grave  
for the 26 now dead."  
But he failed to check the pages  
of his files which read:  
"THIS MINE HAS BEEN  
CITED 735 TIMES!"

"Mining is business,"  
so the owners always claim,  
"with certain risks and dangers,"  
every owner says the same.  
To them the price of a ton of coal  
must outweigh the life of a man;  
cause 26 men just laid down their lives. 4

SIDE I, Band 5:

Little Mark Dupree

Little Mark Dupree was ruthless for a 14-year old boy.  
With a 12-inch knife tucked in his belt  
he was his mama's pride and joy.  
She taught him how to lie and hate,  
claiming it was all God's will.  
But the biggest lesson that he learned was  
when she taught him how to kill.

Little Mark's father was a preacher  
So he was a preacher's son.  
But his mother was the one  
who taught him to use a gun.  
She told him white is right...  
and black is the color of the devil's skin;  
And with a gun and a knife in your hand  
is how to greet a black friend.

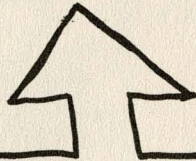
Little Mark was deliverin' papers  
one windy March day--  
When a little black boy--just 11 years old--  
stumbled in his way.  
As he drew the knife from his belt,  
his mother's lessons ran through this head:  
"The only black man that is good  
is a nigger that is dead."

From across the street  
another black boy charged Mark's way.  
With his hand rolled up in a towel  
he took the knife away.  
Mark offered to buy it back...  
and he'd bother them no more.

But when they refused he went home to his mother  
to declair a private war.

Mark's mother called the police  
to see if BLACK was against the law.  
But when 4 days passed she shot the first black man she saw.  
Harry Dickens was 21--didn't know the black kids  
or the preacher's son.  
But because black was the color of his skin  
he mest the blast from a gun.

Now the criminal that went free  
Is not the mother or the preacher's son...  
Not the church that posted her bond  
Nor the man who made the gun.  
The criminals who were not indicted  
And still go along their way...  
Are the ones who teach us to hate each other  
So we never look their way.



NOTE: Sandra Dupree (Mark's mother) was  
acquitted in Henderson, NC in the fall  
of 1976. Harry Dickens, however, was  
not acquitted from death. And "little"  
Mark still totes his knife.



SIDE I, Band 6: THE CIA SONG

chorus: CIA, CIA: I know you're everywhere!  
CIA, CIA: I found your microphone in my underwear!!  
With a tap on my phone and a bug in my car...  
Who in the hell do you think you are?  
That's what you get when you meet up with the CIA.

Wanna throw a little coup?  
Seem like the thing to do?  
Leave it to the CIA!  
What do we care if there's democracy there?  
That's why we got the CIA.  
Wanna pay a bribe?  
Burn a town?  
Turn a political system upside down?  
That's what you get when you team up with the CIA!  
chorus

Political assassination; if that's your bag...  
For the CIA, lord, that's no drag.  
Float counterfeit bills in foreign currency...  
Spy on Fidel, the FBI and ME!  
Do it for the corporations that make you strong...  
Do it for the presidents waitin' back home.  
That's what you get when you team up with the CIA!

SIDE II, Band 1: THE COWBOY

The roar of the six-gun became the hum of six strings.  
Travel by horse turned to travel by thumb.  
Silver spurs and shining saddles  
Were buried in another time.  
And the rattle and the hum of the all-night stage home  
Became the screech of a 5:00 commuter train.  
And the last of the big-city cowboys  
Sings the last of the cold-city songs...  
And then he wonders why he chose not to cry;  
And he stumbles but keeps moving on.  
The warmth of the campfire and nights under the stars  
Became the hiss of a radiator and a cold hard-wood floor.  
Trail-dust that once covered his boots  
Is now dust from another terrain.  
But the bar is still open...  
And the ladies keep coming...  
And trouble still rides with his name.

SIDE II, Band 2:

"You're Just as Guilty"

Button up your coat and knot your tie...  
Wash you're dishes while the whole world dies.  
(tacet)  
You're just as guilty as the man with the man with the gun.  
Don't get involved, it'll bring you down...  
Just be yourself and let the world go 'round.  
(tacet)  
You're just as guilty as the man with the gun.  
Now the man with the gun he don't know what to do...  
Somebody had to send his order through.  
He's just as guilty as the man with the gun.  
Now the man that gave the orders he had to have a plan  
It came from senators and congressmen all across the land.  
They're just as guilty as the man with the gun.  
Senators and congressmen to get their votes  
Have to have the backin' of the corporate folks...  
They're just as guilty as the man with the gun.  
Corporates got to protect what they own...  
Get the senators to send troops from way back home...  
They're just as guilty as the man with the gun.  
Corporates depend on us for their wealth...  
So just keep quiet about it and be true to thyself.  
You're just as guilty as the man with the gun.

SIDE II, Band 3:

I WORE HIS GUN

When I was but a boy,  
My mama said, "come son,"  
"now that your father's dead and gone  
we need a man and a gun".  
So at my ma's insistence  
and at my own dismay,  
I tied on the six-gun  
my ma had put away.  
I wore his gun.  
I wore his gun.  
Now everywhere I'd ramble  
that gun would be tacked to my side  
And everywhere I'd roam  
I'd try to forget how my pa had died;  
But it's hard to forget  
the things a man has done...  
Especially when I'm sittin' here  
wearing his gun.  
I wore his gun.  
I wore his gun.  
Now every town I'd come to  
people knew my name.  
And every town I'd come to  
they knew my father's fame.  
So I'd listen to their stories  
of guns that spit fire and lead.  
And I'd listen to their stories  
of men who now lay dead.  
I wore his gun.  
I wore his gun.  
My father laid a lot of men in prison;  
He laid a lot more in their grave.  
But he never took a man's life  
unless another life was to be saved.  
He ran into the saloon  
when he heard the woman's cry...  
And with that decoy and a bullet in the back  
they made my father die.  
And I wore his gun...  
I wore his gun.  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun.  
Now I stand at the saloon door  
the bartender to see.  
All I do is mention my name and  
and every eye is on me...  
Longer than he gave my father,  
I give him to the count of one.  
I put a bullet through his head  
and I hung up that cursed gun!  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun  
I wore his gun...I wore his gun!





SIDE II, Band 4:  
THE BALLAD OF BROADSIDE

This is probably the most important song on this album because it is a tribute to two of the most important (and most overlooked) people in the history of American Music. Without Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen and their BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, we wouldn't know the names of Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Janis Ian and a few dozen others. But, beyond that, Sis and Gordon have stood without a flinch against the warriors of commercial prostitution. Penniless, but with their souls unstained, they have fought (sometimes seemingly alone) the creating of markets for selling songs and the whole "business" of music. More than that, they've spent 50 years fighting a system that regards private profit higher than social need. It is well worth the \$30 for anyone to order their complete 16-year set of back issues from 215 W. 98th St. 4-D. New York 10025

Oh they never gave an inch  
No they never gave an inch  
And it's time their story it was told!  
No they never budged an inch  
They said they would not flinch...  
And all they have to show for it  
is their soul!

Well by 1961 tin-pan-alley had almost won  
Control of everything we think do and say.  
The songs that we would cheer  
Were the ones they meant for us to hear  
And buy their chosen records with our hard-earned dough!

The lyrics were so neat  
and the music kept its beat  
As we tuned it in over top 40 radio.  
And then OH! WHAT FUN as they proclaim number one.  
And their pockets fill up with our dough!

Then in 1962  
Sis and Gordon saw what they had to do...  
A thing that the tin-pans had never seen before:  
To let the natural trend be carried by the wind  
And to keep the buyers and the sellers from our door!

Oh they never gave an inch  
No they never gave an inch  
And it's time that there story was told!  
They never budged an inch  
They said they would not flinch...  
And all they have to show for it is their soul!

So BROADSIDE was born  
And to the capitalists let it warn  
That music is made by people and to people it is free!  
And BROADSIDE lives today, though it has come a long way  
And Sis and Gordon; how can we thank you but with a song?

SIDE II, Band 5:  
AMERICA'S CHILD

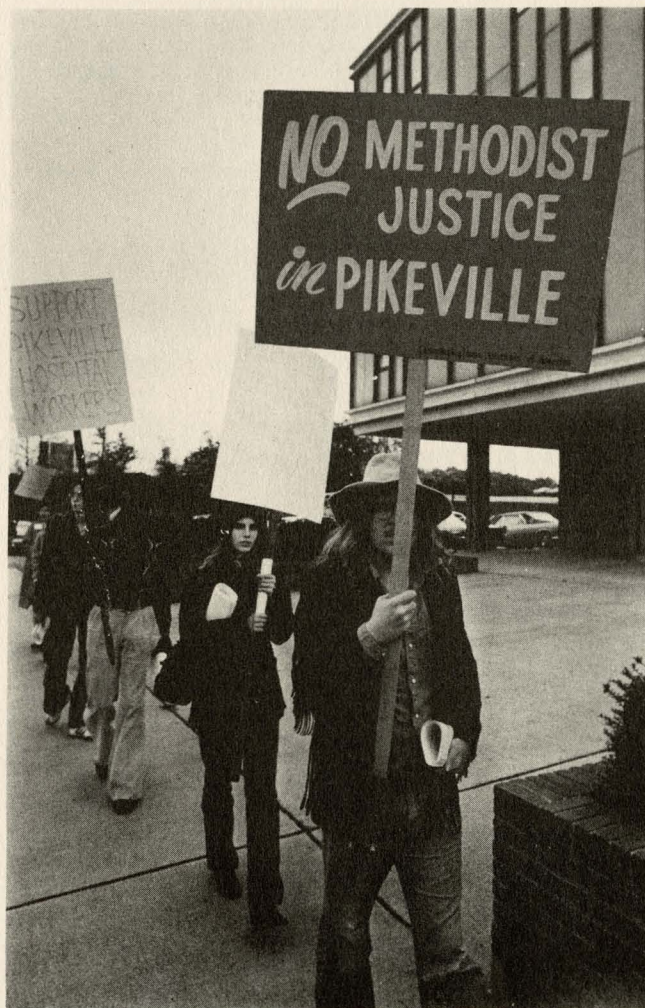
I was born a lonely singer  
walkin' through a wooded field.  
I had shed ten-thousand tears  
before I understood nature's will;  
but all along the banks of life  
I waited for a wishful sign  
to carry me away to a land  
where the people never spoke of time.

America's child where are you wandering?  
Where will you go?

And when tomorrow's sun comes up,  
Then will you know?

Still a man's not called a man  
until he's walked 2100 miles;  
and a woman's not called a woman  
till she has a man and a child.  
So the "children" pass in masses  
searchin' for a place to hide;  
While the eyes of a lonely singer  
scan the road, waiting for a ride.

America's child where are you wandering?  
Where will you go?  
When tomorrow's sun comes up,  
Then will you know?  
All the grains of time  
may fly over the skies  
before you learn the secrets  
buried in men's eyes.



Gary (front) and Cindy (second in line) Green on the picket line for Pikeville, Kentucky workers at a Methodist hospital strike.



SIDE II, Band 6:

DEAR MISTER KELLEY AT THE FBI

Dear Mister Kelley at the FBI,  
Listen to my song and the words I cry;  
I heard the man say it on my TV:  
You've been takin' notes on Americans like me.

spoken: Well at the FBI up in Washington  
They're playin' little games--havin' lots of fun.  
They send a little man to hide in your toilet bowl  
Then he jots down notes on the tissue roll.

Hey Mister Kelley, you better hear what I say,  
I want you to send all my tissue-notes right away.  
Now the law says I got a right to see  
All the nasty little notes you been takin' on me.

spoken: Poor Mr. Kelley didn't know what to do  
When they passed the Information Act in '72.  
So he told 'em he was too busy to comply right away,  
But he might get around to it early next may.

Hey Mister Kelley--you're plan don't hold water for me...  
It's those secret little notes I wanna see.  
Well you better get 'em movin' and comin' soon  
Or I'll be in court singin' this tune.

spoken: Well, Mister Kelley finally decided what to do:  
He took his pen and marked a couple of words through.  
Then he marked some more, pleased with his deed,  
Til "A", "AN" and "THE" were the only words you could read.

Dear Mister Kelley at the FBI  
Listen to my song and the words I cry.  
I heard the man say it on my TV:  
You've been takin' notes on Americans like me.



OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20535

July 6, 1976

Mr. Gary Michael Green  
Post Office Box 16190  
Charlotte, North Carolina 28216

Dear Mr. Green:

Your inquiry concerning the status of your  
Freedom of Information-Privacy Acts request was received  
on June 22, 1976.

As I mentioned in my letter to you dated  
March 19, 1976, we have a considerable backlog of requests  
similar to yours.

Your original request was received March 5, 1976.  
We are now beginning to work on requests received during  
October, 1975. Your request, of course, is being held in  
chronological order according to its date of receipt  
and will be assigned for processing in turn. While  
it is impossible to furnish you a precise date at this  
time as to when processing on your particular request  
will be completed, I do want you to know that a substantial  
allocation of manpower and finances has been made in an  
effort to reduce the backlog now existing.

I regret the delay encountered in complying with  
your request for records and again solicit your patience and  
understanding.

Sincerely yours,

*Clarence M. Kelley*  
Clarence M. Kelley  
Director

SIDE II, Band 7:

THE HAMMER

Well a worker made the hammer  
After a bossman made the nail  
told the worker to drive it;  
he'd dock him if he'd fail.

The bossman invented wages.  
The worker invented sweat.  
Mix 'em both together...  
wonder which the worker'll get?

Then the bossman invented promises  
to go along with the sweat.  
Then he gave the worker a dollar...  
wonder what that'll get?

The workin' man is hungry.  
The bossman is gettin' fat.  
While the workin' man's back is achin'  
The bossman feeds his cat.

The workin' man builds the product  
to make the bossman's wealth.  
The bossman's private profit  
comes before the workers' health.

Together the workers made it.  
The bossman takes it away.  
The worker has to buy it...  
give him back his pay.

Well a worker invented the hammer  
after a bossman made the nail.  
A worker invented the union  
after a bossman invented hell.



For helping me get these songs to you, I owe an awful lot of thanks. Special thanks to Sis and Gordon at BROADSIDE in New York (see SIDE II, Band 4)...they were the first to take me seriously and then they gave a lot of guidance. Thanks to Pete Seeger, who always seems to say the right things answering letters that always come at the right time.

Thanks to Moses Asch, who is spending all this money that it takes for you to hear this record and read these words, for caring about folksingers and what they have to say.

And I guess I owe lots of thanks to the people I watched talk, breath, love, live, eat, cry, die, work, play, run, skip, laugh, see, listen, hurt, strain, smile, study, question, answer and do life.

I owe it to the drunk I met who died in the sewer a few hours later because the poison in the bottle finally ate through the wrong place. I owe it to the starved kid running around a backyard full of clothesline and

crabgrass in a "sweeping yard". I owe it to my comrades who march in the streets and my brothers and sisters who took up the gun. I owe them all for bleeding and for showing me what they were doing. I owe you.

That's what these songs are really all about... just words that are painted from a guitar that brushes them onto a canvass that is only a mirror.

So run through the songs now and see if you don't want to go paint one yourself... that's what they all really are about: GO DO IT YOURSELF!

Gary Green  
January 1, 1977

PHOTOS and ART by CINDY GREEN



Gary and Ronny Green at anti-big business rally in Washington. July 4, 1976.