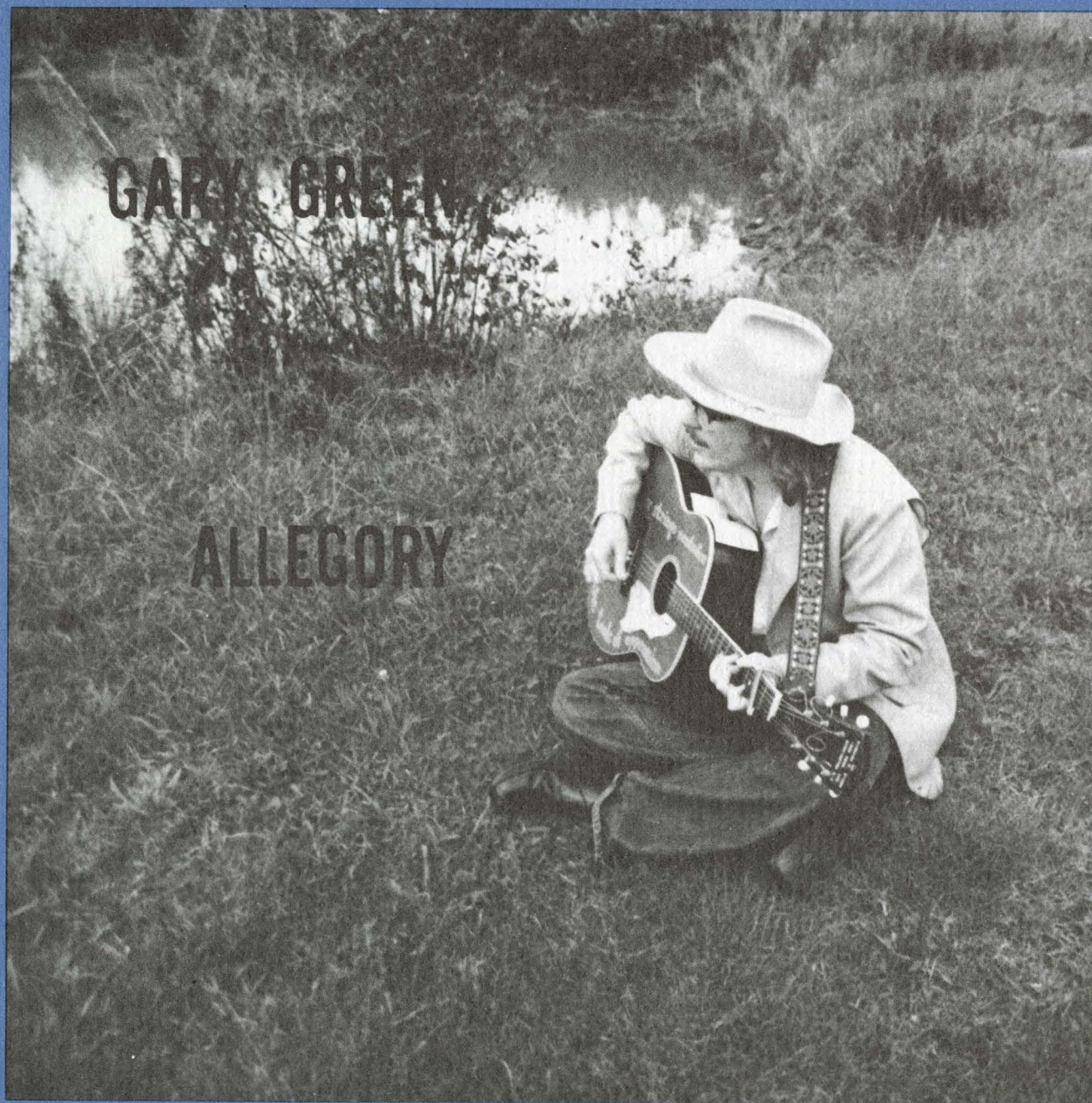


GARY GREEN

FOLKWAYS FS 5353

VOLUME 2

ALLEGORY



FOLKWAYS FS 5353

SIDE ONE

1. FT. APACHE IS UNDER SIEGE
2. ASHES OF A FIRE
3. NO GREAT LOSS
4. ANNIE WITH HER VIOLIN
5. I GUESS HE'D RATHER BE IN OKLAHOMA

SIDE TWO

6. NOTICE NUMBER ONE
7. REV. BEN CHAVIS
8. GHOST RIDER BILL
9. SEMI-LOCAL BRANCH OF THE LOYAL ORDER OF THE TOURING COCKROACH CLUB
10. DEAR WOODY GUTHRIE
11. A SONG ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPEN' NOW
12. HYMN TO THE CAPITALISTS

LINER NOTES

His songs come from the miles he's traveled, the struggles he's fought, the people he's met, the places he's been and the world around him.

"I think of myself more as a writer who sometimes happens to use a guitar instead of a typewriter, than as a musician or poet," says Gary Green.

Green, born in the rural South on the day before Ground Hog Day in 1954, has (in almost the stereotype of the fictional folksinger) rambled, hitch-hiked, bus-rode, train-rode, driven, flown and walked almost every mile of the United States and parts of four other countries.

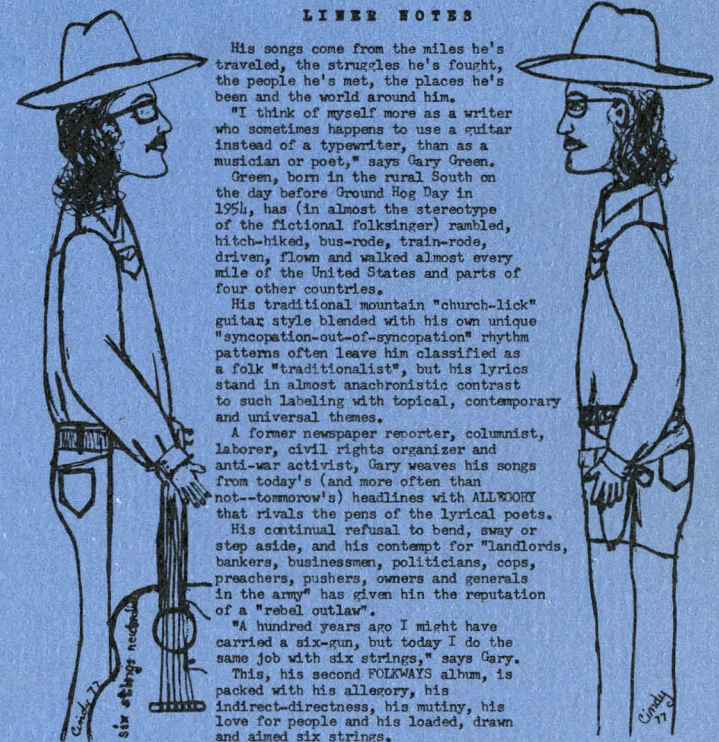
His traditional mountain "church-lick" guitar style blended with his own unique "syncopation-out-of-syncopation" rhythm patterns often leave him classified as a folk "traditionalist", but his lyrics stand in almost anachronistic contrast to such labeling with topical, contemporary and universal themes.

A former newspaper reporter, columnist, laborer, civil rights organizer and anti-war activist, Gary weaves his songs from today's (and more often than not--tomorrow's) headlines with ALLGORY that rivals the pens of the lyrical poets.

His continual refusal to bend, sway or step aside, and his contempt for "landlords, bankers, businessmen, politicians, cops, preachers, pushers, owners and generals in the army" has given him the reputation of a "rebel outlaw".

"A hundred years ago I might have carried a six-gun, but today I do the same job with six strings," says Gary.

This, his second FOLKWAYS album, is packed with his allegory, his indirect-directness, his mutiny, his love for people and his loaded, drawn and aimed six strings.



except where noted, words & music to all songs
by Gary Green

all songs © 1977 Gary Green

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GARY GREEN

Volume 2
ALLEGORY

also available from
FOLKWAYS RECORDS:

FH 5351 GARY GREEN. These Six Strings
Neutralize

The Tools of Oppression. All songs written and
sung by Gary Green. Includes There Ain't No Easy
Way, The Murder of Ella May Wiggins, Down The
Road And Over The Hill, Oven Fork Mining Dis-
aster-1976, Little Mark Dupree, The CIA Song,
The Cowboy, You're Just As Guilty, I Wore His Gun,
The Ballad Of Broadside, America's Child, Dear
Mister Kelley At The FBI, The Hammer.

Descriptive Notes. 1-12" LP \$6.98.

FOLKWAYS FS 5353

GARY GREEN



These Six Strings Neutralize The
Tools Of Oppression

GARY GREEN

Volume 2
Allegory

INTRODUCTION

The Poet, The Prophet
The Writer and The Musician

I

As was born the poet to limner and carol...
was womb'd the prophet to contemplate diurnal.
Gestation formed the writer to scroll and annal...
and bore the musician to psalm and yodel.

Each must cast alone while on a ship with eleven more...
but each must know that sodality is the ship's only shore.

From the house of concord--a monastery of breath--
each was sent--an antithesis of death.

While stepping high on lamentor's hill
plunders Bereftos--carnate of desperation's will
Plotting and scheming to forge battlefield
with anticipation of the artists' yield.

II

It was the poet for whom Bereftos first laid snarl.
And it was the bard of bloom who first drew his gaff
To crypt the demon on veracity's behalf
With cantos of beauty, of homage and prayer.

But the specter was vicious with snarl and gnash
And he ripped skald's flesh veining to metaphorical soul
To slither and gnaw then tunnel and mole
Through the poet's heart to tatter and slash.

The deeper the monster's bite; the truer the poet's quill
Finding in the wrath of abhorrence the aliment of volupition's song.
With dissecting phrases of sensual lyric, the battle was scarred and long:
But the fangs of despair and clutch of meggrim make no match for concord's will.

Thus Bereftos fell, though not to death,
But to plunder and vamp until choler's next contest
And curse the poet who brought glimmer to black's hate-chest.
And the poet tread on to idyll and limn of starshine and breath.

III

Conundrum in speech to ponder and foretell
Savoring and sharing in every life's hell;
Feeling and bleeding in passion then pain
Touching and kissing and tilling life's grain

Leaving signs of hope or utter of cheer
Forecast of gloom or tale of tear;
"That which is spoken is that which is real--
Change or salvation is within thy own will."

Bereftos lay deep as the prophet drew near
Assuming the form of a coffin--the sibyl's only fear...
Death not the fear so much as absence of life...
Locked away from human glory or strife.

This weakness alone did the oracle show
So Bereftos the Cunning fashioned the casket as blank as milk and snow.
And the four walls he sprang around in midst the prophet's stride
To banish and void him from the world outside.

Confident of his conquest, the monster paraded proud
To his refuge of darkness to tailor a shroud
And cover the prophet's place of rest
Then return to his sanctum to plot the next contest.

But far below the coffin's bier
Lived the prophet in the vacuumed air.
Meditation in the empty gave form in the white
The prophet again became a ray of light.

All things then are kept in visions inside
To be called forth when needed to guide.
"That which is spoken is that which is real,"
Said the prophet, "Change or salvation is within thy own will."

IV

From unseen refuge veiled in shadowy reflection,
The penman assessed Bereftos in each battle and competition.
So he knew the monster's tactics and style
And he knew the creature's ways to beguile.

The demon had already begun to build snarl,
When the writer teased from his shade to catch the monster's stare.
Though his own mesh still not woven, Bereftos took bait
And followed the plotmaster in a rage of hate.

Dulled by avarice for the writer's demise
And weakened by lost battles from other piercing eyes,
The monster schemed victory, while lost in daze
Following his enemy deeper into maze.

Fired with foresight of bagging his game
And clawing and chewing and burning every remain,
Bereftos followed deeper, long after he was lost--
His mind miles ahead in drempt holocaust.

The writer doubled back and re-wove horror's net,
Lacing each strand of greed, doubt, hate and regret
To loop the holes in Bereftos' unfinished snarl
And then lead the monster to his own trap there.

A tired monster, his cunning worn,
Followed the scribe, never hearing the angel's horn.
The the writer paused and Bereftos leapt at the prey,
But his own net sprung and blocked his way.

The monster fell with howl and groan
And the writer looked on...then left alone.
Bereftos fought, though worn and tattered;
a noble fight--with escape all that mattered.

V

A battered Bereftos eluded his own enmesh,
But in his heart pounded his hate-hunger for flesh.
And he stumbled and rambled bitter blind,
His oath of calamity, waste, and ruin guiding his mind.

It was by chance that the musician just happened to be
Fretting his lute, resting under that very tree
That the killer had chosen as a spot to repose
And respirit his strength to rematch his foes.

The musician's yodel mixed with the lute's trill
To bring the walls of concord--driving insanity to the demon of desperation's will.
With chords of agape and psalms of breath
The weakened giant forgot his missions of death.

The closer he moved to the minstrel's song
The deeper entwined became his right and wrong,
Till concord ruled and desperation fell
without a carnate to hold in its spell.

VI

The musician's path of psalm and yodel
led him to a fork where the writer did wait.
And together they talked of their conquests of hate.
They then met with the poet, who told of the same in limn and carol.

The artists strolled together, though each was alone,
Until they reached the prophet's crypt--near Bereftos' tattered throne.

And the prophet arose and was born again--
Foretelling the future and of things that had been.

The temple of concord then was ruled by the four
Who spread to dust and lived in the wind
To ride in time and spark in the eyes of every friend;
To keep sentinel against another carnate from Bereftos' door.

Alone, no one artist could have brought the demon's defeat--
But united, concord's house was complete.
So they spread their souls to roam with skies
To fall when needed on myriad eyes.

Each cast alone with then thousand more...
But each knowing that sodality is the ship's only shore.

So given to cosmos with soul division
Walk The Poet, The Prophet, The Writer and The Musician.

NOTE: There are two kinds of songs on this album...direct songs and allegorical. And the direct songs are allegorical even in their directness...and the allegorical songs are direct.

SIDE I, Band 1:

The Siege of Fort Apache

There's no such thing as a good landlord...
If he was good he'd be bankrupt.
And there's no such thing as a good cop...
If he was good he'd lock the lawmakers up.

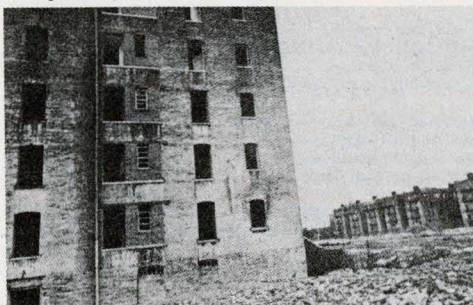
This is the story 'bout the landlords
And the cops that stand by their side.
And this is the story of people
who live in a city that died.

chorus: Fort Apache is under siege
You better wake the captain up.
Break open the gun case
And call out the fire-hose truck.
The natives are on the move
Stormin' over the rubble plains.
There ain't no Indians with them
But they're comin' just the same.

Well the 11st precinct of the NYPD
Stands in a plain of ruin where a city used to be.
Landlords decided they'd pumped all the money they would to slum town.
The cost of repairs bit their profits...so professional torches burnt it down.

chorus
Some people die in the fires...many more fled to the street.
Most live in shells of structures with ruins at their feet.
A family is raised in such conditions and politicians talk about high crime.
So they fortify the 11st to keep the natives in line.

chorus
Insurance bankers paid the landlords; they came out on top.
No one paid the tenants. Now they're guarded by cops.
What worked for the landlords, bankers and cops in the South Bronx town
Will probably work in Brooklyn 'cause now they're burning it down.



Burned-out lands: Hundreds of devastated apartment buildings line the streets of the 41st Precinct. A loss of 30,000 residents in the past few years has begun to stabilize the crime statistics.

SIDE I, Band 2: ASHES OF A FIRE

I don't like to interpret allegorical songs for people. Fact is, I shouldn't have to put any note here at all. But just to make sure that there is absolutely no question at all as to what this song is about, I will make this announcement. This is a song about American society and American capitalism in 1977. --gg

chorus: Like the winter always follows the fall,
Like a hobo who hears the whippoorwill's call
The ashes of a fire will keep glowing on
Long after the useful flames are dead and gone.

The old man just layed there dyin'.
His family had all gathered around and they were cryin'.
He looked up at me and he reached out his hand.
Somehow I just didn't want to understand that...

chorus
Well the roadway was filled with the morners' line.
Stone-faced and sober as if they all were blind.
No one saw it comin' 'cept the winos, Gordon and me.
They were too busy livin' to think about being free.

chorus
In those last days before we laid him in the ground
He would yell at the children and chase them around.
Then he'd catch them and beat them til they begged on their knees...
But they stood strong again after he slept beneath the trees.

SIDE I, Band 3: NO GREAT LOSS

Death stepped on the train at 4am.
Betty Tucker stepped on right behind him.
No one saw the hunger in his eyes...
He was wearin' his street disguise.
His leather jacket had a silver zipper.
His right hand clutched the blade of his ripper.
Betty had been out the whole night long.
Tryin' to get her daughter to come back home.
He left the car with the only \$2 she owned;
Left her bleeding in the car alone.
chorus: But it was no great loss anyway.
She lived full and free everyday.
I don't mean to sound so cold...
But My God: the woman was 85-years old.
Jeffery Morgan did his banking by the mail.
Had ever since his health began to fail.
His check would come every 3rd Saturday.
His only pension was what the government would pay.
His 22.50 a-month did just fine
Divided between the rent, the power and the food stamp line.
Then came the bite and sting of winter cold.
And Jeffery couldn't afford number 2 heating oil.
They found his body frozen through
When the man came to collect the rent that was due.
chorus (The man was 75 years old)
Katie Campbell lived alone without a friend.
She kept her world locked inside a bottle of gin.
Her family was gone; her children dead.
Love was only memories locked inside her head.
So it took her bottle to make the world go 'round
And every night she'd wash it down.
First it was two then three or four
But Katie won't be drinkin' anymore.
She once was a queen as a rich man's wife.
But she drank herself to death to go back to that life.
chorus: (The woman was 65 years old)
Huntington Jarvis built an empire;
They said he was a king.
The shrewdness of his business
Sparkled in the diamonds in his ring.
Said he did nothing but roll in his health;
Maybe that's what happened to his health.
Sure he'd stepped on a few people comin' up
And he'd lost friends makin' his luck.
His heart gave 'way one afternoon:
He died all alone in a 100-dollar hotel room.
chorus: (The man was 55 years old)
Ellen Corley had never been away from home this far.
She came to the city to be a model or a TV star.
She rented a one-room apartment on her own
And took a job as a waitress to pay for this home.
She entertained some "agents" in her room.
But spent most of her time in gloom.
She walked through the park depressed at night,
Unaware of the shadows of fright.
They found her body stripped before long.
Her throat was slit about a block from her home.
chorus: (She was 25 years old)

SIDE I, Band 4: ANNIE WITH HER VIOLIN

Takin' quarters on the corner
flipped to a one-time salad bowl.
Some folks sell their bodies...
I only sell my soul
To the strangers from the towers
Who'd rather hear "Sweet Georgia Brown".
They're goin' to fountains where the water never goes down.

Soldier standin' by the door
green stripes on his side.
Jesus Christ I wonder
Where old doormen go when they die
I was sittin' on the fourth step at St. Mark's
Sippin' Holy water and readin' a paper I found on a subway ride.
You should see the gold cruifix they got inside.

Annie stood on the same corner
playin' her violin.
Her music all blew away
with a gust of hot wind.
But the band played on softly
over at the sunken cafe in a hole.
I wonder if Mr. Rockefeller's Atlas is really made of solid gold.

The big man sat behind his desk
way up on the ninth floor.
He wouldn't answer my telegram
So I sent him 19 more.
But Annie kept on playin'
A song about her brother in the penitentiary.
Maybe if I stand here long enough someone will recognize me.

SIDE I, Band 5: I GUESS HE'D RATHER BE IN OKLAHOMA

In the twisted silhouettes that dance across the brickline
A shadow touched another from behind.

The form was of a boy, but the words were of a man
As he spoke with a courage that came from the gun in his hand.

chorus: And I guess he'd rather be in Oklahoma

Spending his nights with a gal from Tennessee...

Seems like The Stars were always brighter in Oklahoma...
Or in any other dream land where he can never be.

The stench rose from the river and filled the mouth of the sailor

With the salty taste of death and slime burrowing in the shore.

He heard some children laughin' from the rubble where they were playin'

And he wondered if it was worth the price we all are payin'.

chorus

"Stand and deliver--your money or your life,"

Words in anger spoken for demon sacrifice

To the hunger in his veins from dancing devils in his soul

With a craving that robbed his youth and bled in white powdered gold.

chorus (twice)

SIDE II, Band 6: NOTICE NUMBER ONE

Believe it or not, about 95% of
this song is based on a true story.

While I was sitting, eating dinner, someone pulled my plug.

I checked my fuses, then my breakers, then I gave a shrug.

I called the power company to see what could be done...

The woman said "Our records show you didn't pay "NOTICE NUMBER ONE."

She said, "Our records show we sent notices two, three and four..."

"And since you chose not to pay--you don't have power anymore."

I assure you 'mam, the guilty party could not possibly be me;

'Cause though the names they sound alike--I spell mine without an "e".

She said it could be as you say--your name is a common one I see.

But do you have some papers showing you are who you claim to be?

Just bring me your drivers license and your voters registration card...

We'll fix things up--you know it won't be very hard.

I do not vote, said I, and I do not own a car.

"Then how can you possibly be," she asked, "The person you say you are?"

Without a drivers license and a voters registration card,

To fix things wup if not impossible, you know will be very hard.

I went down to the registrar's office to do my patrotic chore...

"I'm sorry," she said, "The election's too near--we're not taking registration anymore."

With tears in my eyes and a pain in my heart I sadly walked out of the door.

Without a voters registration card--this might be a real chore.

Next I hitch-hiked to the building where the state policemen stay.

"I wonder sir," said I, "If I could get a drivers license today?"

"Sure," he said, "I'll give you the test--just take me for a ride."

"But sir, I do not drive or own a car--I just need the license to be identified."

"If you don't drive and pass the test, I can't give a license to you."

"But sir," I pleaded, "I need the license so I can get my dinner through."

"I'm sorry son," he said, "but if you can't take the test then get out of the way..."

"There're other people in the line to get their drivers license today."

I walked back to the power company to sing my sad-sad song.

"Indeed it looks," the woman said, "as if we've done you wrong."

"A further check of our records shows an error we have made--"

"Your account is balanced--our records show your bill is all paid."

I almost wept, I jumped for joy--at last I was a winner!

"Now when," said I, "will my power be on so I can finish my dinner?"

"A small re-instatement fee," she said, "each disconnected customer pays,"

"And when we have your \$25--you'll have power in a few days."

"Will you take my check," sobbed I, "If I make it out to you?"

"'Cause now I'm so hungry, I don't know what else to do!"

"Not without a drivers license and a voters registration card..."

To cash your check, if not impossible is very-very hard."

SIDE II, Band 7: REV. BEN CHAVIS

This is the story of the Wilmington 10--
one of the country's most bizarre political
prisoner cases. In fact, North Carolina
is a very bizarre case in itself.

chorus: Hey Ben didn't you know that the old north state

Hangs out its sheets when the sun goes down?

Women and niggers after six ain't allowed to hang around.

Being a man of the cloth it should be your job to keep the rabble dumb...

So North Carolina can proudly remain first in freedom.

1) "First in Freedom" announces the slogan on every license plate.

"First in Freedom"--with more prisons than in any other state.

First in the number of people waitin' to die on death row.

First per capita in all prisoners--that includes women and children you know.

chorus

2) First in ranking the lowest wage-rate in the country.

First in the least number of unions and letting J.P. Stevens run free.

First with the only fugitive law in the country that'll get you shot on sight.

First with a state legislature that only comes in lily white.

chorus

3) Well Ben Chavis is a reformer--a hard working man of the cloth.

He went down to Wilmington to help some high school kids get their point across.

Then an army of white racists marched through town with fire and guns in hand.

When the smoke had cleared they said Ben incited it all--and made him one of the Wilmington 10.

chorus

4) All the witnesses against the 10 later changed their story.
Said they were coerced and lied after the state promised them gifts and money.
But every court in the land refused to hear the case and set the verdict right.
And President Carter babbles about political prisoners and human rights.
chorus

SIDE II, Band 8: GHOST RIDER BILL

He went riding toward the storm one cold December day.

From those black hills he never returned the people they all say.

Twenty tons of avalanched rock--but his body was never found.

Just the stories of the people in every town.

And they call him Ghost Rider Bill.

Now when those rocks began to fall

People heard his screams for miles around

But his shadows have been seen

Behind every empty bar-room wall...

And when the people hear the moaning in the night

They say there goes Ghost Rider Bill.

Oh he lived all alone in a little wooden shack.

And they say he knew something we could never know.

And the mountains moan a prayer every single night

For ghost riders--like Bill.

The winner of World War III



A nuclear war, if it comes, will not be won by the Americans. It will not be won by the Russians. And although it has been so ordered by Mao Tse-tung, it will not be won by the Chinese.

The winner of World War III will be the cockroach.

"Let a man absorb 600 roaches (of radiation) and he survives soon and unscathed," says Dr. H. Bentley Glass, a leading biologist. "But 100,000 roaches may not do much harm to man in the long run."

The cockroach, a veritable and hardy species, will take over the habitation of the foolish humans, and compete only with other insects or bacteria.

If the cockroaches knew what was going on in Vietnam, if they realized how close to nuclear war the foolish humans have got themselves, they would be descending on the better neighborhoods to choose from the better that may soon become available. In the United States. In the Soviet Union. In China. In Europe.

SIDE II, Band 9: SEMI LOCAL BRANCH OF THE LOYAL
ORDER OF THE TOURING COCKROACH CLUB

1-Well there's hundreds and thousands of
little bitty boxes all stacked on top of one another.
And each one has a sink and a toilet and a tub,
a full-view mirror, stove, refrigerator,
windows and doors with 27 locks and one thing another.
Some have a crystal hanging chandelier...
Some have two bulbs on a wire that's bare.
But they all got a SEMI LOCAL BRANCH OF THE
INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF THE LOYAL ORDER
OF THE TOURING COCKROACH CLUB.

chorus: Well now there's swimin' in the sinks

And the tubs in the mornings and afternoons.

And in the early evening you can catch a Broadway play

And learn the latest show tune.

And the whole tour-package sha-bang is brought to you

By the members of the semi-local who paid their membership dues.

2-Now over on the east side of town

They ride up and down elevators wearin' furs and jewels

And walking in carpet that has paddin' 4 inches thick.

They sip creme de minte, eat escaroto, welsh rarebit

And all the delicacies they can lick.

And in the cool of the evening they ride in the open air

Horse-buggy down by Central Park way...

And it was all arranged by their local tour clubs

To have activities all night and day.

chorus

3-Now down in Washington Square they got members

That walk around with little beards, wearin' straight-legged jeans

and sayin' things like "cool".

They drink espresso coffee, write poems and play backgammon by the rules.

Well the roll their own joints to smoke;

Call each other "brother and sister".

When they take a toke.

And they all subscribe to the "Village Voice"

But read the DAILY NEWS to make a joke.

chorus

4-Up in the South Bronx the young cockroaches run in gangs.

They carry knives and matches and zip guns and bicycle chains.

They mug old cockroaches on the street--

Take every dime so they can't buy food to eat.

Then they burn out the buildings and leave rubble in the street.

chorus

5-Now the biggest cockroaches you'll ever see

Call themselves landlords, cops, bankers,

Owners, preachers, politicians and generals in the army.

Ah, they'll eat you out of house and home--

Discredit your name and do you wrong...

Then tell you how much you need them

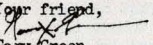
To keep yourself crumb-free.

chorus

SIDE II, Band 10: DEAR WOODY GUTHRIE

This song is a letter that can never be mailed to Woody. After he died there were two kinds of people that saw to it that his name lived on--one kind took the historical task of preserving his material and distributing it--the other kind decided that they would take advantage of the whole situation and make a bunch of money. This letter-song is to tell Woody about the latter group and to praise the first group.

1) Dear Woody Guthrie:

I know this letter can never get to you.
But I thought I better write it. It seemed like the thing to do.
Ah, Woody if you could see the things they've done to your name,
I wonder if you would let 'em go on just the same.
2) It started at the hospital while you were laid in bed.
Though your muscles were rotting, I can imagine the songs
That must have been inside your head.
They divided up the pie--some would tell the truth and
Some would lie.
Your songs were finally being sung. And all you could do was
Lay there and die.
3) Some spread it all around how you were a simple man who was used.
How the communist tricked you and your politics were all confused.
But Woody--I read your words to "The Flood And The Storm"...
And I know you loved all people with your heart kind and warm.
4) But anyway Woody, my point in writing this letter
Is just to let you know that lots of us know better.
I guess it's true that anyone can hear the beautiful
words you wrote And make them come out to almost anything
they want.
5) Maybe it's that universality that make your songs great.
Maybe that it's that mystery that made your fans wait.
But despite the rumors you'll hear from angels just comin' in,
There's lots of us understandin' the hard roads where you've been.
6) Well, that's all I really have to say.
'Cept maybe we'll all agree and meet again someday.
And you can greet the profiteers who made money and lied...
And you can greet the friends who missed you when you died.
Your friend,

Gary Green

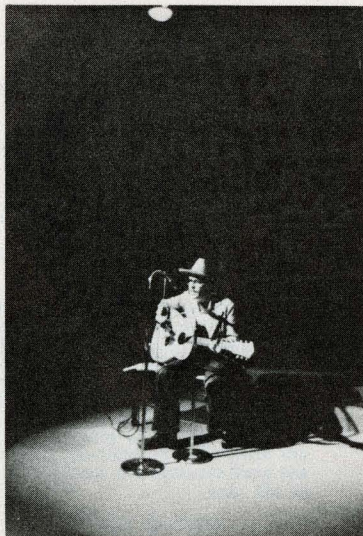
SIDE II, Band 11: A SONG ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENIN' NOW

A while back somebody asked me if I had any songs
about "what is happening now". I thought for a
while about just what is happening now...and this
song sort of came to me.

chorus: Well the sun is still a shinin' and the moon still does glow.
Rain is till a fallin' and the world is tryin' to grow.
Rich man is in his castle with a guard outside his door...
Poor man is in the basement with dirt on the floor.

1) Preachers and Speakers all tell their story well
That we're all eat up with apathy and going straight to hell.
There's crime in the city and pollution at the shore...
Unemployment is risin' and the president is threatening war.
The whole wide world is changin' cause the young are gettin' old
But nothin' else changes til the sheep leave the fold.

chorus
What is happenin' now--it happened yesterday
And it will happen again tomorrow if the demon has his way.
The cast of players changes but the script is still the same
And the stage will still be here tomorrow as long as we play the game.
A good talk about it will surely pass the time
But nothin' ever changes until you lay it all on the line.
chorus



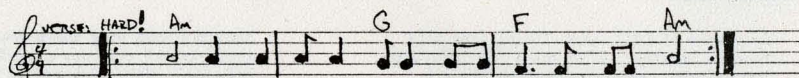
SIDE II, Band 12

Hymn TO THE CAPITALISTS

WORDS & MUSIC: GARY GREEN

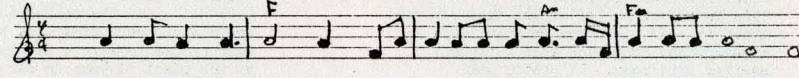


BURN-BURN-BURN... AND I'LL WATCH YOU DIE!

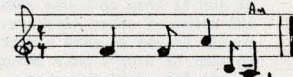


I READ MY MORNING PAPER AND I CHECK THE EVENING MAIL

I POLL ALL MY SENSES TO MAKE SURE THEY DO NOT FAIL



THEN I WATCH THE TRENCH YOU'RE DIGGIN' SWELL TO A SLIME SEA... AND I SING TO THE WOUNDED OF



CHORUS: BURN-BURN-BURN... And I'll watch you die!
(repeated twice after each verse
and four times after last verse)

- verses: 1) I read my morning paper and I check the evening mail:
Then I poll all my senses to make sure they do not fail.
And I watch the trench you're diggin' swell to a slime sea.
Then I sing to the wounded of love and sympathy.
- 2) You sold to your pirates that you do well and good.
And you lied to the children who never understood.
But my eyes are more piercing than others you have known,
And I'll never stop my searchin' till you're dead and gone.
- 3) For the ones who you couldn't buy--trickery was your game:
Tellin' them you held no bonds; life is theirs to claim.
So they live and die in search of your promised dream...
Never knowin' their hard work is a part of your scheme!
- 4) For the ones who you couldn't trick--you laid a special plan:
You called them outcasts and criminals and banished them from your land.
And you warned all your puppets--"If you see them beware."
For them you had a waitin' an executioner's chair!
- 5) But a flame has been sparked by the gases in your slime.
And more piercing eyes will follow--you'll never outrun in time!
The fire has been started and I'm watching the flames spread!
It'll sweep toward your castle doors till your servants are all dead!
- 6) I've always sung my songs with love--even tragic tales held sympathy.
But when the flames crackle your bones--there'll be a big laugh from me!
Your lies will start crumbling and hate will clear from the sky...
And you'll BURN-BURN-BURN...and I'll watch you die!





Introduction

his collection of songs has been a long time coming. In fact, it started in 1969 when I wrote my first songs.

By summer of 1977, when I'm putting this booklet together, I've got a few less than two hundred songs I've written since I strummed my first guitar chord on the day after Halloween in 1969.

This introduction (of sorts) that you are about to read was first written for a mimeographed song book that I ran off earlier this year. It pretty well explains the "whys and how-comes" of the songs on this album.

A FEW months ago I visited a friend in Nashville (the same friend indeed who loaned me that guitar in 1969). He read the title of the album and the same words around the body of my guitar and said, "That sounds awful Marxist. You're not a marxist are you Gary?" I shook him off and didn't answer, giving him some comment like, "I'm just a Gary-ist".

JUST A few months before that, I was staying in a commune-house in Brooklyn, New York with a bunch of people I met after I put up a sign that said, "HELP--folksinger/writer from the south needs place to lay head for a few nights...will trade songs and books for corner of room and shower." Anyway, one of the guys that lived in this house was (so he told me) a "professional" musician. Since I was sleeping with a guitar and a handful of original songs, he saw some comradeship between us and asked to hear some of my songs. After I played for him he said, "You better stay away from that stuff. Politics will kill you in this business quicker than anything. Don't touch politics."

What makes one song political and another one not?

If I sing a song about a guy that killed himself 'cause his girl-friend left him and I sing another about a guy that killed himself 'cause he got fired from his job, is one more "political" than the other.

The dictionary says that a "topical" song is one that deals with matters of current or local interest.

If there are 15 million people unemployed and I write a song about it, then that is a topical song. If I write a song about the CIA going around bumping off presidents of other countries, that too is a topical song. But if we all live on a sheep-farm somewhere and I sing a song about the price of wool going up...isn't that a topical song too?

What about a "love" song. If I'm singing a song about love and you're listening to it, then it must be of current interest...so it too must be a topical song.

Remember that song about the guy who shot himself when his girl-friend left him? What if I add to that song that his girl-friend left him 'cause he never would spend much time with her...and the reason he never would spend much time with her is that he had to work a double-shift at the plant to keep up car payments for the car they rode around in...and he had to keep up house rent and all kinds of other expenses...and the reason he had to work a double shift is that he didn't make enough money on one job...and the reason he didn't make enough money was because the bosses and owners of the plant wanted to make a profit to stay in business...and as long as there is a high profit to be made, that poor guy is never going to make enough money...so he's gonna have to work himself to death...and SO, his girl-friend left him because he was too busy "making a living" to afford living.

Now you say, "No, that's a political song."

If I sing a song about a bad mine disaster, that's "OK", but if I tell you that the reason for the disaster is that somebody was more concerned about their profit margin than the safety of the men down in the mine, then that's a political song.

It seems to me that the trouble comes when I follow a situation to its logical conclusion. It's OK to sing about a murder, but it's political to tell WHY the victim got plugged. (Was he (or she) a robber--why did they rob? Did somebody white shoot somebody black?--why did they shoot?--who taught them to hate?--Why?)

It's OK to sing about the hero in a war--but it is political to sing about whose interest that hero died protecting...but it's OK to sing about the battle itself.

So I write a song and I look for the "why" and the "how-come" that goes with a ballad or a journalistic narrative and right away somebody starts hollaring, "subversive!".

"Oh--you think people are oppressed: You must be a Marxist!" or "Oh--you're singing about the CIA: That must be a political song."

Now, if you wanna get philosophical and tie little names and reasons on to everything, I can sling the shit with the best of them and tell you that everything we do is political because "political" means "pertaining to citizens" (if you want to get technical, it comes from the latin word "politicus" which means civic). Now then, you name a subject that doesn't deal with citizens of this world and I'll admit that you've found a non-political song.

Arlo Guthrie told me one time that he doesn't sing political songs but does sing songs about "social issues".

I guess a "social issue" is anything 'at affects society and is of current or local interest...

When I was in college, somebody wrote a "letter-to-the-editor" of the campus paper and asked "Why is Gary Green so negative about everything?"

I am in fact negative on anything and everything that is anti-human. But I am very positive and full of love for pro-human things.

That means that I'm very negative on anything that has to do with a social, economic or political system that places a higher value on private profit and private interest than on social need.

It means that my songs are just as political as the map...because my songs are all about the citizens of this world. I sing about me and I sing about you. I listen and I learn then I make up a song about it.

If we're hungry then I'll say so in my song. And if we're looking at a pretty sunset, then I'll say so in my song. And if we're having a good time, then I'll sing about it. And I'll sing about it if we're havin' a bad time. And I'll sing about WHY the good times are good and the bad times are bad.

And if there's something that can be done about the bad times, then I'll sing about that too. 'Cause all I sing about is people.

If people are down, then I'll sing about gettin' them up. If they're oppressed, then I'll sing about neutralizing the tools of oppression.

If we're eating dinner, then I'll be singing about that. And if we're driving down the road in a car, then I'll sing about that. If we're paying the power bill--then there'll probably be a song there too.

I want to be POSITIVELY as NEGATIVE as I can be on anything that is against, in the way of, hurting, oppressing, robbing, or fighting people. And I'll try to use songs and anything else I can grab hold of to raise the consciousness of as many people as I can and make as

many people as I can aware of the "WHYs" and "HOW COMES" of anything that is anti-people.

If that makes me political (by your definition) or if that makes me a Marxist, then by God that's what I am! And if that's what politics and Marxism are all about, then everybody should be one.

If I'm a communist because I think housing, health, food, clothing, transportation, education and leisure of EVERYBODY should be a bigger social goal than how many millions the Rockefellers make this year, then everybody should be a communist!

My point is that you can use whatever names you want to use...and you can call my songs what you want to call them. I wrote them to mirror-reflect back to you all the things that make up your life and that you have shared with me just by living and being there. And, I wrote them to help point us all in the direction of fixing-up, cleaning-up, and straightening-out some of the problems we all have.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

They're all love songs...
songs of love to all the people in the
world. I mirror back to you because I
love you...I sing about the real causes
of our problems because I love you and

I want us all to be able to overcome
the problems.
THAT'S what they're all about.

That's why the songs are not just
editorials that are nailed up to your
barn door.

Meaningful songs...mixing art and life
together is nothing new...not even in
America. In fact, it is as old as songs
are old.
Most likely, that is just what the first
songs were.

Only during the rise of industrial capitalism
and since its victory over farm-feudalism
(the civil war) did songs become a hack
product. Just in the past few decades,
in the waning and most desperate years of
social tolerance for capitalism, has music
evolved (or "de-evolved") to a state where
almost every song we hear is a hack product
being sent to us as a market item.

Only during the past few decades have we
developed the idea that you have to be
"professional" to sing or write a song.
I out to change that idea.
You can sing about what you see and feel
and hear and taste just as good as I
can write and sing about what I sense.

Everybody should make up their own songs
about whatever hits them.

A line from one of my songs in this collection
goes, "Music is made by people and to people
it is free."

A song is just an-excited...syncopated...
narration. Just talking with a little
feeling added.

So, I make up songs about all kinds of
things that are going on.

As far as a dedication for this album
goes, as always it is a long one:
First it goes to Agnes Cunningham
who has given much inspiration
and musical guidance over many
months.
And it is especially to Gordon
Friesen who is perhaps the
best living American writer and
for sure one of the wisest.
Thus, it is to Sis and Gordon who
have "never budged an inch" and
never will.

And it is to Moses Asch who has
stood alone in being human and
recording lots of important
sounds.

And it is to the memories of
Woody Guthrie who fought and lost
But still came out the winner...
And Phil Ochs who gave up just
a little too soon.

And it is to Pete Seeger whose
insight and understanding serves
as highest inspiration.

And it is to my wife Cindy who
is always nearby with a helping
hand--which is always needed.

And, as always, most of all it
is to YOU...everybody...all the
people that are the reason I
do all of this.
Love to all of these of this
dedication.

--Gary Green
215 West 98th St.
New York, NY 10025
June 14, 1977

"Let me say at the risk of seeming ridiculous that
a true revolutionary is driven by great feelings of love."
--Che Guevara

"You can't judge a book by its cover."
--some wise person

"You better fuckin' not judge a book by its cover."
--me

"A pamphlet, no matter how good, is never read more than once, but a song is
learned over and over; and I maintain that if a person can put a few cold, common sense
facts into a song, and dress them up in a cloak of humor to take the dryness off
of them, he will succeed in reaching a great number of workers who are too unintelligent
or too indifferent to read a pamphlet or an editorial on economic science."
--Joe Hill, 1909

winnowed--to have been freed from lighter particles of chaff, dirt, etc., by
throwing into the air and allowing the wind or a forced current of air
to blow away impurities...a process of cleaning grain

"They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn
That the union makes us strong."
--Ralph Chaplin, 1911

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There
can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people,
and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things in life.
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the
world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production,
and abolish the wage system."
--from the preamble to the constitution of the
Industrial Workers of the World, 1905

"You can't be a unionist and a racist."
--Ed Sadlowski, United Steel Workers Union, 1977

"It really concerns me, more than concerns me, when a trade union leader signs
an agreement and the "Wall Street Journal" hails it. That tells me instinctively
that it's not for the worker. Contrary to all the chamber of commerce and all the
"mutual trusteeship" ideas, labor's role with management is an adversary role. If
it isn't adversary, then why have bosses? Why have dual standards? Why can a foreman
get sick and have his salary paid, but the worker gets sick and misses one day and
loses his pay? A boss takes a day off and it's a vacation. A worker does this and
he gets disciplined. That's adversary!"

"Our role with management has to be adversary. They make it adversary. And anybody
who doesn't think this is so is just a fool or a company fink. The bosses'll tell
you we're all one big happy family...U.S. Steel uses the workingman as a tool for
profit. If you think otherwise, you're crazy!"
--Ed Sadlowski

"A worker invented the hammer,
After a bossman made the nail
And told the worker to drive it.
He'd dock him if he'd fail.
A worker invented the hammer,
After a bossman made the nail.
A worker invented the union
After a bossman invented hell!"
--from "The Hammer", words & music: Gary Green

"...thundering sound of hoofbeats approach...
announcer's voice: A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of
dust and a hearty 'Hi-Yo Silver'. The Lone
Ranger rides again."
--Fran Striker, 1936

"Stick-em up!" came a rough voice. He raised his hands as he saw the glint of
a revolver barrel. It was a holdup--a daring crime on this side street of Manhattan!
Then something emerged from the darkened corner. It spread like a huge monster
of the night that swept forward and enveloped the gangster in its folds. With the
spectre rose a laugh, a vivid, creepy laugh; a laugh that was real and yet unnatural.
Something clamped upon his shoulder. An iron grip held him--balanced between
life and death. Then, as though his body possessed no weight whatever, the man felt
himself pulled around in a sweeping circle.
He turned to confront the person who had interfered. He swung his fist angrily,
but a hand caught his wrist and twisted it behind his back with irresistible power.
It seemed as though the man's strength had been wrested from him as he faced a tall,
black-cloaked figure that might have represented death itself. For he could have sworn
that he was looking at a non-human being, obscured by a broad-brimmed felt hat
bent downward over features and melting into a long, black coat that looked almost
like part of the thickening fog.
The thief gave a muffled cry and tried to fire his gun. There was a shot.
Then came a voice with tones of a sinister whisper that might have come from
limitless space beyond. Those eerie notes were the utterances of unseen lips
somewhere below the glow of two red gem-like sparkles which must have been eyes.
The creepy laugh returned with the haunting words, "The weed of crime bears
bitter fruit."
The thief slumped dead. The darkness was then gone, leaving behind only the
echo of the eerie, unreal laughter."
--from The Shadow by Maxwell Grant, 1931

LITHO IN U.S.A.