

# Christmas in Washington

Steve Earle

It's Christmastime in Washington  
The Democrats rehearsed  
Gettin' into gear for four more years  
Things not gettin' worse  
Republicans drink whiskey neat  
And thanked their lucky stars  
They said, "He cannot seek another term  
They'll be no more FDRs" I sat home in Tennessee  
Just staring at the screen  
With an uneasy feeling in my chest  
I'm wonderin' what it means So come back Woody Guthrie  
Come back to us now  
Tear your eyes from paradise  
And rise again somehow  
If you run into Jesus  
Maybe he can help you out  
Come back Woody Guthrie to us now I followed in your footsteps once  
Back in my travelin' days  
Somewhere I failed to find your trail  
Now I'm stumblin' through the haze  
But there's killers on the highway now  
And a man can't get around  
So I sold my soul for wheels that roll  
Now I'm stuck here in this town Come back Woody Guthrie  
Come back to us now  
Tear your eyes from paradise  
And rise again somehow  
If you run into Jesus  
Maybe he can help us out  
Come back Woody Guthrie to us now There's foxes in the hen house  
Cows out in the corn  
The unions have been busted  
Their proud red banners torn  
To listen to the radio  
You'd think that all was well  
But you and me and Cisco know  
It's going straight to hell So come back, Emma Goldman  
Rise up, old Joe Hill  
The barricades are goin' up

They cannot break our will  
Come back to us, Malcolm X  
And Martin Luther King  
We're marching into Selma  
As the bells of freedom ring So come back Woody Guthrie  
Come back to us now  
Tear your eyes from paradise  
And rise again somehow

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