I Hear Them All

Dave Rawlings Machine

I hear the crying of the hungry
In the deserts where they're wandering
Hear them crying out for Heaven's own
Benevolence upon them
Hear destructive power prevailin'
I hear fools falsely hailin'
To the crooked wits of tyrants
When they call
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear the sounds of tearing pages
And the roar of burnin' paper
All the crimes and acquisitions
Turned to air and ash, and vapor
And the rattle of the shackle
Far beyond emancipator
And the lowliest
Who gather in their stalls
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
So while you sit and whistle, 'Dixie'
With your money and your power
I can hear the flowers growin'
In the rubble of the towers

I hear leaders quit their lyin'
I hear babies quit their cryin'
I hear soldiers quit their dyin'
One and all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear the tender words from Zion
I hear Noah's water fall
Hear the gentle Lamb of Judas
Sleeping at the feet of Buddha
And the Prophets from Elijah

To the old Paiute Wovoka
Take their places at the table
When they're called
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all

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