Christmas In Washington

Steve Earle

It's Christmas time in Washington
The Democrats rehearsed
Gettin' into gear for four more years
Things not gettin' worse
The Republicans drink whiskey neat
And thanked their lucky stars
They said, "He cannot seek another term
They'll be no more FDR's"
And 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
Now, 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
Now come back Woody Guthrie
Come back to us now
And 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
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
If you run into Jesus
Maybe he can help you out
Come back Woody Guthrie
To us now

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