

# Stetson Kennedy

## Billy Bragg

I done spent my last three cents  
Mailing my letter to the President  
Didn't make a show, I didn't make a dent  
So I'm swinging over to this independent gent  
Stetson Kennedy, writing his name in  
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I can't win out to save my soul  
Long as Smathers-Dupont's got me in the hole  
Them war profit boys are squawking and balking  
That's what's got me out here walking and talking  
Knocking on doors and windows  
Wake up and run down election morning  
And scribble in Stetson Kennedy  
I ain't the world's best writer, ain't the world's best speller  
But when I believe in something, I'm the loudest yeller  
If we fix it so you can't make no money on war  
Well we'll all forget what we was killing folks for  
We'll find us a peace job, equal and free  
We'll dump Smathers-Dupont in a salty sea  
Well, this makes Stetson Kennedy the man for me

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