

I Hear Them All

Old Crow Medicine Show

I hear the crying of the hungry
In the deserts where they're wandering
Hear them crying out for Heaven's own
Benevolence upon themHear destructive power prevailin'
I hear fools falsely hailin'
To the crooked wits of tyrants
When they callI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them allI hear the sounds of tearing pages
And the roar of burnin' paper
All the crimes and acquisitions
Turned to air and ash, and vaporAnd the rattle of the shackle
Far beyond emancipator
And the lowliest
Who gather in their stallsI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them allSo while you sit and whistle, 'Dixie'
With your money and your power
I can hear the flowers growin'
In the rubble of the towersI hear leaders quit their lyin'
I hear babies quit their cryin'
I hear soldiers quit their dyin'
One and allI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them allI hear the tender words from Zion
I hear Noah's water fall
Hear the gentle Lamb of Judah
Sleeping at the feet of BuddhaAnd the Prophets from Elijah
To the old Paiute Wovoka
Take their places at the table
When they're calledI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them allI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them allI hear them all
I hear them all
I hear them all

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