

False From True**Words and Music by Pete Seeger (1968)****(c) 1968 by Sanga Music Inc.**

When my songs turn to ashes on my tongue,
When I look in the mirror and see I'm no longer young,
Then I got to start the job of separating false from true,
And then I know, I know I need the love of you.

When I found tarnish on some of my brightest dreams,
When some folks I trusted turned out not quite what they seemed;
Then I got to start the job of separating false from true,
Then once more I know, I know I need the love of you.

No song I can sing will make Governor Wallace change his mind,
No song I can sing will take the gun from a hate-filled man;
But I promise you, and you, brothers and sisters of evry skin,
I'll sing I your story while I've breath within.

We got to keep on keeping on, even when the sun goes down,
We got to live, live, live until another day comes 'round;
Meanwhile, better start over, separating false from true,
And more and more, I know I need the love of you.