

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Talking Unamerican Blues

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(Betty Sanders and Irwin Silber)

If you want to go to Washington, here's what to do
You've got to talk for peace -- and sing it too;
Talk to your neighbors, hear what they say,
Before you know it, you're on your way --
Fare paid! Ride in style. First class.

'Course before you go you need an invitation
To help Congress out in an investigation;
A man comes around a-knocking at your door,
And he'll give you a paper that says what for --
SUBPOENA -- Looking for un-Americans;
Look in the mirror!

Well, you brush your hair and you dress real pretty
You've got a date with the Un-American Committee;
You take the stand and they swear you in,
Old Man Wood is wearing a grin --
Be thinks he's got you- He's got a short memory
Can't recall what happened in Detroit.

"Are you now or have you ever been,
Were you ever sympathetic or interested in?
When did you start, how long did it last,
Tell us all about your interesting past --
Answer yes or no!"

"Did you go to a meeting, did you sign a petition,
Did you ever hold an executive position?
Did you make a speech, did you carry a card,
Did you ever hold a conference in your back yard?"
FIFTH AMENDMENT!

Now they were asking questions, but we wouldn't buy it,
Like they did it in Detroit, it was time for us to try it;
We added up the facts from the figures historical,
And we asked a simple question which seems a bit rhetorical
Mister Wood - "Are you now or have you ever been
A Buzzard? (Or some similar epithet)
You don't have to answer that question if you think it might tend
to incriminate you.

Now Mister Wood, get out of your rut,
Do you swear to tell the truth and nothing but?
Well, Wood said he would, but we knew he wouldn't
And even if he would, he damn well couldn't
But that's Congress for you -
Week in, week out, weak all over!

Now Wood wasn't gonna rest on his laurels,
He tried his best to corrupt our morals;
He talked about Philbrick and Budenz too
"They're getting theirs, now how about you?"

Now I like chicken, and I like duck
And I don't object to making a buck
Well, I ain't got wings and I can't fly,
But there's one bird that I won't buy --
Stool pigeon! I'm strictly in the market for doves of peace

You all know that birds of a feather
Have a habit of flocking together
But listen MacCurran, Wood and the rest
You won't use us to feather your nest
That's strictly for the birds

Now listen all you people, there's no doubt
If you wanna be free, you gotta sing out
Sing it strong, sing it clear
Sing so loud those unamericans will hear
That's my music - solid with a freedom beat
And real gone!

talking blues
SOF