

The Unwelcome Guest-crd
 Words by Woody Guthrie 1940
 Music by Billy Bragg 1996

C am F C
 To the rich man's bright lodges I ride in this wind
 C am D G
 On my good horse I call you my shiny Black Bess
 C am
 To the playhouse of fortune
 F C
 to take the bright silver
 C am F C
 and gold you have taken from somebody else

C am F C
 and as we go riding in the damp foggy midnight
 C am D G
 you snort, my good pony, and you give me your best
 C am F
 for you know, and I know, good horse,
 C
 'monst the rich ones
 C am F C
 how oftimes we go there an unwelcome guest

C am F C
 I've never took food from the widows and orphans
 C am D G
 and never a hard working man I oppressed
 C am
 so take your pace easy,
 F C
 for home soon like lightning
 C am F F
 we soon will be riding, my shiny black Bess

C am F C
 no fat rich man's pony can ever overtake you
 C am D G
 and there's not a rider from the east to the west
 C am
 could hold you a light
 F C
 in this dark mist and midnight
 C am
 when the potbellied thieves
 F C
 chase the unwelcome guest

C am
 I don't know good horse
 F C
 as we trot in this dark here
 C am D G
 that robbing the rich is for worse or for best
 C am F C
 they take it by stealing and lying and gambling
 C am F C
 and I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess

C am F C
 I treat horses good and I'm friendly to strangers
 C am D G
 I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best
 C am
 and the rangers and deputies

are hired by the rich man
to catch me and hang me, my shining Black Bess

Yes, they'll catch me napping one day

and they'll kill me

and then I'll be gone but that won't be my end

For my guns and my saddle will always be filled

by unwelcome travellers and other brave men

and they'll take the money and spread it out equal

Just like the bible and the prophets suggest

but the men that go riding to help these poor workers

the rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest