

Root, Hog, and Die
By:Woody Guthrie

Root, Hog, and Die, friend, Root, Hog, and Die.
Gotta get to Boston, Root, Hog, and Die.
Sacco and Vanzetti die at sundown tonight,
So I gotta get to Boston, Root, Hog, and Die.

Train wheels can roll me, cushions can ride.
Ships on the oceans; planes in the skies.
Storms, they can come, and flood waters rise,
But I've got to get to Boston, Root, Hog, and Die.

Nicola Sacco, a shoe fact'ry hand;
Bartolo Vanzetti, a trade union man.
Judge Webster Thayer swore they would die,
But I've got to get to Boston 'fore sundown tonight.

I might walk around, and I might roll or fly.
Walking down this road shoulder, tears in my eyes.
They never done a wrong in their lives,
But Judge Webster Thayer says they must die.

Well, some come to Boston to see all the sights;
Some come to Boston to drink and to fight.
Sacco and Vanzetti told the workers, "Organize!"
So Judge Webster Thayer says they must die.

Oh, Mister Wagon Driver, please let me ride.
That's a nice pacing team that you've got here all right.
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Judge Webster Thayer killing two men tonight.

Hey, Mister Engineer, let me ride your train.
Throw in your coal, and steam up your steam.
If I can't ride the shack, / Please let me ride the blind. /
Got to get to Boston / 'Fore sundown tonight.