

Dear Mr. President  
Words by Pete Seeger (1942)  
Tune: traditional ("talking blues")  
1993 by Stormking Music Inc.

Dear Mr. President, I set me down,  
To send you greetings from my home town,  
And send you best wishes from all the friends I know  
In Texas, Alabama, Ohio,  
And affiliated places. Brooklyn, Mississippi.

Im an ordinary guy, worked most of my life,  
Sometime Ill settle down with my kids and wife,  
And I like to see a movie or take a little drink.  
I like being free to say what I think,  
Sort of runs in the family  
My grandpa crossed the ocean for the same reason.

Now I hate Hitler and I can tell you why,  
Hes caused lots of good folks to suffer and die.  
Hes got a way of shoving folks around,  
I figure its about time we slapped him down,  
Give him a dose of his own medicine  
Lead poisoning.

Now Mr. President, we havent always  
agreed in the past, I know,  
But that aint at all important, now,  
What is important is what we got to do,  
We got to lick Mr. Hitler, and until we do,  
Other things can wait,  
In other words, first we got a skunk to skin.  
War means overtime and higher prices,  
But were all willing to make sacrifices,  
Hell, Id even stop fighting with my mother-in-law,  
Cause we need her too, to win the war  
Old battle axe.

Now as I think of our great land,  
Of the cities and towns and farming land,  
Theres so many good people working every day,  
I know it aint perfect but it will be some day,  
Just give us a little time.

This is the reason that I want to fight,  
Not because everythings perfect or everythings right.  
No. its just the opposite Im fighting because I want  
A better America with better laws,  
And better homes and jobs and schools,  
And no more Jim Crow and no more rules,  
Like you cant ride on this train cause youre a Negro,  
You cant live here cause youre a Jew  
You cant work here cause youre a union man.

Theres a line keeps running through my head,  
I think it was something Joe Louis once said,  
Said, Theres lots of things wrong,  
But Hitler wont help em.

Now Mr. President, youre commander-in-chief  
of our armed forces,  
Ships and planes, and the tanks and horses.  
I guess you know best just where I can fight,  
All I want to be is situated right  
To do the most damage.

I never was one to try and shirk,

And let the other fellow do all the work,  
So when the time comes, Ill be on hand,  
And make good use of these two hands.  
Quit playing this banjo around with the boys,  
And exchange it for something that makes more noise.

So Mr. President, weve got this one big job to do,  
Thats lick Mr. Hitler and when were through,  
Let no one else ever take his place,  
To trample down the human race.  
So what I want is you to give me a gun,  
So we can hurry up and get the job done.