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Nineteen Twenty Eight

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In '28 we met our fate
When presidents they run,
When Hoover won, he said, "It's done,
For the panic's now begun."
We'll have some fun
Four years to come,

In '29 he said it's time
That something must be done.
We'll all just hold our money,
Put labor on the bum;
We'll have some fun,
Three years to come.

In '30 they cut our wages,
They said we made too much,
Because we wasn't ragged,
They made us all look tough.
They're having fun,
Two gears to come.

In '31 the time had come,
That nothing could be found.
Poor people all a starvin'
And sleepin' on the ground.
They'll have no fun
One year to come.

In '32 we all was blue,
We walked to the polls,
And cast a vote for Franklin D.
And happy now are we,
We yell "Hooray"
For the N.R.A.

In '33 old Franklin D.
Called Congress to the stand,
He asked for power to rule the land
Said the Union I'll demand.
Now ain't that grand
For the working man.

In '34 the Labor Board
Been patient long enough,
The big men all were stubborn
When Wagner he got tough.
They land in jail
Without any bail.

From Hard Hitting Songs, Guthrie

Note: another in the line of Battleship of Maine, Crazy war etc.