

WOODY G

(Stéphane LEBOURG – Thierry LEBOURG)

His guitar was his tool
They took him for a fool
For the workers and the poor
He was always on tour
 And he sang of freedom
 He just went at random
 He was the best mouthpiece
 Of love, justice and peace

Ref : He lived on trains
 He had brains

He had no property
Except for poverty
His land was his house
He lived from hand to mouth
 His poems were his pikes
 All he did was hitch-hike
 Hit the road and support
 People of all sorts

He knew no boundaries
Just like in the prairies
The bosses, the fascists
Feared him and his hits
 If you follow the rail
 Hit the Oregon trail
 From California west
 To the red-wood forests

From the house in New Orleans
You'll see this land was his
Till he lay in a bed
Half crazy and half dead
 If there is a heaven
 You must be a raven
 Disturbing the rich up there
 Your work goes on everywhere

Many others followed
In your footsteps and fought
We're riding on your train
It was not all in vain
 If you see us down here
 Just smile, don't shed no tears
 'Cause you're bound for glory
 We've learnt from you, Woody