

NORTH GEORGIA MOUNTAINS (Joyce Brookshire)

North Georgia Mountains

Tomorrow I'll be back home in my Georgia,
Where the wild dogwood trees their beauty unfold.
I've missed it so bad, in my heart there's a yearning
For the simple existence that I used to know.

North Georgia mountains, I crave your protection
From a world that's gone mad with power and greed.
Let me live in your valleys surrounded by forests
And give of your quiet for the rest that I need.

Tomorrow I'll be back home in my Georgia,
Where the faces I'll see are ones I have known,
And the voices I'll hear will all be familiar,
A sound sweet as music to one who's come home.

Tomorrow I'll be back home in my Georgia,
I'll breathe the fresh air by cool mountain streams
In the land of my youth I'll seek my redemption,
For a past of indifference and a wasting of dreams.

- by Joyce Brookshire,
(and from the singing of Guy Carawan)

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA by Joyce Brookshire

Verse: I won't read your paper anymore.

I don't like what you said about war.
You said it's alright for people to fight,
so I won't read your paper anymore.

I won't watch your newscast, no way.

Uncle Sam tells you what to say.
You grovel and whine while he feeds you your lines,
so I won't watch your newscast no way.

Chorus: 'Cuz you can't eat John Philip Sousa,
And you can't make a foxhole a home,
And on the streets of America
Old soldiers are dying alone,
And there ain't no rich people soldiers,
And there ain't no senators poor,
But they wrap themselves up in Old Glory,
And brag about winning the war.

Verse: Go on with your 'hip hip hooray',
But I know there'll come a day
We'll add up the cost and not like what we lost.
Go on with your 'hip hip hooray's.

Chorus: No, you can't eat John Philip Sousa,
And you can't max a foxhole a home,
And on the streets of America
Old soldiers are dying alone,
And there ain't no rich people soldiers,
And there ain't no presidents poor,
But they wrap themselves up in Old Glory
And brag about winning the war.

Verse: I won't pledge allegiance, not me,
'Til there's justice and true liberty,
'Til the homeless are fed and have roofs o'er their heads.
I won't pledge allegiance, not me.