

Woodrow  
Tom Russell

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Capo 5 Intro: G

C G C Em  
When people twist your words, Woodrow, ah, they ll twist at every whim

G C G Em  
It s thugs that run the unions now and use your songs like hymns  
C G

Once, your music danced on women s thighs and the arch of a hobo s  
Em D  
brow-ow

C G C D G  
Aw, Mrs. Guthrie look what they done to your brown-eyed baby now

C G C Em  
Oh, the trains leave every morning, some go east and some go west

G C G Em  
And the clacking of the iron is the sound you love the best

C G Em D  
It s the great escape from railroad bulls and the Coney Island girls

C G C D G  
Aw, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown eyed boy with curls

Chorus:

Em G  
Sing the truth, scream it loud (2nd time: sing it loud)

C G C D G  
Aw, Mrs. Guthrie, look what they done to your brown-eyed baby now  
(2nd time: we done)

C G C Em  
All those boxcars full of Chinese junk, the caboose has been junk piled

G C G Em  
And we re all buying groceries now from men with crooked smiles

C G Em D  
You were a drunken, wild misogyneer and your politics were crude

C G C D G  
As you sat home writing nursery rhymes and drawing women nude

C G C  
And all those politicians breaths stink bad, be they left or be they  
Em  
right

G C G Em  
And the ones who play with rhetoric are not the ones to fight

C G Em D

Don't go coming round here, Woodrow, they'll stretch you from a rope  
C G C D G  
And your corpse won't ever find a bar where a man can drink and smoke

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental (chorus)

C G C Em  
Did you hear the screen door slam, Ma, Woodrow's gone again  
G C G Em  
He's writin' obscene letters now, the Feds might bring him in  
C G Em D  
But every song he ever wrote is hangin' on the breeze  
C G C D G  
With the laundry in the Guthrie yard full of Huntington's disease

C G C Em  
So, Woodrow, rest in peace, old pal, there ain't nothin' for you here  
G C G Em  
We're in the scrub oak country now, the land of dread and fear  
C G Em D  
And whiteys in the wood pile and the writings on the wall  
C G C D G  
But your ring of truth still echoes down the Greystone clinic hall

Repeat Chorus

C G C Em  
So here's to all outsiders, all the ones who could not fit  
G C G Em  
The troubadour, the prisoners, the drunken Indian  
C G Em D  
Ah, the circus freaks, the wounded lovers will make it through somehow  
C G C D G  
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, we are ridin' blind with your brown-eyed baby now

Em G  
Sing the truth, scream it loud  
C G C D G  
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown-eyed baby now  
Em G  
Sing the truth, scream it loud  
C G C D G  
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown-eyed baby now