Woodrow Tom Russell Woodrow Tom Russell Capo 5 Intro: G When people twist your words, Woodrow, ah, they ll twist at every whim It s thugs that run the unions now and use your songs like hymns Once, your music danced on women s thighs and the arch of a hobo s brow-ow Aw, Mrs. Guthrie look what they done to your brown-eyed baby now Oh, the trains leave every morning, some go east and some go west And the clacking of the iron is the sound you love the best It s the great escape from railroad bulls and the Coney Island girls Aw, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown eyed boy with curls Chorus: Em Sing the truth, scream it loud (2nd time: sing it loud) G C Aw, Mrs. Guthrie, look what they done to your brown-eyed baby now (2nd time: we done) All those boxcars full of Chinese junk, the caboose has been junk piled And we re all buying groceries now from men with crooked smiles You were a drunken, wild misogyneer and your politics were crude As you sat home writing nursery rhymes and drawing women nude And all those politicians breaths stink bad, be they left or be they \mathbf{Em} riaht Em And the ones who play with rhetoric are not the ones to fight

Em D

Don t go coming round here, Woodrow, they ll stretch you from a rope $f C \qquad f G \qquad f C \qquad f D \qquad f G$
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 an fear C G Em D And whitey s in the wood pile and the writing s 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 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
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