

Tribute to Woody

Christy Moore

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walking a road other men have gone down
I'm seeing your world of people and things
Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings

Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
About a funny old world that's a-coming along
Seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn
It looks like it's a-dying and it's hardly been born

Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-saying an a-many times more
I'm a-singing you the song, but I can't sing enough
Because there's not many men that done the things that you've done

Here's to Cisco and Sonny and Leadbelly too
And to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leaving tomorrow, but I could leave today
Somewhere down the road someday
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hitting some hard traveling too