

Lyric sheet for demonstrations against the loss of our democracy

The following is a collection of songs to sing as we demonstrate our dissatisfaction (and rage) at what is currently happening to our country, due to the Trump take-over. Some songs were written in the 60's during the years of the Vietnam war, a fear of nuclear weapons, etc. The original words of some of the songs included are appropriate and I've left them as-is. Others I have added verses or re-written (I've indicated as such on each page).

Some of these songs (and others) can be found on my YouTube channel in my "Getting Out My Frustrations" playlist:
<https://tinyurl.com/Songs-of-Frustration>

And/or on my website:
<https://www.luannecrosby.com/getting-out-my-frustrations>

Luanne Crosby

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We Will Not Be Divided

Song by Luanne Crosby

This needs to be our new anthem- learn it here and sing together!

<https://video.link/w/vl65ac07ed29425>

Verse 1

We will not be divided
We will not be led by hate
We will defend the rights of others
Whose very survival is at stake

Chorus

If you can't march, then you can sing
If you can't sing, then you can pray
If you can't pray just close your eyes and look within
Together we will find the strength we have within our hearts
And with that strength we'll see that evil doesn't win

Verse 2

We will not be divided
We will not be led by greed
We will shine a light on those who suffer
For we know justice is a basic human need

Repeat Chorus

Verse 3

We will not be divided
We'll not be led by ignorance
We'll raise our voices for those who have no power
And together we will come to their defense

Repeat Chorus

Bridge:

Sometimes it feels like love and goodness have no power
But It's imperative we don't give up in these darkest hours
As humans scorch the earth and brutalize each other
We come here together and stand with one another

Last Chorus

So If you can march, then take the streets
If you can sing, let's hear your song
If you can pray then shake the souls of those who sin
Together we will use the strength we have within our hearts
And with that strength we'll see that evil doesn't win

If I Had Hammer

Songwriters: *Pete Seeger and Lee Hayes 1945*

Original Lyrics:

[Verse 1]

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

[Verse 2]

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land
I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

[Verse 3]

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land
I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land, ooh

[Verse 4]

Well I got a hammer
And I got a bell
And I got a song to sing (Song to sing)
All over this land
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

For What It's Worth

Original song by Stephen Stills, recorded by Buffalo Springfield

New lyrics by Luanne Crosby

There's something happening here
What it is is becoming clear
A crazy man's in control over there
He's talking trash, and you better beware
We've gotta stop him, and stop him now
Can't let him take the country down

What a field day for the rich
They all wanna be Donald's bitch
Billionaires getting in line
All they can say is "Back Off! The president's mine!"
We've gotta stop them, and stop them now
Can't let 'em take the country down

The Turmpier wants to be king
Or maybe the pope – being worshipped is his thing
The man is truly a whack
He can hardly speak, or think, and that is a fact
We've gotta stop him, and stop him now
Can't let him take the country down

Republicans drank the cool aid,
They kiss his ass cuz he must be obeyed
A lot of us are afraid
That he'll send ICE to grab us and take us away
We gotta stop them and stop them now
Before they take the country down

There's battle lines being drawn
Democracy's right, and fascism's wrong
We're gonna keep speaking our minds
Take to the streets,
We're not the ones committing the crimes

We gotta stop them and stop them now
Before they take our country down
We gonna stop them and stop them now
Before they take our country down
We gonna stop them and stop them now
Before they take our country down

This Land is Your Land

Original song by Pete Seeger

New lyrics by Luanne Crosby

This land is your land, this land is my land
It won't be taken by a deranged man
Who's trying to banish, all we believe in
This land was made for you and me

We've gotta to vanquish the current madness
It's time to rise up, throw off our sadness
Block the extremists and save our country
Cuz this land was made for you and me

We can't pretend that we're not in danger
We must protect both friend and stranger
We must destroy that
Which could destroy us
This land was made for you and me

So we will rise up and fight the fascists
What they're intending
We're gonna smash it
This is our country, and we'll fight for it
This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, this land is my land
It won't be taken by a deranged man
Who's trying to banish, all we believe in
This land was made for you and me

Blowing in the Wind

Songwriter: BOB DYLAN original lyrics

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

We Shall Overcome

*Many songwriters throughout the years
Originally based on a hymn by Charles Albert Tindley
Additional verses by Luanne Crosby*

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day.
Deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome, some day.

We'll save democracy
Save democracy
From those who would our laws betray
We will do all we can, woman and man
To save democracy today

We need action now
We need action now
We need action now, today
Deep in my heart, I do believe
We'll fight until we win the day

We won't live in fear
We won't live in fear
We won't live in fear - no way!
We will keep up the fight
Against the radical right
We won't live in fear NO WAY!

We'll take to the streets
We'll take to the streets
We'll take to the streets, today
I know that it's true, I'm here so are you
We're taking to the streets today

These Fascists we'll defeat
These Fascists we'll defeat
These Fascists we'll defeat one day
Deep in my heart, I do believe
These Fascists we'll defeat one day

We'll fight the oligarchy
Fight the oligarchy
Our constitution they won't slay
We will fight till they're gone
Then we'll carry on
Yes the oligarchy we will slay

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day.
Deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome, some day.

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Songwriter: BOB DYLAN – original lyrics

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you
Is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'.
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is
Rapidly fadin'.
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.

He's a Loser

*Sung to the tune of I'm a Loser by The Beatles,
New lyrics by Luanne Crosby*

Intro

He's a Loser
He's a Loser
And he's just what he appears to be

Verse

Of all the presidents
We've ever seen
He's so damned awful it's almost obscene
Greedy and brainless
His mind's close to gone
We can't allow this nightmare go on

Chorus

He's a loser
And he'll go down in history
As a loser
His end will be our victory

Verse

On the world stage
He acts like a clown
A wannabe king
Who is craving a crown
I'm so ashamed for the U S of A
Please tell me this all will be over one day

Chorus

He's a loser
When he's gone we'll all be overjoyed
He's a loser
But then we must fix all he's destroyed

Verse

We've got to fight him with all that we've got
We can't believe it will all be for naught
Democracy's traitors will have to be quelled
The oligarchy will all go to hell

Chorus

He's a loser
And his minions are deplorable
He's a loser
But this disease is curable

Verse

What have we done to deserve such a fate?
Are we debating that question too late
We can't allow this happen again
We've got to fight hard and to win in the end

Chorus

He's a loser
And he's just what he appears to be
He's a loser
But from him, someday, we will be free

Chorus

He's a loser
I can't help but pray for his demise
He's a loser
We'll all celebrate the day he dies

Or goes away . . .

Mara Lago? Memory care? Prison??

A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall

Songwriter Bob Dylan 1963

Original Lyrics

Verse 1

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
And where have you been, my darling young one?

I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard

Verse 2

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleeding
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten-thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children

Verse 3

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazing
I heard ten-thousand whispering and nobody listening
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughing
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, etc

Verse 4

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
And who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman, her body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in hatred
I met another man who was wounded in love
And it's a hard, it's a hard etc.

Verse 5

And what will you do now, my blue-eyed son?
And what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-going back out 'fore the rain starts a-falling
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest
Where the people are many
And their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley
Meets the damp dirty prison
And the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where the souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number

And I'll tell it and speak it and think it and breathe it
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it
And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking
But I'll know my song well before I start singing
And it's a hard, etc.

I Feel Bad

*Sung to the tune of I Feel Good by James Brown
New lyrics by Luanne Crosby*

I feel bad,
Angry and sad
I feel bad
He's the worst that we've had
So bad, so bad
Donald Trump

He's a creep
His delusions run deep
Hateful and dumb
He really is scum
He's bad, so bad
Donald Trump

When I see him on the screen
It makes me wanna scream
When I read the latest news
You can guess what I'd like to do

I'm enraged
He should be in a cage
He makes me sick
He's an arrogant prick
So bad, so bad
Donald Trump

He's a rapist pedophile
According to the Epstein files
He's a felon 34 times
That he's our president – now THAT's
the crime

I feel sick
Cuz he's such a dick
I feel pained
Being American makes me ashamed
So bad, he's bad
Donald Trump

I feel bad,
Angry and sad
He's so bad
He's the worst that we've had
So bad, so bad
Donald Trump

So bad, so bad
Donald Trump

So good, So good
When he get's dumped

Abomination (or An Intervention)

*Sung to the tune of Carly Simon's song **Anticipation**
New lyrics by Luanne Crosby*

Verse 1

Fellow Americans
We have reached a scary place
Could be the ending of our democracy
But we won't give up
There's gotta be a way for us
To quash this budding oligarchy

Chorus:

Abomination, he's an
Abomination
Let's do that what it takes
To save our nation

Alternate chorus:

An Intervention we need
An Intervention
Someone has to step in
And save our nation

Verse 2

Hey do you know the term Vindictive
Narcissist?
This description fits the Trumper to a T
The threat he brings us is way beyond
imagining
And stopping him is up to you and me

Chorus:

Abomination, he's an
Abomination
Let's do that what it takes
To save our nation

Alternate chorus:

An Intervention we need
An Intervention
Someone has to step in
And save our nation

Verse 3

Or tomorrow, we won't have our USA
I'm no prophet, but I see scary days
ahead
Let's come together to prevent his fascist
policies
Then celebrate like hell when he drops
dead!

Can't wait till he drops dead
There'll be better days
Once the dude drops dead!

Yea, there'll be better days!
And so much happier days
Bring on those better days

Those day yyyys

Once the Dude is dead

Eve of Destruction

Songwriter: Philip Gary Sloan

Recorded by Barry McGuire in 1965

Original lyrics

[Verse 1]

The Eastern world, it is explodin'
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'?
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'
But you tell me over and over again my friend
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction

[Verse 2]

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say?
Can't you feel the fears I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around you, now
It's bound to scare you, now
And you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction

[Verse 3]

My blood's so mad, feels like coagulatin'
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation
A handful of senators won't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'
And you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction

[Verse 4]

Think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama
Ah, you may leave here, for four days in space
But when you return, it's the same old place
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

And tell me over and over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction
No, no, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction

We Hate Him

*Sung to the tune of **We Love Him** by Little Peggy March,
New lyrics by Luanne Crosby*

We hate him
We hate him
We hate him
And we refuse to follow to follow to follow ...

We won't follow him
All he says and he does is vile
Mentally he is unhinged
His judgement is deeply impinged, and he's infantile

We won't follow him
He is ignorant and he's corrupt
My president he'll never be
To utter his name with that word is
Beneath my dignity

Impeach him impeach him impeach him
or otherwise remove him remove him remove him
He gets no respect or deference no deference no deference
He's Boorish crass and looney he's a loony he's loony

We won't follow him, with his racists and his hateful ways
Our country he's trying to destroy
But we just won't take anymore
Till he's taken away, hopefully in chains

We hate him We hate him We hate him
and we refuse to follow to follow to follow
We'll do all that's in our power, our power, our power
So he won't be here tomorrow.

We won't follow him, no together we'll all resist,
We'll fight till the day he is gone,
And it shouldn't be very long
Till he's history

We hate him We hate him We hate him
And we refuse to follow to follow to follow
We'll do all that's in our power, our power, our power
So he won't be here tomorrow- **IMPEACH HIM!**

Mr Tangerine Man

Lyrics by The Piedmont Raging Grannies sung to the tune of Mr. Tambourine Man by Bob Dylan

Chorus

Hey Mr. Tangerine Man
Stay away from me
You are creepy and you are not good for anything
Hey Mr. Tangerine Man
Stay away from me
You're a traitor to our nation cuz you wanna be king

You're persecuting innocents
Distracting from your crimes
When you should be doing time
Then viciously you slime
The officials who respect the constitution

And when you get Court Orders
Well you blow them off, defy
And smear the judge with lies
You deflect, attack deny and cause confusion

Repeat Chorus

You love that ethnic cleansing
And support a genocide
Yes you're even taking pride in
Your plans to build resorts upon the ruins
A textbook case of psychopathy, you lack empathy
You cannot even see how offensive you might be
Cause to you there's only pawns there are no humans

Repeat Chorus

You seem to think the rules we follow don't apply to you
Nothin matters but you're view
We should accept your lies as true
And the world is only here to serve your cravings

Women are not people in your eyes we're only dolls
We should have no rights at all
Who are we to claim assault?
We're only playthings

Repeat Chorus

America the Not So Beautiful

Original lyrics by Katherine Lee Bates

New lyrics by Luanne Crosby

How ugly has the world become, the USA's a mess
That we voted in a dictator, says it all I guess
America America I'm so ashamed to be
A part of you, the heart of you no longer speaks to me

Those pilgrim feet weren't beautiful to those on whom they trod
Whose land they stole and lives destroyed, while spouting words of God
America America was built on genocide
Despite the myths we learned in school 'bout where we now reside

Oh, surely we have spacious skies and amber waves of grain
And purple mountains majesty above the fruited plane
But stewardship is lacking while we frack and cut and clear
And cries to save its beauty only fall on greedy ears

Oh, beautiful the patriot dream that never did come true
Power, money, human greed became the crops we grew
The alabaster cities only gleamed for those with cash
And to this day the have-nots are considered to be trash

That slavery allowed this land to prosper is well known
The racism still with us is so very clearly shown
Reparations if they come, will never be enough
We should try, but not pretend that we can truly make it up

Oh beautiful the refugees fighting to be free
From governments, we helped exist, despite their tyranny
Then rather than acknowledge that we helped create this mess
We meet them at the border with hate and more distress

Oh, beautiful the heroes here, who one day might redeem
The country, now a fantasy, that we can only dream
America, America it's up to all of us
To reject the made up goodness and replace it with the just

Santos

Original song Banana Boat Song (Day-O), a traditional Jamaican folk song made famous by Harry Belafonte

Chorus:

Santos

George Santos

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Verse:

It's a case of a liar who loves another liar

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

We should be hosing them down cuz their pants are on fire

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Repeat Chorus:

Verse:

It's a case of a felon who loves another felon

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

They both have brains about as clever as a melon

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Repeat Chorus:

Verse:

George used to claim that he was Jew-ish

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Later he clarified the accent's on the ISH

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Repeat Chorus:

Verse:

George claimed to be a seasoned wall street investor

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

But a Santos volunteer claimed that he was a molester

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Repeat Chorus:

Verse:

There's too much craziness to fit into a song

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

Two right wingers who really make a wrong

Trump's commutation makes me wanna be sick

God Help America

Sung to the tune of God Bless America, written by Irving Berlin during WWI in 1918

Revised in the run-up to World War II in 1938

New lyrics by Michael Sansonia

<https://www.sansoniamusic.com/bio.html>

God Help America
Look what we've done
Can't stay healthy
Unless you're wealthy
We let anyone carry a gun

Corporations
Run the nation
With the money
That they've sucked
God help America
We're royally fucked
God help America
We're royally fucked

God save America
How can it stand?
Can't deny it
Don't try it
There's a criminal
Ruling our land
He's a felon
He's a rapist
And he's stupid
And he's rude

God save America
We're really royally screwed
God save America
We're royally screwed