

Warning Bell

**I don't have a fast horse like Paul Revere.
No Red Coats are coming, but the danger's clear.
Just look at the North Pole melting away,
We spy on Americans every day.**

**When news reporters fear to criticize,
When your voice only counts if you're rich and white,
When the War on Terror puts us under a spell,
I have to start ringing a warning bell.**

**(I'll sound the) warning before it's too late.
(We might not) recover if we hesitate.
(I'll sound the) warning. Heed it well.
(Sometimes I) feel like a warning bell.
Warning bell, warning bell,
Sometimes I feel like a warning bell.**

**That Liberty Bell in a church's tower
Called us to worship, but now who has the power.
Search your heart. Ask who's to blame
When they profit from killing in His name.**

**This bell's long rope is hard to pull
With just a song and my will.
Are you tired of lies? Then lend a hand.
Ring the alarm across this land.**

**It'd be easier to just let go of that rope.
Sit on my front porch as the world goes by.
But when I see where our great country's headed,
I start shaking my fist at the sky.**

**I can't make ends meet. The rich don't try.
Ask yourself what can a billion dollars buy?
They can buy the free press, museums and schools.
They discredit science, treat us like fools.**

**I might be only seeing smoke at every turn.
But if you're careful with fire, you don't get burned.
How would it hurt us to be better than we are?
We're on the only lifeboat and we've come so far.**

Words and music by David B. Hakan

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If Woody Were Alive

**If Woody were alive today, I bet he'd have some words to say.
And if he had a little more power, he'd help us in our darkest hour.**

**If Woody were alive today. If Woody were alive today,
He'd write us a song to light our way. If Woody were alive today.**

**If Woody passed a cardboard sign, he'd say, "There's a friend of mine."
They'd sing of dustbowl breadlines till his case filled up with dimes.**

**If Woody turned on the TV, Fox News or ABC,
(He'd put that) box with a sign by the street, saying, "Works but lies thru its
teeth."**

**If Woody found a combat zone, he'd give everyone a telephone,
(and say) "Call your mom she's crying alone. Pack up now and go home."**

**If Woody found a SUV, he'd make them all get just one MPG.
They'd be abandoned from sea to sea. We'd be driving with electricity.**

**If Woody met a Democrat, he'd ask, "Where the Hell you been at,
On the ski slopes with some fat cat, or by the TV where you whined and sat?"**

**If Woody walked into a school, he'd remember the Golden Rule.
He'd test the parents to see what they knew, test the school board and
voters, too.**

**If Woody were in a wheel chair at the bottom of the courthouse stairs,
He'd chain himself to the railing there, till they let people roll everywhere.**

**These days are not darker than before, big storms and settling scores.
But where are the words and chords to help us want to try to do more?**

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Bad News (partial capo on fret 2, 3– in E)

**First they tell us what the White House said
As if it were the Gospel truth.
Then instead of checking the facts
They interview Dr. Ruth.
They bring in a couple of Senators.
One spins left the other right.
Then some expert on the Corporate take
Tells us the future is bright.**

**No one gives us a shred of information
That a thinking mind can use.
Bad news. Bad news. Bad news. Bad news.**

**It used to be TV news was great. It was like you were really there.
But now Disney Inc. and Rupert Murdoch control that public air.
Everything is a preplanned photo op dressed as a reality show.
It's all about the ratings now. It's a job that they call "snow".**

**So now I turn to the Internet, but I have to watch my step.
Maybe the BBC will know, maybe MoveOn, but no, not yet.
Have you noticed how all the articles are word for word the same.
It's cut and paste investigation and quoting blogs. It's all insane.**

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Day and Night (Capo on 5th fret and: partial Capo on 7th for drop A)

**The coffee in my cup has a dark tale to tell,
But I just add some cream and tip my barista well.
There's a reason Starbucks has money in its name.
The growers stay poor. Now who might be to blame?**

**I see my friends on the wireless Internet.
While in Sumatra they fill their bags with blood and sweat.
What is swept under the rug stays out of sight.
The difference is like day and night. Day and night.**

**The cameras in Hollywood create the perfect scene.
But in the tent cities not even the water is clean.
We pay to see pretty people in our Vanity Fair.
But in the slums of New Delhi you can not breathe the air.**

**The caste system is back all around this crucible.
Texas Brahmins shine bright against the dark untouchables.**

**I come back in my house after a long, weary day.
And I shut the world outside. What can I say?
The only thing that exists is these four walls and door,
My errands left undone and my always wanting more.**

**One voice says "You could buy a new TV pretty soon."
The other says "That could buy an ambulance for Cameroon."**

**The steps I take seem so small,/ Fair Trade Coffee and songs to share.
An artist's brush can move mountains, /and light a candle against despair.
against despair.**

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Weeds of Hate

**The weeds of hate are everywhere.
Seems all they need is light and air.
I've got my old jeans and my trowel raised high.
Gonna get my hands dirty before I die.**

**The weeds of hate will tremble now.
They see me coming. I raise my trowel.
Don't mind the thorns. They don't make my cry.
Gonna get my hands dirty before I die.**

**The roots of hate go way way down.
Under every fence, county line and every town.
Along the barbed wire and each borderline,
where we say, "This is yours and this is mine."**

**A gardener's work is never done.
We praise the rain. We praise the sun.
The more flowers I plant. The more I sing and dance.
Those weeds of hate don't stand a chance.**

**Some say these weeds come from living hard.
Some say they come from their neighbor's yard.
We'll be overrun if we spread that fear.
Gonna water with forgiveness till they disappear.**

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Time To Cross The Line (partial Capo on 2nd fret in E)

**Will you give me a little notice before you pull that pin?
You don't mind the danger, but some walls are thin.
Things are really a bit unraveled, shadows gaining some weight.
Is that a torch or a funeral pyre out beyond the gate?**

I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.
I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.

All the channels are in their pockets. That's plain to see.
So why are we taking notes on their fantasy?
We're in the dark and it's their motto, "Don't leave any clues."
We've embraced the boa constrictor, so why light a fuse?

I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.
I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.

Every theft is wrapped in ribbons like a birthday gift.
Every turn to a feudal state called a little shift.
It's like a movie of blood and glory, outlaws with a smile,
Till the house lights come back on and the police have blocked the aisle.

I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.
I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.

All I hear is silence now applauding every move.
I see people who watch and wait and fear to disapprove.
Our nation above all else. God shed his light on thee.
Slight of hand and mirrors, they lead us into the sea.

I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.
I want to know, I want to know when it's time to cross the line.

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Pass Me The Rocket Launcher

**We came down to the water, just like we had before,
the streetlights dark on the avenues, ever since the war.
Reverend Captain Jacob told us not to be afraid.
We'll fight the lies with our truth, backed up by hand grenades.**

**Pass me the rocket launcher.
(Put your) night sight goggles on.
(Just the) normal preparations
(for a) protest march on Washington.**

**We still carry protest signs and we still sing our songs,
But it's open season on our backs and the police are all long gone.
We used to ride in buses with flowers in our hair.
Now we're ready for attack by land, sea, or air.**

**We're close now to the White House, weapons down, we go in twos.
You carry nothing past this checkpoint but bibles and tattoos.
Once elected by the people to serve, now sold to us to spy,
And infiltrate us as the enemy. Kiss the Bill of Rights goodbye.**

**If you speak out against the government or catch them in a lie,
Better have your travel plans all set. Here comes the F.B.I.
They ruined Valerie Plame just 'cause Joe saw stuff that stank.
Gonna blow this story wide open. Next year we'll bring the tank.**

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The Earth Dreams

(partial capo on fret 2, 1-5 & partial capo – fret 4, 2-4 in B)

The Earth dreams that she's a young maiden,

Cupping the seas in her hands,

A cradle for all of her children

Who wander on water and land.

In this dream everything's perfect. All her creatures find a way to get along.

The tides and seasons, hooting and calling all echo a phrase of her song.

All echo a phrase of her song

Tu La Ru – Tu La Ri

Tu La Ru – Tu La Ri

But the balance so carefully woven

Is threatened by one angry child.

The brightest and loudest with voice divine,

Acting so mean and so wild.

As the smoke fills the air and the ocean and forests are ground into towns.

The powerful know the sea is rising, but think only the poor will drown. (2x)

In this nightmare she sends them a warning,

Over and over again.

But they race to the edge fo the cliff now

As if they all want life to end.

In the dream there's a sweet song that rises as more people understand.

She wakes and this melody lingers like a flood giving back to the land.

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United Nations of America

Grampa, tell me the story. I really want to know.

What was it like before the United Nations of America, long ago?

did countries really fight countries? What was diplomacy,

privacy fences, secret ballots and one-way TV?

How George, our founding father, boldly started it all

by chasing off Saddam Hussein, then ending terror for us all.

How the U.N. and World Court were abolished and the World Peace Army made.

Tell me what was it like in the USA?

What was it like in the USA?

What was it like in the USA?

I can't even imagine living free that way. (3rd time: I'd like to imagine...)

What was it like in the USA?

**Could you really start in Minnesota and drive to the Florida Keys, without a single security checkpoint, taking any road you pleased?
Tell me of the French Underground after our tanks rolled into Paris and the Internet became one state-run ISP.**

Tell me why you're angry now, that we don't have any crime.

The Homeland Police just do their job when they watch us all the time.

There's no more Mafia, no dirty books. They hold the world in the grip of peace.

Grampa tell me what it meant to "speak your piece."

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Come To The Land (capo up 5 in C)

Storm in a bottle. Shine on his shoes.

Carlos meets the Governor. Paying all those dues.

Ink on the paper. Now the Law of the Land.

(But the) tongue of his fathers, this man will never understand.

There's no Statue of Liberty where the Armadillo play.

Can't you hear the angels calling to Maria and Jose?

Come to the land where freedom is so frail.

Come to the land where the angels sit in jail.

Come to the land. Come to the land. Come to the land.

Jack is Immigration. The Border looks so wide.

There's no Ellis Island dignity, just a lot of room to hide.

There's a legal way to do it, brown, white or black.

But he hates to see the faces of those he sends back.

There is no fence or rifle that is stronger than this lure.

Can't you hear the angels trading dollars for a cure?

Come to the land where medicine is magic.

Come to the land where the angels can't afford it.

Turban on his forehead. Sand in his blood.

Dr. Ahmed mops the fellowship hall. Patience against mud.

His English is still broken. His spirit is like steel.

He dreams of a little practice, another chance to heal.

But when people see his face, the TV headshots come.

Their enemy within, their hearts beat like a drum.

All they see is Palestinians cheering 9/11.

Or men strapping on dynamite as their passport into heaven.

Come to the land where no man serves a king.

Come to the land where the angels are waitressing.

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There's a Storm (partial capo on 2nd fret, in E)

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,

running wild.

It's roaring in from the ocean.

Won't leave much in its way.

**Where the big storms have names like Charlie,
Ivan the Terrible arrived today.**

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

There are profits from military spending.

There are prophets of hate on every shore.

There are poor willing to wear bombs or rifles.

This twister is knocking on our door.

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

It's way past the point of the spear, now.

It's way past the point of prayer.

It's way past the broken guardrail.

We're sailing out into air.

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

Our voting is controlled by governors.

They lean left or they lean right.

**Their handpicked count votes in secret,
the machinery kept out of sight.**

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

Where are the saints when we need them?

do they care about you and me?

**Do they care that Power and Corruption
are washing over the Land of the Free?**

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

I go down to see my doctor,

for this hailstorm in my head.

**I wait in a long line at the drugstore,
all of us wishing we were dead.**

**There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive,
running wild.**

My neighbors meet under the streetlight.

There's a break in the clouds above.

**We shake hands and look into faces
and remember the power of love.**

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Down By the Riverside

Gonna lay down my sword and shield

Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside

Gonna lay down my sword and shield

Down by the riverside

Ain't gonna study war no more.

I ain't gonna study war no more,

I ain't gonna study war no more,

Study war no more.

I ain't gonna study war no more,

I ain't gonna study war no more,

Study war no more.

Gonna council the ways of peace

Gonna bring change with the ballot box

Gonna shake hands around the world

Traditional with additional lyrics by David B. Hakan

Dubya (capo on fret 5- in C)

**All of the presidents had nicknames.
I know 'cause Wikipedia says it's true.
The Creep, Tricky Dick, JFK, FDR
(but none as) many as our W.**

**King George, The Decider, Bush Jr., the Shrub,
But none of them fit too well.
So now they just call him W
Because it is easier to spell.**

**Yippie eye, yippie ay, He doesn't care what we say.
War profits are swell, so the planet goes to hell.
Now they just call him W, ... 'cause it's easier to spell.**

**History also leaves accolades
For the great deeds out leaders can muster.
Sword of the Revolution, Atlas of Independence,
The Great Emancipator, and Trustbuster.**

**But when all the stats are finally in
I'm sure it couldn't be any plainer.
The one thing that George did best of all
He'll go down as The Great Vacationer.**

(Yes, that's very good...D-u-b-y-a.)

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