

A Very Close Friend a Mine

Words & Music By RICHARD BLACK

© 1971 by Richard Black

Len got a pain— in his vein And that means it looks like rain And there
ain't no sunshine— For a very close friend a mine,— For a very close friend a mine

There's a (to 2.)

2. There's a man way across town
If Len is lucky he can run him down
For him to screw him blind
Running numbers on a friend a mine
Running numbers on a friend a mine.
3. In a poison paint chipped room
He plays solitaire with doom
And I pray that he don't go blind
He's a very close friend a mine
He's a very close friend a mine
4. Lenny's been doin' it for years
Hiding from his fears
And you say that he's to blame
And I say that we're all to blame
And I say that we're all to blame.

(Hum through one verse)

5. And there just ain't no pain
After racing with your vein
On the devil's freeway
-- He died yesterday --
And there ain't no sunshine
For a very close friend a mine
For a very close friend a mine.



GODDAMN THE PUSHER

Washington

What is unique and horrible about the present widespread proselytizing is that it has all the aspects of being deliberately politically motivated.

Mounting evidence raises the suspicion that a morally degenerate, maddened and fearful ruling class has calculatedly sought to turn-off the rebellion of the youth, to divert the focus of the young militants from the crimes of their system by dulling their minds and weakening their bodies with drugs.

Gibbons, in his classical history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, recounts how that ruling class imported drugs and encouraged will-weakening and diversionary perverse practices among the lower classes in vain hopes of aborting the internal class contradictions of the deepening general crisis of the empire.

.....

A government that could absorb the disclosure of the Mylai massacre without a flicker of remorse or word of regret can and does also absorb the almost incomprehensible data of the extent of the drug addiction problem of a whole segment of the young people of this country. The government's war in Vietnam destroys, along with Vietnamese villages, vast sums needed to undertake an effective drive against addiction.

A governmental medical investigator said yesterday that up to 30 per cent of the elementary school children in one area of California may be receiving drugs to make them more manageable.

Dr. Leo E. Hollister, a medical investigator for the Veterans Administration, also told a Senate subcommittee that the Pentagon has made large purchases of Ritalin, trade name for a drug known generically as methylphenidate.

"Undoubtedly," he said, "the large purchases of this drug ... reflect a major use in dependent children," he said.

Hollister, testifying before the Senate monopoly subcommittee, said pediatricians at California's Kaiser Institute told him methylphenidate is being given to up to 30 per cent of the pupils at elementary schools in the Fremont and Walnut Creek areas of San Francisco's East Bay.

"This is a sober estimate," Hollister said.

(Ed. Note: Clippings from EYEWITNESS, 23 Woodland Ave., San Francisco, California 94117.)

THE GOVERNMENT IS THE PUSHERMAN

I SAID GODDAMN GODDAMN THE PUSHERMAN

HOW CAN YOU KEEP ON MOVIN'

Words: Agnes Cunningham
 © 1945 & 1971 by Agnes Cunningham

Tune:
 Traditional

2. I can't go back to the homestead
 My shack no longer stands
 They said I wasn't needed
 Had no claim to the land
 They said you better get movin'
 That's the only thing for you
 But how can you keep on movin'
 Unless you migrate too.

3. And if you pitch your little tent
 Along the broad highway
 The Board of Sanitation says:
 Sorry, you cannot stay
 Go on, git along, git movin'
 Is their everlasting cry
 Can't stay, can't go back, can't migrate
 So where in the hell am I.

4. The scenery by the roadside
 Is a mighty dreary sight
 If in this whole wide country
 You've got no place to light
 I never was one for ramblin'
 My folks is the settlin' kind
 Got to keep on lookin for that home
 That I someday hope to find.

5. No, I cannot stand the miseries
 A following me around
 Unless I'm looking forward
 To a place I can settle down
 So I guess we ought to talk things over
 And see what we can do
 Cause how can you keep on movin'
 Unless you migrate too.

Note: The song "How Can You Keep On Movin'" comes out of the late thirties when certain states, especially California, were posting signs at roads crossing their borders: **NO MORE MIGRATION**. Armed guards were stationed at these points to direct homeseekers to turn around and "keep moving."

Author Edward Higbee specializes on farm problems in the U.S. He reveals that in 1930 there were 5.6 million farms of 260 acres or less. Now such farms are virtually non-existent with more than half of the land made up of "farms" of 5000 acres or more-- many much larger. Government subsidies over the last 25 years have greatly implemented the movement of large owners toward their goal of a 100 percent takeover of the land.

Almost everyone is on welfare but the poor, Higbee says. Federal subsidies to agriculture alone, if paid to those dispossessed from the land, black and white, now stuck in the urban slums, would raise 44 percent of the poor families to the minimum \$3000 a year.....

We have a better answer than Higbee. Hopefully within the next decade the massed poor in our cities-- millions displaced from the land over the past 50 years-- will make one last move: **BACK TO THE LAND.** -A.C.

NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1971
'New Times' in Chile:
 Peasants with shotguns guarding gate of farm they seized in Cautin Province in southern Chile, a zone of many land seizures.
 The signs read: "We demand takeover. Land is for those who work it. Bread, land, socialism. We shall triumph."

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1971

Thousands Flee the Towns of America's Lonely Plains

—As the sprawling metropolitan areas of the East and West struggle with the miseries of overcrowding, the vast plains of the American midlands — from Montana and the Dakotas through Texas—are growing more desolate.

The outflow has been going on for years as the more efficient* farmers swallowed up their neighbors' land, and the farms that are established keep picking up the pieces left next to them. Hundreds of towns are dying. Some are already dead.

In figures released in Washington this week, the bureau noted that the nation was made up of 149.3 million urban and 53.6 million rural residents. This is a massive shift from the balance in 1920, when the country consisted of 54 million urban and 51.5 million rural residents, but it still indicates

* More "efficient?"

— Ed.

The Government has used those seizures to justify a speedup in expropriations of farms under the agrarian-reform program. Jacques Chonchol, Minister of Agriculture, who is the most dynamic member of the Cabinet, has signed expropriation decrees for 130 estates and large farms.

New farms are seized almost every day by rural workers, claiming labor disputes with owners, or by peasants who want more land than their tiny subsistence plots.

The Government has refused to use policemen to evict the

BROADSIDE #112

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Some persons having...
 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

OHIO

By Neil Young

Recorded by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young for Atlantic Records

Tin soldiers and
Nixon's comin'
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drummin'
Four dead in Ohio
Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are cutting us down
One of you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground
How can you run when you know?

JEREMIAH'S SONG

I knew a man from Burlingtowne
Contented with his life
He'd never stop to argue
Nor would he start to fight
Rejected by his brother
And then his family
For they suspected treason
In the first degree.

For once upon a Sunday
He'd stood against their view
And told the congregation
There was nothing he would do
Defendin' cheap convictions
You call a cause for war
I beg of you my brothers
Not to kill no more.

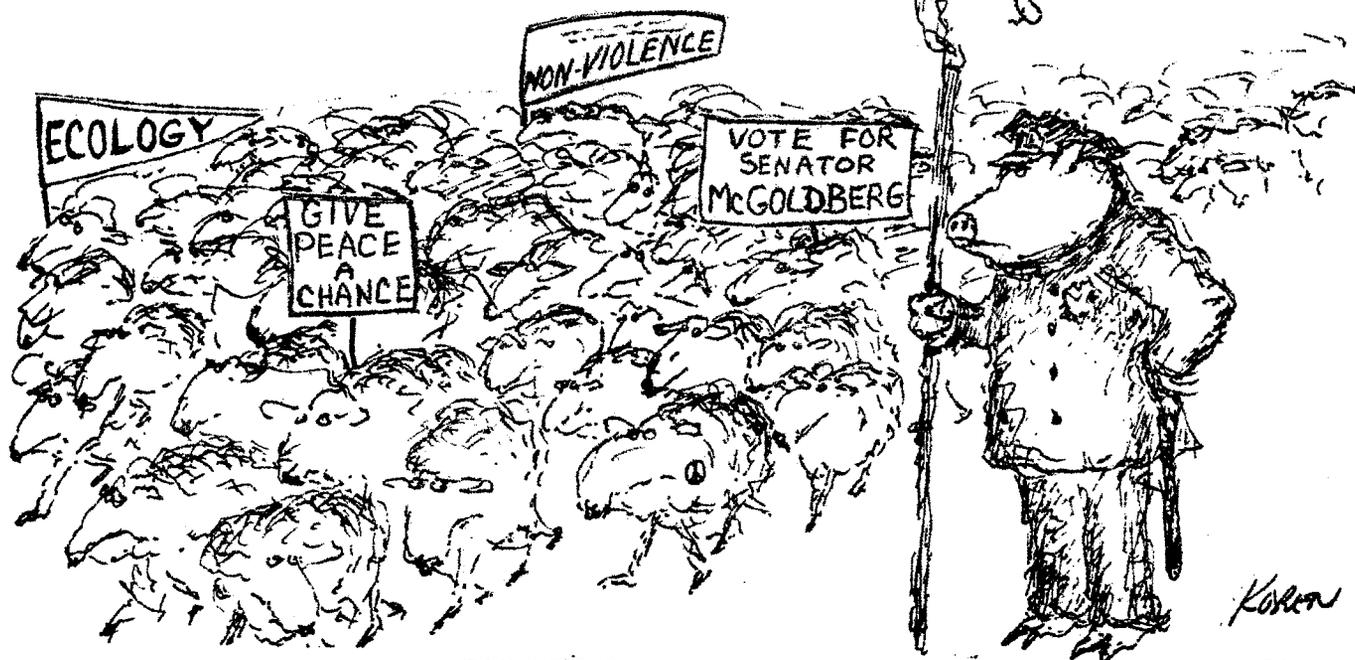
Oh how the jackals gather
When famine stalks the land
And how the tongues will clatter
In the heads of every man
They burned and broke down
all his crops
His cattle they did slay
And hung him from a white oak tree
For the birds of prey.

Now early the next mornin'
I went to cut him down
And found him painted colors
As if a circus clown
He's buried in the mountain
A hidden grave I made
And I don't speak to strangers
I turn the other way.

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Sung by Paul Seibel
on his new L.P.



Songs Helicopter Pilots Sing On Flag Day In Vietnam: "Napalm Sticks To Kids"

Phuoc Vinh, Vietnam—Across the border in Cambodia, it was just another Sunday of mud and cold C-rations, but for the palace guard at division headquarters it was a grand old Flag Day. In the Downtown Club, the main entertainment center, the concert band of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) was blaring out "Stars and Stripes Forever."

In a hooch on the other side of the base, a tape recorder reproduced the voices of a chorus of skytroopers singing a song entitled "Napalm Sticks to Kids":

Napalm sticks to kids, napalm sticks to kids,
When'll those damn gooks ever learn?
We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to kill and maim,
Because the "kills" all count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Agreement was by no means complete on whether the skytroopers who wrote the song were protesting the war or mocking a "bad image" that many helicopter pilots and gunners feel they have acquired unfairly in the course of the war. "I guess it's just a sign of how sick and confused the whole business has gotten when we can't decide why we

wrote something like this," one junior officer said.

Another skytrooper surveyed the giggling newsmen and soldiers gathered about the tape recorder and added: "You got to admit it captures the essence of something or other." None of the nearly two dozen verses written for the song to date ever sets forth precisely what that "something or other" is. One says:

There's a gook down on his knees,
Launch some fleshettes into the breeze,
Find his arms nailed to the trees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Another says:

Blues (helicopter gunships) out on a road recon,
See some children with their mom,
What the hell, lets drop the bomb,
Napalm sticks to kids.

A cavalryman with access to a typewriter has made a mimeograph stencil of the song, but it is yet to be printed. The men in charge of the mimeograph machine, he explains, "said it wasn't official business."

—John E. Woodruff from Saigon, Baltimore Sun, June 15.

FROM MUSKOGEE
TO OLEMA

Music: Lowell Levinger - Words: Lowell Lov-
inger & Jeffery Cain - ©1970 Dogfish Music

Well, I'm proud to be a hippie from Olema
where we're friendly to the squares and
all the straights

We still take in strangers if they're
haggard
and we can't think of anyone to hate.

We don't watch commercials in Olema
and we don't buy the plastic crap they sell
We still wear our hair long like folks
used to
and we bathe often, therefore we don't
smell.

I'm proud to be a hippie from Olema
where we're friendly to squares and
all the straights
We still take in strangers if they're
haggard
and we can't think of anyone to hate.

We don't throw our beer cans out on the
highway
and we don't slight a man because he's
black

We don't spill out oil out in the ocean
'cause we love birds and fish too much
for that

Repeat

We still love our neighbors in Olema
We still dig the sunshine and the stars
We don't send our sons off to the slaughter
and we don't care about going to the moon
or Mars

Repeat

In Olema, California, planet Earth.

* * * * *

The above is, of course, an answer
to Merle Haggard's OKIE FROM MUSKO-
GEE, which presents that Oklahoma
town as a model of Nixon's "silent
majority." In the real Muskogee,
however, "law and order" has collap-
sed with city police in revolt a-
gainst the town authorities. A city
councilman's \$100,000 music store
burned to the ground; a police squad
car was seen racing away 5 minutes
before the fire was discovered. State
troopers are patrolling the town.

* * * * *

TV REVIEW: The kids who wrote on
their school walls "FUCK SESAME
STREET" were the most astute critics
of that hideous show. Supposedly

aimed at uplifting and enlighten-
ghetto children, it portrays them
as hairy monsters living in gar-
bage cans. (Ss if ghetto children
don't already know enough about
living next to garbage cans --and
garbage). The insulting and de-
grading nature of the show becomes
understandable when one learns
the producer is a noted anti-com-
munist (other noted anti-commun-
ists: Adolf Hitler, Richard Nixon,
Al Capone)....

* * * * *

DRUG SONGS: The FCC has verboten
songs on radio encouraging drugs.
We suggest the first to be banned
should be such stuff as MY SWEET
LORD, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR and
AMAZING GRACE. Wasn't it Lenin who
said "religion is the opiate of
the people."?

* * * * *

We hear some stations have stopped
playing Pete Seeger singing Mal-
vina Reynolds' GOD BLESS THE GRASS.

* * * * *

A great little book of revolutionary poet-
ry, "ATTACKING THE MONCADA OF THE MIND" by
Broadside poet HABIB TIWONI, may be bought
at the following places in NYC: Jefferson
Bookstore, 100 E 16; Liberation Bookstore,
421 Lenox Ave.; Michaux Bookstore, 101 W.
125th St.; Cedar Shingles, 2261 7th Ave.;
University Bookstore, 840 B'way. Published
by El Pueblo News Service - Price, \$2.

* * * * *

BROADSIDE'S 9th ANNIVERSARY

Many of Broadside's friends have made fi-
nancial contributions on our 9th Birthday,
to help us reach our 10th, February 1972.
Most notable of these came from a House
Party-Hoot arranged by WALDEMAR HILLE in
the Los Angeles area. If you are not among
those who have already contributed, it is
not too late to do so !!!

* * * * *

MALVINA REYNOLDS will have 12 songs in the
Sierra Club Survival Songbook which will
be published in April. The Sierra Club got
the idea for the Songbook from Broadside,
which provided lists of ecology songs,
names and addresses of authors.

* * * * *

BROADSIDE

215 W. 98 St., New York, NY 10025. Topical
Song Magazine. All contents © copyright
1971 Broadside Magazine. Co-editors: Agnes
Cunningham, Gordon Friesen. Sub: 12 issues
- \$5. Sets of back copies available.

JEREMY BEGINS TO WONDER

Bob Zentz © 1970

Reprinted from Bard Chord, Los Angeles

Free vocal line—with variations

Steady acc. rhythm

Am G Am G

Je-re-my wears tattered clothes, Je-re-my stands in a
field of the world, Je-re-my doesn't know Where the
gray crooked high-way runs Of the rising of moons or the
set-ting of suns; For Je-re-my hasn't be-gun to
won-der.

(Am — Capo 5 frets)

Jeremy wears tattered clothes
Jeremy stands in a field of the world
Jeremy doesn't know
Where the gray crooked highway runs
Of the rising of moons or the setting
of suns
For Jeremy hasn't begun to wonder...

Jeremy smiles at the day
Jeremy watches the seasons change
He sees the children at play,
He watches the birds flying by
And the passing of clouds in a
bottomless sky
But he never questions the why...
or the wherefore...

Then in the still of the night
There is a sound that is louder
than thunder

An instant of blinding light
And Jeremy doesn't feel pain
As he stares at the towering
pillars of flame

But Jeremy's not to blame for men's
blunders!

Jeremy watches the dust
That glistens like snowflakes and
drifts on the nightwind
And settles like mantles of rust
While it blankets the world that
he knows
Til the field and hill and the
highway glows
But Jeremy doesn't know...the meaning.

Morning creeps over the land
Like some lost God viewing an
alien landscape
Jeremy can't understand
The things that he sees on this day
Now where are the birds and the
children at play?
Mother nature has nothing to say...
there's silence...

Jeremy's hat is all worn
Jeremy stares at the trees of the
orchard
Their branches all twisted and torn
And the rows of the cornstalks once
neat
Now twisted and mangled lie dead
at his feet
If Jeremy knew defeat...he'd feel it.

Hours have turned into days
Jeremy sees that the world that he
knew
Is changing in frightening ways
The field and the orchard have died
The highway is cracked and the
rivers run dried
And watching through sightless
eyes...he's staring

It's still now except for the sound
Of the wind as it blows 'cross the
barched land he loved
Stirring the dust on the ground
Then Jeremy's hat blows away
And his tattered coat is sent
flying astray,
Then there's nothing but pieces of
hay...a-blowing...

So men made of straw can be lost
On a grey windy day at the end of
the world
Two sticks in the form of a cross
Cast their shadow on earth's final
dawn
Where the world was a chessboard
and mankind a pawn-
But now even Jeremy's gone.....
forever...

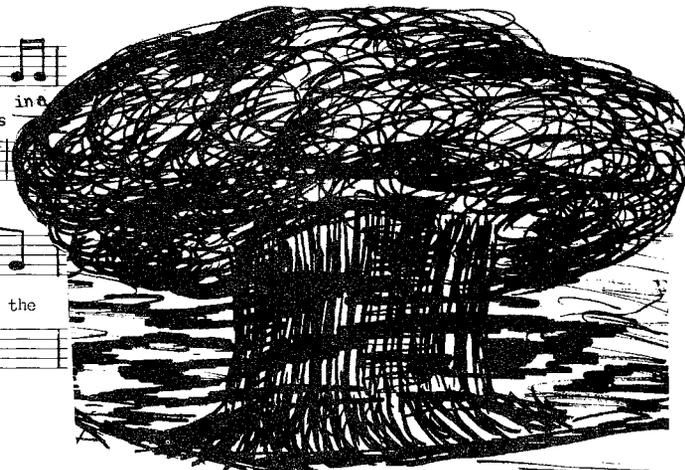
Los Angeles. This song won
first prize in the 1970 Wm. E.
Oliver Award contest. The
"Oliver" is awarded annually
to the California writer/com-
poser judged to have written
the most meaningful and origi-
nal song of the year.

The fifth annual Award Concert
will be held this year April
17 at Plummer Park Auditorium
1200 North Vista, West Holly-
wood (8:15 P.M.)

BROADSIDE
#112



Illustration by Bob Zentz



SPECIAL MERIT PICK

FOLK

VARIOUS ARTISTS—Time Is Running Out, Vol. 5, Broadside BRS 312 (S)
This is the fifth volume of an interesting collection of protest songs, sung and played by their creators. The collection ranges from environmental outcries to the outrages of war, poverty and discrimination, and have an appealing message value.

JANUARY 16, 1971, BILLBOARD

Musical notation for the song "I Get High on Jesus". It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a staff with various chords indicated above it: A, A*, D, A, A*, E7, D, A*, E7, A, A*, D, E7, A. The lyrics are written below the staff.

I— get high on Je-sus, the Lord's love is what I smoke; I don't take chances with sal-
va-tion 'cause I know that Satan's not a joke. Well you may think mari- juan- a—
and L S D are the most, But I— get high on Je-sus, I trip on the Ho-ly Ghost.

2. It was down by Floriday way, the long-haired hippies all were there
And the Reverend Billie went among them with their love beads and their dirty hair
Well, his eyes flashed with holy fire, his voice like thunder split the air
He said I get high on Jesus 'cause I know a dynamite prayer.
3. He said, All you freaks and pot-heads! Don't take another toke
Drugs were sent by Satan, and you shouldn't burn your soul up in smoke. **CHORUS**
4. If it's God who makes the sun shine, and if it's God who makes the river flow
Then there must be a bit of Jesus in every leaf in Mexico
If God really hated marijuana, the plants would wither all away
Well, Billy Cracker gets on TV, but he don't have the final say!
5. So I get high on Jesus, the Lord's love is what I smoke
I just write out a prayer on my papers, and salvation comes with every toke. **CHORUS**

MORATORIUM (Bring Our Brothers Home)

Words & Music by BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

Captain Collier came home
He'd been fighting the war
And I guess he thought he'd return
As a hero and more
And he walked down the streets
Of the old home town
And he saw how it is around here now
Now Captain Collier had to call
Far too many girls for a date
that night
All the girls had gone out
With their long-haired boys
Captain Collier, he cried
"What the hell have I been
fighting for?"
Oh, Soldier, it's for you
We wanna bring you home
We wanna hold you in our arms
Come back and keep us warm.
PFC Mannie Stein
Had been drafted and gone
He'd been told that only cowards
would say no
He came home and called some
old friends
They'd resisted the draft
And they both were in prison
And their wives and their kids
Were all skinny and having a
bad time
And PFC Stein
He remembered the men
Called political prisoners
You know where and when
And he learned that the lines
are tapped all the time now
And he's wondering if maybe his bravery
is needed at home now
Yes, Soldier, we're afraid
We're not just being fools
We're gassed and beaten here at home
We've got to change the rules.

Corp'ral Thomas McCann
Is a three-year marine
Someone told him he'd better
join up
It would make him a man
He came home and to the park
he went
And he sat down on a bench
And a dungaree girl told him
he'd been a man all along
And he looked at the sign
that she carried in her hand
It said "Fuck the war and bring
our brothers home."
And Corp'ral McCann he looks
into her eyes
And I believe that he's begun
to understand
Oh, Soldier, it's for you
We formed our little bands
The politicians and the magazines
They just don't understand
Yes, Soldier, it's for you
We're riskin' all we have
We're nailed and jailed the same
as you
Our lives are up for grabs
Yes, Soldier, it's for you
We want to bring you home
We wanna hold you in our arms
Come back and keep us warm
Hey, bring our brothers home
Hey, bring our brothers home
Hey, bring our brothers home
Hey, bring our brothers home.
Hey, Soldier, it's for you
We wanna bring you home
We need you to support us here
Come back and lend an arm.

Words and music, Buffy Sainte-Marie
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(Ed.Note: This song is from Buffy's new Vanguard album "She Used To Wanna Be A BALLERINA.")

The above mentioned record was put together by the co-editors of BROADSIDE Magazine with the assistance of Mike Millius. None of the participating singer-songwriters have as yet made a "name" for themselves. A few of them do sing for small fees here and there. But most of them work at mundane jobs to eke out a living of sorts, and the general public is cheated of a chance to hear them except on a record such as this one.

Broadside has always held to the idea that established folk singers could pay a portion of their "dues" by doing more to provide a hearing for the lesser known. The practice of turning over the concert stage to a newcomer for a fifteen or twenty minute period is good. But in times like these with frustration and alienation rampant, and with the star's performance reflecting increasing artistic sterility, whole concerts should be arranged for newcomers regardless of prospects of "money loss." After all, has not much of the affluence of folk stars and their managers come from the \$ use of the vast body of public domain folk material? Comes a time to put some of it back to be used as a door-opener when more doors than ever before have been closed to the young and their very vital creativity. Stagnation is a cancerous illness inherent in the star system. Treatment? Bust loose, open up, widen your acceptance of gifted newcomers whose performances directly reflect their gut-struggle to stay alive. You may find yourselves less affluent. But with 2 million homeless people in New York City alone, and with Indochina strewn with arms, legs, bloody bits of brains and patches of charred human skin, what have you got to lose? -- A.C.