

# Ain't That News

Tom Paxton

I've got news of the very best kind  
About troubles that are falling behind  
About people that used to be blind  
Till they opened up their eyes to see  
It's news, when they begin to ask why  
They're poor until the day that they die  
They're tired of the pie in the sky  
And they want some security

And that's news, news, ain't that news?  
Ain't that something to see?  
News, news, you talk about your news  
It's mighty good news to me

I've got news about some ordinary men  
They heard it preached time and again  
To be patient and grateful, amen  
And "Don't agitate around here"  
They argued and they talked it around  
And they woke up and here's what they found  
Their voices made a mighty big sound  
Till they didn't know the meaning of fear

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In a hazard they're meeting at night  
Organizing, and doing it right  
And planning for a hell of a fight  
And they sure don't aim to lose  
In New York the tenants said no  
The slumlord ain't getting our dough  
They're fed up and I want you to know  
That's the very best kind of news

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