

# I Hear Them All

David Rawlings

I hear the crying of the hungry in the deserts where they're wandering  
Hear them crying out for heaven's own benevolence upon them  
Hear destructive power prevailin', I hear fools falsely hailin'  
To the crooked wits of tyrants when they call

I hear them all  
I hear them all  
I hear them all

I hear the sound of tearing pages and the roar of burnin' paper  
All the crimes and acquisition turned to air and ash and vapor  
And the rattle of the shackle far beyond emancipators  
And the lowliest who gather in their stall

I hear them all  
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I hear them all

So while you sit and whistle Dixie with your money and your power  
I can hear the flowers growing in the rubble of the tower  
I hear leaders quit their lyin', I hear babies quit their cryin'  
,  
I hear soldiers quit their dyin' one and all

I hear them all  
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I hear them all

I hear the tender words from Zion, I hear Noah's waterfall  
See the gentle lamb of Judas sleeping at the feet of Buddha  
And the prophets from Elijah to the old Paiute Wovoka  
Take their places at the table when they're called

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