

War News Blues

Lightnin' Hopkins

You may turn your radio on soon in the morning, sad news
every day

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Yes, you know, I got a warning, trouble is on its way

Poor children running, crying, "Whoa, mama, mama, now
what shall we do?"

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what shall we do?"

"Yes" she said, "You had better pray, children, same
thing is happening to mama too"

I'm gonna dig me a hole this morning, dig it deep down in
the ground

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in the ground

So if it should happen to drop a bomb around somewhere, I
can't hear the echo when it sounds