

False from True

Pete Seeger

When my songs turn to ashes on my tongue,
When I look in the mirror and see I'm no longer young,
Then I got to start the job of separating false from true,
And then I know, I know I need the love of you.

When I found tarnish on some of my brightest dreams,
When some folks I trusted turned out not quite what they seemed
;
Then I got to start the job of separating false from true,
Then once more I know, I know I need the love of you.

No song I can sing will make Governor Wallace change his mind,
No song I can sing will take the gun from a hate-filled man;
But I promise you, and you, brothers and sisters of evry skin,
I'll sing your story while I've breath within.

We got to keep on keeping on, even when the sun goes down,
We got to live, live, live until another day comes 'round;
Meanwhile, better start over, separating false from true,
And more and more, I know I need the love of you