

# Who Speaks For Me

Tom Paxton

The army comes through  
They curse us and trot us with guns  
Sometimes they take us away  
That's the end of that

They go where they like in the house  
Their eyes miss nothing of value  
And may the Virgin go with you  
If you've a gun or a knife

But who speaks for me  
I, who have no voice  
Who decides for me  
It seems I have no choice

Do I live do I die  
Will my family survive  
Will the ones who lean down from the trucks with their guns  
Allow us our lives

One question I'd ask if I dare  
Of the ones who we never see  
Guns and dollars are voices for you  
But who speaks for me

Hmmmm-mm

We are never asked  
We are simply shown to the fields  
We give of our youth and our blood  
To the cotton and coffee

For the guards in their long, white houses  
Raise the dust in their long black cars  
They regard us with faces of stone  
And they grind us like corn

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Hmmm

We are born like calves  
We are held to be valuable things  
The guards in the long white houses

Send to hear us sing

In the heavy air of the evening  
While the blossoms float on the breeze  
We pluck our guitars for survival  
And we smile like fools

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