

I Hear Them All - David Rawlings, Ketch Secor; Old Crow Medicine Show

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

I hear the sounds of tearing pages and the roar of burning paper
All the crimes and acquisition turn to air and ashen vapor
And the rattle of the shackle far beyond emancipators
And the lowliest who gather in their stalls
I hear them all, I hear the all, I hear them all

(Break, verse & refrain)

So while you sit and whistle Dixie with your money and your power
I can hear the flowers a-growing in the rubble of the towers
I hear leaders quit their lying, I hear babies quit their crying
I hear soldiers quit their dying one and all
I hear them all, I hear the all, I hear them all

(Break, verse & chorus)

I hear the tender words from Zion, I hear Noah's waterfall
Hear the gentle lamb of Judah 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
I hear them all, I hear the all, I hear them all

I hear them all, I hear the all, I hear them all ... (raise vocal pitch)
I hear them all, I hear the all, I hear them all.