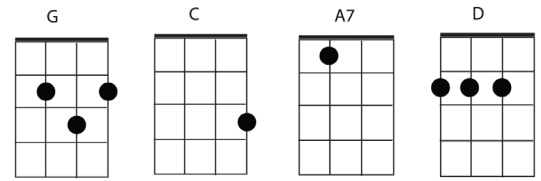


Old Man Trump

Lyrics by Woody Guthrie, 1954 | Music by Ryan Harvey, 2016
Arranged by Eric Guerin



[VERSE 1]

G **C** **G**
I suppose that Old Man Trump knows just how much racial hate
G **A7** **D**
He stirred up in that blood pot of human hearts
G **C** **G**
When he drew that color line, at his Beach Haven family project
G **D** **G**
I suppose Old Man Trump knows just how much...

[CHORUS]

G **C** **G**
Beach Haven ain't my home! No, I just can't pay this rent!
G **A7** **D**
My money's down the drain, And my soul is badly bent!
G **C** **G**
Beach Haven is Trump's Tower, where no black folks come to roam,
G **D** **G**
No, no, no Old Man Trump! Old Beach Haven ain't my home!

[VERSE 2]

G **C** **G**
I'm calling out my welcome to you and your man both
G **A7** **D**
Welcoming you here to Beach Haven
G **C** **G**
To love in any way you please and to have a decent place
G **D** **G**
To have your kids raised up in.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[REPEAT VERSE 1]

[REPEAT CHORUS X2 TAG LAST LINE]