

Fearmonger's Game

March 2020

Seven hundred years ago in good King Edward's day
An unforgiving whirlwind took squires and serfs away
The faithful called on heaven but they could not break the spell
So they said the Jews in Switzerland must be poisoning the wells

D D G D
G D A Bm
G D Bm G
Em D A Bm (trans: A D)

The Devil walks in Salem cried one tormented teen
The judges nodded gravely at what the girl had seen
It could be that she told the truth, it could be that she lied
But Libby Hubbard's nightmare meant that twenty neighbors died

You cannot tame the savage, Andy Jackson liked to say
They never really settle down and they're often in the way
So the Cherokee lost their towns, the Choctaw lost their farms
And were settled in the drylands where they could do no harm

From the Delta to Chicago all across the countryside
The black man takes the rap for the white man's shaky pride
The broken heart of Emmett Till cried out, Help me please
As strange fruit twisted in the Mississippi breeze

Now fear is on the rise again in every town and farm
The grievance peddler hugs the flag and hits the fire alarm
We cannot let them win, he says, they're not like you and me
They're murderers and rapists and they hate our liberty

It's one more sorry chapter in the fearmonger's game
Cause a bitter man feels better when he's got someone to blame
But I could buy myself an island and never have to leave
If I had a dime for half the crazy shit that folks/you believe

G D A D
G D Bm Em
G D D G
G D A Bm