

Walking Down Death Row
Words and music by Pete Seeger (1966)
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Walking down death row,
I sang for three men destined for the chair;
Walking down death row,
I sang of lives and loves in other years.
Walking down death row, I sang of hopes that used to be.
Through the bars, into each seprate cell,
Yes, I sang to one and two and three.
If youd only stuck together youd not be sitting here!
If you could have loved each others lives, youd not be sitting here!
And if only this you could believe,
You might still, you might still be reprieved.

Walking down death row,
I turned the corner and found to my surprise;
There were women there as well,
With babies in their arms, before my eyes.
Walking down death row,
I tried once more to sing of hopes that used to be.
But the thought of that contraption, down the hall,
Waiting for whole families, one dozen, two or three,
If youd only stuck together, youd not be here!
If you couldve loved anothers child as well as your own, youd not be sitting here!
And if only this you could believe,
You might still, you might still be reprieved.

Walking down death row,
I concentrated, singing to the young.
I sang of hopes that flickered still;
I tried to mouth their many seprate tongues.
Walking down death row,
I sang of life and love that still might be.
Singing down death row,
To each seprate human cell, One billion, two, or three,
If wed only stick together, wed not be here!
If we could learn to love each others lives, wed not be sitting here!
And if only this we could believe,
We still might, we still might be reprieved.