

Apéndice

Bob Dylan

The Death Of Emmett Till

'Twas down in Mississippi not so long ago
When a young boy from Chicago town
stepped through a Southern door
This boy's dreadful tragedy I can still
remember well
The color of his skin was black and his
name was Emmett Till

Some men they dragged him to a barn
and there they beat him up
They said they had a reason, but I can't
remember what
They tortured him and did some things
too evil to repeat
There were screaming sounds inside
the barn, there was laughing sounds
out on the street

Then they rolled his body down a gulf
amidst a bloody red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide
to cease his screaming pain
The reason that they killed him there,
and I'm sure it ain't no lie
Was just for the fun of killin' him and to
watch him slowly die

And then to stop the United States of
yelling for a trial
Two brothers they confessed that they
had killed poor Emmett Till
But on the jury there were men who
helped the brothers commit this
awful crime
And so this trial was a mockery, but
nobody seemed to mind

I saw the morning papers but I could
not bear to see

The smiling brothers walkin' down the
courthouse stairs
For the jury found them innocent and
the brothers they went free
While Emmett's body floats the foam of
a Jim Crow southern sea

If you can't speak out against this kind
of thing, a crime that's so unjust
Your eyes are filled with dead men's
dirt, your mind is filled with dust
Your arms and legs they must be in
shackles and chains, and your blood
it must refuse to flow
For you let this human race fall down so
God-awful low!

This song is just a reminder to remind
your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in
that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan
But if all of us folks that thinks alike, if
we gave all we could give
We could make this great land of ours a
greater place to live

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Well, I was feelin' sad and feelin' blue
I didn't know what in the world I was
gonna do
Them Communists they wus comin'
around
They wus in the air
They wus on the ground
They wouldn't gimme no peace . . .

So I run down most hurriedly
And joined up with the John Birch
Society
I got me a secret membership card
And started off a-walkin' down the road
Yee-hoo, I'm a real John Bircher now!
Look out you Commies!

Now we all agree with Hitler's views
Although he killed six million Jews
It don't matter too much that he was a
Fascist
At least you can't say he was a
Communist!
That's to say like if you got a cold you
take a shot of malaria

Well, I was lookin' everywhere for them
gol-darned Reds
I got up in the mornin' 'n' looked under
my bed
Looked in the sink, behind the door
Looked in the glove compartment of my
car
Couldn't find 'em . . .

I was lookin' high an' low for them Reds
everywhere
I was lookin' in the sink an' underneath
the chair
I looked way up my chimney hole
I even looked deep down inside my
toilet bowl
They got away . . .

Well, I was sittin' home alone an'
started to sweat
Figured they was in my T.V. set
Peeked behind the picture frame
Got a shock from my feet, hittin' right up
in the brain
Them Reds caused it!
I know they did . . . them hard-core
ones

Well, I quit my job so I could work all
alone
Then I changed my name to Sherlock
Holmes
Followed some clues from my detective
bag
And discovered they was red stripes on
the American flag!
That ol' Betsy Ross . . .

Well, I investigated all the books in the
library
Ninety percent of 'em gotta be burned
away
I investigated all the people that I
knew
Ninety-eight percent of them gotta go
The other two percent are fellow
Birchers . . . just like me

Now Eisenhower, he's a Russian spy
Lincoln, Jefferson and that Roosevelt
guy
To my knowledge there's just one man
That's really a true American: George
Lincoln Rockwell
I know for a fact he hates Commies cus
he picketed the movie Exodus

Well, I fin'ly started thinkin' straight
When I run outa things to investigate
Couldn't imagine doin' anything else
So now I'm sittin' home investigatin'
myself!
Hope I don't find out anything . . . hmm,
great God!

Jimi Hendrix

If 6 was 9

(Yeah)
(Sing a song, brother)
If the sun refused to shine,
I don't mind, I don't mind.
(Yeah)
If the mountains fell in the sea,
Let it be, it ain't me.
Got my own world to live through
And I ain't gonna copy you.

Now, if 6 turned up to be 9,
I don't mind, I don't mind.
If all the hippies cut off their hair,
I don't care, I don't care.
Did, 'cos I got my own world to live
through

And I ain't gonna copy you.

White-collar conservatives flashing
down the street
Pointing their plastic finger at me.
They're hoping soon my kind will drop
and die,
But I'm gonna wave my freak flag high .
. . HIGH!

Hah, hah
Falling mountains just don't fall on me
Point on mister Buisnessman,
You can't dress like me.
Nobody know what I'm talking about
I've got my own life to live
I'm the one that's gonna have to die
When it's time for me to die
So let me live my life the way I want to.

Yeah . . .
Sing on brother,
Play on brother . . .

The Rolling Stones

Salt of the Earth

Lets drink to the hard working people
Lets drink to the lowly of birth
Raise your glass to the good and the
evil
Lets drink to the salt of the earth

Say a prayer for the common foot
soldier
Spare a thought for his back breaking
work
Say a prayer for his wife and his
children
Who burn the fires and who still till the
earth

And when I search a faceless crowd
A swirling mass of gray and
Black and white
They don't look real to me

In fact, they look so strange

Raise your glass to the hard working
people
Lets drink to the uncounted heads
Lets think of the wavering millions
Who need leaders but get gamblers
instead

Spare a thought for the stay-at-home
voter
His empty eyes gaze at strange beauty
shows
And a parade of the gray suited grafters
A choice of cancer or polio

And when I look in the faceless crowd
A swirling mass of gray and
Black and white
They don't look real to me
Or don't they look so strange

Lets drink to the hard working people
Lets think of the lowly of birth
Spare a thought for the rag taggy
people
Lets drink to the salt of the earth

Lets drink to the hard working people
Lets drink to the salt of the earth
Lets drink to the two thousand million
Lets think of the humble of birth

Black Sabbath

War Pigs

Generals gathered in their masses,
just like witches at black masses.
Evil minds that plot destruction,
sorcerers of death's construction.
In the fields the bodies burning,
as the war machine keeps turning.
Death and hatred to mankind,
poisoning their brainwashed minds.
Oh lord, yeah!

Politicians hide themselves away.
They only started the war.
Why should they go out to fight?
They leave that role to the poor, yeah.

Time will tell on their power minds,
making war just for fun.
Treating people just like pawns in
chess,
wait till their judgement day comes,
yeah.

Now in darkness world stops turning,
ashes where the bodies burning.
No more War Pigs have the power,
Hand of God has struck the hour.
Day of judgement, God is calling,
on their knees the war pigs crawling.
Begging mercies for their sins,
Satan, laughing, spreads his wings.
Oh lord, yeah!

Three Souls in my Mind

Nuestros impuestos

La familia de Echeverría
a un gran viaje se piro
doña Esther y su marido
se fueron a dar un roll
es que nuestros impuestos
están trabajando
es que nuestros impuestos están
trabajando
y cada día hay que pagar más

La tira ya tiene lujosas patrullas
que cuestan un dineral los sardos
tienen
armas nuevas pa'apañar al personal
es que nuestros impuestos
están trabajando
es que nuestros impuestos están
trabajando
y cada día hay que pagar más

Me suben la renta, me suben la luz

me suben el agua la leche también
subieron la mota también el alcohol
y López Portillo va a ser el ganón
es que nuestros impuestos
están trabajando
es que nuestros impuestos están
trabajando
y cada día hay que pagar más

The Sex Pistols

Anarchy in the U.K.

I am an anti-christ
I am an anarchist
Don't know what I want but
I know how to get it
I wanna destroy the passer by cos I

I wanna BE anarchy!
No dogs body!

Anarchy for the U.K it's coming
sometime and maybe
I give a wrong time stop a traffic line
your future dream is a shopping
scheme

cos I, I wanna BE anarchy!
In the city

How many ways to get what you want
I use the best I use the rest
I use the enemy
I use anarchy cos I

I wanna BE anarchy!
THE ONLY WAY TO BE!

Is this the M.P.L.A
Or is this the U.D.A
Or is this the I.R.A
I thought it was the U.K or just
another country
another council tenancy

I wanna be anarchy

and I wanna be anarchy
Know what I mean
And I wanna be anarchist!
Get pissed, destroy!

God Save the Queen

God save the queen
The fascist regime
They made you a moron
Potential H-bomb

God save the queen
She ain't no human being
There is no future
In England's dreaming

Don't be told what you want
Don't be told what you need
There's no future, no future,
No future for you

God save the queen
We mean it man
We love our queen
God saves

God save the queen
'Cause tourists are money
And our figurehead
Is not what she seems

Oh God save history
God save your mad parade
Oh Lord God have mercy
All crimes are paid

When there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers in the dustbin
We're the poison in your human
machine
We're the future, your future

God save the queen
We mean it man
We love our queen

God saves

God save the queen
We mean it man
And there is no future
In England's dreaming

No future, no future,
No future for you
No future, no future,
No future for me

No future, no future,
No future for you
No future, no future
For you

Rage Against The Machine

Know Your Enemy

Huh!
Yeah, we're comin' back then with
another bombtrack
Think ya know what it's all about
Huh!
Hey yo, so check this out
Yeah!
Know your enemy!
Come on!

Born with insight and a raised fist
A witness to the slit wrist, that's with
As we move into '92
Still in a room without a view
Ya got to know
Ya got to know
That when I say go, go, go
Amp up and amplify
Defy
I'm a brother with a furious mind
Action must be taken
We don't need the key
We'll break in

Something must be done
About vengeance, a badge and a gun

'Cause I'll rip the mike, rip the stage, rip
the system
I was born to rage against 'em

Fist in ya face, in the place
And I'll drop the style clearly
Know your enemy...Know your enemy!
Yeah!

Hey yo, and dick with this...ugg!
Word is born
Fight the war, fuck the norm
Now I got no patience
So sick of complacence
With the D the E the F the I the A the N
the C the E
Mind of a revolutionary
So clear the lane
The finger to the land of the chains
What? The land of the free?
Whoever told you that is your enemy?

Now something must be done
About vengeance, a badge and a gun
'Cause I'll rip the mike, rip the stage, rip
the system
I was born to rage against 'em

Now action must be taken
We don't need the key
We'll break in

I've got no patience now
So sick of complacence now
I've got no patience now
So sick of complacence now
Sick of sick of sick of sick of you
Time has come to pay...
Know your enemy!

Come on!
Yes I know my enemies
They're the teachers who taught me to
fight me
Compromise, conformity, assimilation,
submission
Ignorance, hypocrisy, brutality, the elite

All of which are American dreams (8
times)

All of which are American dreams
All of which are American dreams

Killing in the Name Of

Killing in the name of!
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Huh!

Killing in the name of!
Killing in the name of

And now you do what they told ya
But now you do what they told ya
Well now you do what they told ya

Those who died are justified, for
wearing the badge, they're the chosen

whites
You justify those that died by wearing
the badge, they're the chosen whites
Those who died are justified, for
wearing the badge, they're the chosen
whites
You justify those that died by wearing
the badge, they're the chosen whites

Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Some of those that work forces, are the
same that burn crosses
Uggh!

Killing in the name of!
Killing in the name of

And now you do what they told ya
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control (7 times)
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control
And now you do what they told ya, now
you're under control
And now you do what they told ya,
now you're under control
And now you do what they told ya!

Those who died are justified, for
wearing the badge, they're the chosen
whites
You justify those that died by wearing
the badge, they're the chosen whites

Those who died are justified, for
wearing the badge, they're the chosen
whites
You justify those that died by wearing
the badge, they're the chosen whites
Come on!

Yeah! Come on!

Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!
Motherfucker!
Uggh!

People of the Sun

Yeah people come up

Yeah, we better turn tha bass up on this
one
Check it, since 1516 minds attacked
and overseen
Now crawl amidst the ruins of this
empty dream
Wit their borders and boots on top of us
Pullin' knobs on the floor of their toxic
metropolis
But how you gonna get what you need
ta get?
Tha gut eaters, blood drenched get
offensive like Tet
Tha fifth sun sets get back reclaim
Tha spirit of Cuauhtémoc alive an

untamed
Now face tha funk now blastin' out ya
speaker, on tha one Maya, Mexica
That vulture came ta try and steal ya
name
But now you got a gun, yeah this is for
the people of the sun

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

Yeah, neva forget that tha wip snapped
ya back
Ya spine cracked for tobacco, oh I'm
the Marlboro man, uh
Our past blastin' on through the verses
Brigades of taxi cabs rollin' Broadway
like hearses
Troops strippin' zoots, shots of red mist,
Sailors blood on tha deck, come sista
resist
From tha era of terror check this photo
lens,
Now tha city of angels does the ethnic
cleanse
Uh, heads bobbin' to tha funk out ya
speaker, on tha one Maya, Mexica
That vulture came to try and steal ya
name
But now you found a gun, you're
history, this is for the people of the sun

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again! Yeah!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!

It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!
This is for the people of the sun!
It's comin' back around!
Of the sun

Testify

The movie ran through me
The glamour subdue me
The tabloid untie me
I'm empty please fill me
Mister anchor assure me
That Baghdad is burning
Your voice it is so soothing
That cunning mantra of killing
I need you my witness
To dress this up so bloodless
To numb me and purge me now
Of thoughts of blaming you
Yes the car is our wheelchair
My witness your coughing
Oily silence mocks the legless
Now traveling in coffins
But on the corner
The jury's sleepless
We found your weakness
And it's right outside our door

Now testify

With precision you feed me
My witness I'm hungry
Your temple it calms me
So I can carry on
My slaving sweating the skin right off
my bones
On a bed of fire I'm choking on the
smoke that fills my home
The wrecking ball rushing
My witness your blushing
The pipeline is gushing
While here we lie in tombs
While on the corner
The jury's sleepless
We found your weakness

And it's right outside your door

Now testify

Mass graves for the pump and the price
is set

Who controls the past now controls the
future

Who controls the present now controls
the past

Who controls the past now controls the
future

Who controls the present now?

Now testify

The Nightwatchman

Union Song

For the fired auto workers
Who were twisted, tricked and robbed
To the peasant in Guatemala
In a sweatshop got your job
And she can't feed her family
On the pennies that she makes
Meanwhile the crime rate's rising
Up and down the Great Lake states

Like vegetables left in the field
The signatures smell rotten
On the contracts and the deeds
That push the race down to the bottom
As they load the rubber bullets
As they fire another round
I'm heading into the tear gas
Dig in man, hold your ground

For Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
For our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
For the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
For the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong

Si nos quedamos
Juntos vamos a ganar? Si !
Hit em where it hurts
And bite the hand that feeds
You might get one to three
Or probation and a fine
But I know where I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be right on that front line

For Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
For our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
For the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
For the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong

Now dirty scabs will cross the line
While others stand aside and look
But ain't nobody never got nothin'
That didn't raise their voice and push
Like the steel worker in Ohio
The miner in West Virginia
The teacher in Chicago
Janitor in Mississippi
From the sweatshops of L.A.
To the fields of Mission Flats
There's a thunder cloud exploding
And I'm free at last

Like Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
Like our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
Like the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
Like the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong