

The Common Man

Words and Music by Roger Deitz

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So many years have passed,
 Since you first came to this land,
With a hammer, plough, and shovel,
 And a Bible in your hand.

You built the roads and bridges,
 You fought the rich man's wars,
You never asked for much,
 You never asked what for. (Chorus)

Chorus:

 But you still love her,
 This promised land.
 Though the promises are broken,
 And (poverty, misery, poverty's) at hand?

 The most you have in common,
 Is how much you can stand.
 There's nothing very common,
 About the common man.

Sometimes there was enough.
 Sometimes you went without.
Some years the rain washed dreams away,
 Some years there was a drought.

The summers were too hot,
 The winters much too cold.
Your children grew too weary,
 Before they grew too old. (Chorus)

Your women picked the cotton,
 Your children worked the mills.
Your poor lived in the hollows,
 While the rich lived on the hills.

The politicians promised
 A future, oh so grand.
I guess that's why America
 Is called, "The Promised Land." (Chorus)