

Words and Music: Bill Roper
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Hanging Harry Truman

(Chorus)

They're singing just for you as you're sitting in your cell,
Even though you didn't need the warning.
They're waiting for the sunrise just to send you to hell,
'Cause we're hanging Harry Truman in the morning.

Such a little man! Such a little mind!
The accidental President we happened to find.

Haberdasher heir to Roosevelt's plan
Turned out to be the dispensable man.
No one elected you Commander-in-Chief.

No one expected you would bring us such grief.

Are you haunted by the faces you betrayed by your hand,
Our American boys lying dead in Japan?

Germany fell, Hitler was dead.
V-E was here, Japan lay ahead.
Now it was time to get the job done,
Dying on the beaches of the Rising Sun.
Nobody knew that you held in your hand
The secret that could end the war in Japan.
You thought that the Bomb was too awful to use,
But how many lives were you willing to lose?

