**Phil Lives! Phil Ochs Songs for a Song Circle of Friends**

**Rainy Camp 2021**



**[Phil Ochs - Another Age -](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iP4tZ8p4iwc)**

There's a man walking round the island with a snake cane
He picked it up in Thailand from a hurricane
And you know he's not gonna go there
He's been one time too long
Now all the gods are gone (Though the game is gone)

The younger boys are drowning in a shallow sea
The night belongs to snipers in palm trees
And their sabres flashed like lightning
In the charge of the last brigade
They must have been afraid

Soldiers have their sorrow
The wretched have their rage
Pray for the aged it's the dawn of another age
Of another age
Of another age
Of another age

The blood running down the blackboard on a blank(?) screen (in a thin stream?)
The convicts shake their cages of a bad dream
And they'll coach you in the classroom that it cannot happen here
But it has happened here

I remember nothing that I memorized (The cockroach cops are crawling on a battle ground)
I got my education from a black eye (The shields are in the shadows, it's a college town)
And they'll teach you law and order
If you dare to raise your hand
Spare the glove and spoil the man

Soldiers have their sorrow
The wretched have their rage
Pray for the aged
It's the dawn of another age
Of another age
Of another age

Thomas Paine and Jesse James are old friends
And Robin Hood is riding on the road again
We were born in a revolution and we died in a wasted war
It's gone that way before
The dogs are chasing chicken bones across the lawn
If that was an election, I'm a Viet Cong
So I pledge allegiance against the flag
and the (fall, flaw, cloth?) for which it stands
I'll raise/raze it if I can (Pledge allegiance to the land)

Soldier have their sorrow
The wretched have their rage
Pray for the aged
It's the dawn of another age
Of another age
Of another age
Of another age
Of another age

The Ballad of William Worthy-Phil Ochs

Well, it's of a bold reporter story I will tell
He went down to the Cuban land, the nearest place to hell
He'd been there many times before, but now the law does say
The only way to Cuba is with the CIA

William Worthy isn't worthy to enter our door
Went down to Cuba, he's not American anymore
But somehow, it is strange to hear the State Department say
"You are living in the free world, in the free world you must stay"

Five thousand dollars or a five-year sentence may well be
For a man who had the nerve to think that travelin' is free
Oh, why'd he waste his time to see a dictator's reign
When he could have seen democracy by travelin' on to Spain?

William Worthy isn't worthy to enter our door
Went down to Cuba, he's not American anymore
But somehow, it is strange to hear the State Department say
"You are living in the free world, in the free world you must stay"

So, come all you good travelers and fellow travelers, too
Yes, and travel all around the world, see every country through
I'd surely like to come along and see what may be new
But my passport's disappearing as I sing these words to you

Well, there really is no need to travel to these evil lands
Yes, and though the list grows larger, you must try to understand
Try hard not to worry if someday you should hear
That the whole world is off limits, visit Disneyland this year

William Worthy isn't worthy to enter our door
Went down to Cuba, he's not American anymore
But somehow, it is strange to hear the State Department say
"You are living in the free world, in the free world you must stay"

Changes-Phil Ochs

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
Wander in my words, dream about the pictures
That I play of changes

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall
To brown and to yellow they fade
And then they have to die, trapped within
The circle time parade of changes

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind
Visions of shadows that shine
Til one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes

The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark
Swings through a hollow of haze
A race around the stars, a journey through
The universe ablaze with changes

Moments of magic will glow in the night
All fears of the forest are gone
But when the morning breaks they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn, of changes

Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the silver
Strings of souls, of changes

Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else
One last cup of wine we will pour
And I'll kiss you one more time, and leave you on
The rolling river shores of changes

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
Wander in my words, dream about the pictures
That I play of changes

Chords of Fame-Phil Ochs

I found him by the stage last night -- he was breathing his last breath
A bottle of wine and a cigarette was all that he had left
I can see you make music 'cause you carry a guitar
God help the troubadour who tries to be a star

So play the chords of love, my friend, play the chords of pain
If you want to keep your song
Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

I seen my share of hustlers as they try to take the world
When they find their melody, they're surrounded by the girls
But it all fades so quickly like a sunny summer day
Reporters ask you questions, they write down what you say

So play the chords of love, my friend, play the chords of pain
If you want to keep your song
Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

They'll rob you of your innocence, they will put you up for sale
The more that you will find success, the more that you will fail
I been around, I've had my share, and I really can't complain
But I wonder who I left behind the other side of fame

So play the chords of love, my friend, play the chords of pain
If you want to keep your song
Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

Crucifixion-Phil Ochs

And the night comes again to the circle studded sky
G Bm
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie
Am D G Em
'Till the universe explodes as a falling star is raised
Am D G Em
Planets are paralyzed, the mountains are amazed
Am D G Em
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze
Am D Em
With the speed of insanity, then he dies.

In the green fields a turnin', a baby is born
His cries crease the wind and mingle with the morn
An assault upon the order, the changing of the guard
Chosen for a challenge that is hopelessly hard
And the only single sound is the sighing of the stars
But to the silence of distance they are sworn

Em C D

So dance dance dance
Em
Teach us to be true
C
Come dance dance dance
D Em
'Cause we love you

Images of innocence charge him go on
But the decadence of destiny is looking for a pawn
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate
And a blinding revelation is laid upon his plate
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate
And God help the critic of the dawn.

So he stands on the sea and shouts to the shore,
But the louder that he screams the longer he's ignored
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
'Till the giant is aware, someone's pulling at his leg,
And someone is tapping at the door.

To dance dance dance
Teach us to be true
Come dance dance dance
'Cause we love you

Then his message gathers meaning and it spreads across the land
The rewarding of his pain is the following of the man
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way
Success is an enemy to the losers of the day
In the shadows of the churches, who knows what they pray
For blood is the language of the band.

The Spanish bulls are beaten; the crowd is soon beguiled,
The matador is beautiful, a symphony of style
Excitement is ecstatic, passion places bets
Gracefully he bows to ovations that he gets
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat
And saliva is falling from their smiles

So dance dance dance
Teach us to be true
Come dance dance dance
'Cause we love you

Then this overflow of life is crushed into a liar
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire.
First a smile of rejection at the nearness of the night
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light
All the heavens are horrified, they stagger from the sight
As the cross is trembling with desire.

They say they can't believe it, it's a sacrilegious shame
Now, who would want to hurt such a hero of the game?
But you know I predicted it; I knew he had to fall
How did it happen? I hope his suffering was small.
Tell me every detail, I've got to know it all,
And do you have a picture of the pain?

So dance dance dance
Teach us to be true
Come dance dance dance
'Cause we love you

Time takes its toll and the memory fades
but his glory is growing, in the magic that he made.
Reality is ruined; it's the freeing from the fear
The drama is distorted, to what they want to hear
Swimming in their sorrow, in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade.

Yes, the eyes of the rebel have been branded by the blind
To the safety of sterility, the threat has been refined
The child was created; to the slaughterhouse he's led
So good to be alive when the eulogies are read
The climax of emotion, the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.

So dance dance dance
Teach us to be true
Come dance dance dance
'Cause we love you

And the night comes again to the circle studded sky
The stars settle slowly, in loneliness they lie
'Till the universe explodes as a falling star is raised
Planets are paralyzed, mountains are amazed
But they all glow brighter from the brilliance of the blaze
With the speed of insanity, then he dies.

**[Days of Decision -Phil Ochs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qVs5LnWfc1c)**

Lyrics

Oh, the shadows of doubt are in many a mind,
Am dm g
Lookin' for an answer they're never gonna find,
Em dm g
But they'd better decide 'cause they're runnin' out of time,
Dm g
For these are the days of decision.

Oh, the games of stalling you cannot afford,
Dark is the danger that's knocking on the door,
And the far-reaching rockets say you can't wait anymore,
For these are the days of decision.

In the face of the people who know they're gonna win,
There's a strength that's greater than the power of the wind,
And you can't stand around when the ice is growing thin,
For these are the days of decision.

I've seen your heads hiding 'neath the blankets of fear,
When the paths they are plain and the choices are clear,
But with each passing day, boys, the cost is more dear
For these are the days of decision.

There's many a cross that burns in the night,
And the fingers of the fire are pointing as they bite,
Oh you can't let the smoke keep on blinding all your sight,
For these are the days of decision.

Now the (crowds) of anger are roamin' the street,
And the (demonstrations they are aimed) at the police on the beat,
And in city after city you know they will repeat,
For these are the days of decision.

There's been warnin's of fire, warnin's of flood,
Now there's the warnin' of the bullet and the blood,
From the three bodies buried in the Mississippi mud,
Sayin' these are the days of decision.

There's a change in the wind, and a split in the road,
You can do what's right or you can do what you are told,
And the prize of the victory will belong to the bold,
Yes, these are the days of decision.

DRAFT DODGER RAG-PHIL OCHS

Oh, I'm just a typical American boy
From a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd
And a-keepin' old Castro down

And when it came my time to serve
I knew, "Better dead than red"
But when I got to my old draft board, buddy
This is what I said

"Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat and my feet are flat
My asthma's getting worse"

"Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear
And my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a defense plant"

"I've got a dislocated disc and a wracked up back
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when the bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs"

"I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze"

"I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat and my feet are flat
My asthma's getting worse"

"Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear
And my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a defense plant"

"Ooh, I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies
But one thing you gotta see
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me"

"So I wish you well, sarge, give 'em hell
Kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore
I'll be the first to go"

"Yes, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat and my feet are flat
My asthma's getting worse"

"Yes, think of my career, my sweetheart dear
And my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a defense plant"

Hands-Phil Ochs

Oh I've seen the hands of the laborer lifting all the loads
And the Granite stuck to their fingers as they built the canals and the roads
Now they're clear and the bridges span
Rivers paused by a power dam
And now, the hands of the laborer are reaching out to you

Oh, the hands, hands, hands
That work to build the land, your land
The labor of the woman and the man, a-working with their hands

And I've seen the hands of the miner digging out the coal
And the black dust stuck to his fingers as he lives his life in a hole
But the rocks they're under the ground and the miners are closing down
And now, the hands of the miner are reaching out to you

Oh, the hands, hands, hands
That work to build the land, your land
The labor of the woman and the man, a-working with their hands

And I've seen the hands of the lumberjack, and the forests sway in the breeze
And the splinters stuck to his fingers as the lumber was torn from the trees
And the wood that came from the timber tall built your buildings from wall to wall
And now, the hand of the lumberjack is reaching out to you

Oh, the hands, hands, hands
A-workin on the land, your land
The labor of the woman and the man, a-working with their hands

And I've seen the hands of the farmer plow across the field
And the topsoil stuck to his fingers as the land was split by the steel. Just growing all he could grow to fill your tables row after row
And now, the hand of the farmer is reaching out to you

Oh, the hands, hands, hands
A-workin on the land, your land
The labor of woman and the man, a-working with their hands, hands, hands
A-workin with their hands

Here's to the State of Mississippi-Phil Ochs

Here's to the State of Mississippi
For underneath her borders, the devil draws no lines
If you drag her muddy rivers, nameless bodies you will find
Oh, the fat trees of the forest have hid a thousand crimes
The calendar is lyin' when it reads the present time

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the people of Mississippi
Who say the folks up north, they just don't understand
And they tremble in their shadows at the thunder of the Klan
Oh, the sweating of their souls can't wash the blood from off their hands
Oh, they smile and shrug their shoulders at the murder of a man

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the schools of Mississippi
Where they're teaching all the children that they don't have to care
All the rudiments of hatred are present everywhere
And every single classroom is a factory of despair
And there's nobody learning such a foreign word as fair

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the cops of Mississippi
They're chewing their tobacco as they lock the prison door
And their bellies bounce inside them when they knock you to the floor
No, they don't like taking prisoners in their private little wars
And behind their broken badges there are murderers and more

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the judges of Mississippi
Who wear the robe of honor as they crawl into the court
They're guarding all the bastions of their phony legal fort
Oh, justice is a stranger when the prisoners report
When the black man stands accused the trial is always short

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the government of Mississippi
In the swamp of their bureaucracy they're always bogging down
And criminals are posing as the mayors of the towns
And they hope that no one sees the sights
And no one hears the sounds
And the speeches of the governor are the ravings of a clown

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the laws of Mississippi
Congressmen will gather in a circus of delay
While the Constitution's drowning in an ocean of decay
Unwed mothers should be sterilized, I've even heard them say
Yes, corruption can be classic in the Mississippi way

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the churches of Mississippi
Where the cross, once made of silver, now is caked with rust
And the Sunday morning sermons pander to their lust
Oh, he fallen face of Jesus is choking in the dust
And heaven only knows in which God they can trust

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

Phil Ochs-Here’s to the State of Richard Nixon

Here's to the state of Richard Nixon.
Where underneath his borders
The Devil draws no lines.
If you drag his muddy rivers
Nameless bodies you will find
And the fat trees of the forest
Have hid a thousand crimes,
And the calendar is lying
When it reads the present time.

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon: find yourself another country to be part of.

And here's to the schools of Richard Nixon.
Where they're teaching all the children
That they don't have to care,
All the rudiments of hatred
Are present everywhere,
And every single classroom
Is a factory of despair.
There's nobody learning
Such a foreign word as "fair."

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon: find yourself another country to be part of.

And here's to the laws of Richard Nixon.
Where the wars are fought in secret,
Pearl Harbor every day.
He punishes with income tax
That he don't have to pay,
And he's tapping his own brother
Just to hear what he would say.
But corruption can be classic
In the Richard Nixon way.

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon: find yourself another country to be part of.

And here's to the churches of Richard Nixon (and Billy Graham).

Where the cross once made of silver
Now is caked with rust,
And the Sunday morning sermons
Pander to their lust,
And the fallen face of Jesus
Is choking in the dust,
And Heaven only knows
In which God they can trust.

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon: find yourself another country to be part of.

And here's to the government of Richard Nixon.
In the swamp of their bureaucracy
They're always bogging down,
And criminals are posing
As advisors to the crown,
And they hope that no one sees the sights
And no one hears the sounds,
And the speeches of the president
Are the ravings of a clown.

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of.
Richard Nixon: find yourself another country to be part of.

**[PHIL OCHS~I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gv1KEF8Uw2k)**

Oh, I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British wars
The young land started growing
The young blood started flowing
But I ain't marching anymore

For I've killed my share of Indians
In a thousand different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I heard many men lying, I saw many more dying
But I ain't marching anymore

It's always the old (Rich) to lead us to the wars
It's always the young (Poor) to fall
Now look at all we've won with the saber and the gun
Tell me, is it worth it all?

For I stole California from the Mexican land
Fought in the bloody Civil War
Yes, I even killed my brothers
And so many others
But I ain't marching anymore

For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars
Oh, I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again
But I ain't marching anymore

It's always the old (Rich) to lead us to the wars
Always the young (Poor) to fall
Now look at all we've won with the saber and the gun
Tell me, is it worth it all?

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese skies
Set off the mighty mushroom roar
When I saw the cities burning
I knew that I was learning
That I ain't marching anymore

Now the Republicans screamin'
When they close the missile plants
Trump screams at the Cuban shore
Call it peace or call it treason
Call it love or call it reason
But I ain't marching anymore
No, I ain't marching anymore

I’m Gonna Say it Now-Phil Ochs

Oh I am just a student, sir, and only want to learn
[But it's hard to read through the risin' smoke of the books that you like to burn](https://genius.com/Phil-ochs-im-going-to-say-it-now-lyrics#note-10910156)
So I'd like to make a promise and I'd like to make a vow
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

Oh you've given me a number and you've taken off my name
To get around this campus why you almost need a plane
And you're supporting [Chang Kai-Shek](https://genius.com/Phil-ochs-im-going-to-say-it-now-lyrics#note-10910180), while I'm supporting [Mao](https://genius.com/Phil-ochs-im-going-to-say-it-now-lyrics#note-10910192)
So when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

I wish that you'd make up your mind, I wish that you'd decide
That I should live as freely as those who live outside
Cause we also are entitled to the rights to be endowed
And when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

Ooh, you'd like to be my father you'd like to be my Dad
And give me kisses when I'm good and spank me when I'm bad
But since I've left my parents I've forgotten how to bow
So when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

And things they might be different if I was here alone
But I've got a friend or two who no longer live at home
And we'll respect our elders just as long as they allow
That when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

I've read of other countries where the students take a stand
Maybe even help to overthrow the leaders of the land
Now I wouldn't go so far to say we're also learnin' how
But when I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now

Lou Marsh-Phil Ochs

On the streets of New York City
When the hour was getting late
There were young men armed with knives and guns
Young men armed with hate
And Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks
For one man is no army
When the city turns its back

And now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the park
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night

He left behind the chambers
Of the church he served so long
For he learned the prayers of distant men
Will never right the wrongs
His church became an alley
And his pulpit was the street
And he made his congregation
From the boys he used to meet

And now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the park
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night

There were two gangs approaching
In Spanish Harlem town
The smell of blood was in the air
The challenge was laid down
He felt their blinding hatred
And he tried to save their lives
And the answer that they gave him
Was their fists and feet and knives

And now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the park
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night

Will Lou Marsh lie forgotten
In his cold and silent grave?
Will his memory still linger on
In those he tried to save?
And all of us who knew him
Will now and then recall
And shed a tear on poverty
Tombstone of us all

For, now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the park
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night

Love Me I’m a Liberal-(Original Version)-Phil Ochs

I cried when they shot Medgar Evers
E c#m
Tears ran down my spine
E a e
I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy
F#7 b7
As though i'd lost a father of mine
E a e
But Malcolm X got what was coming
G#m a
He got what he asked for this time
E c#m a b7 e
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I go to civil rights rallies
And I put down the old D.A.R.
I love Harry and Sidney and Dammy
I hope every colored boy becomes a star
But don't talk about revolution
That's going a little bit too far
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I cheered when Humphrey was chosen
My faith in the system restored
I'm glad the commies were thrown out
Of the A.F.L. C.I.O. board
I love Puerto Ricans and Negros
As long as they don't move next door
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

The people of old Mississippi
Should all hang their heads in shame
I can't understand how their minds work
What's the matter don't they watch Les Crain?
But if you ask me to bus my children
I hope the cops take down your name
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

I read New Republic and Nation
I've learned to take every view
You know, I’ve memorized Lerner and Golden
I feel like I'm almost a Jew
But when it comes to times like Korea
There's no one more red, white and blue
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I vote for the Democratic party
They want the U.N. to be strong
I go to all the Pete Seeger concerts
He sure gets me singing those songs
I'll send all the money you ask for
But don't ask me to come on along
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

Once I was young and impulsive
I wore every conceivable pin
Even went to the socialist meetings
Learned all the old union hymns
But I've grown older and wiser
And that's why I’m turning you in
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

Love Me, I’m a Liberal (Update) Phil Ochs and ??

Well, I cried when Trump stole the election
I know the Russians were to blame
And I voted for Hillary Clinton
We’ll break that glass ceiling some day!
But don’t tell me Bernie would’ve beat him
His ideals just got in the way
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

Now I go to every anti-Trump rally
And I bought an electric car
And we’ll show em in the next election
Love always Trumps hate, hear me roar
But don’t talk about revolution
That’s going a little bit too far
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

I cheered when Obama was chosen
Best prez of my lifetime so far
And ya know he just did what he had to
Continuing all Bush’s wars
And I love all the blacks and latinos
As long as they don’t move next door
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

Those who fly the Confederate Flag
Should all hang their heads in shame
I can’t understand how their minds work
Don’t they see that we’re all the same?
But if you ask me to bus my children
I hope the cops take down your name
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

I listen to All Things Considered
And I donate to every fund drive
I love to sing Give Peace a Chance
Those words get me feeling alive!
When it comes to the conflict in Gaza
I’ll always take Israel’s side!
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a Liberal

I vote for the Democratic Party
I want the US to be strong
Keep fighting those cowardly terrorists
With your honorable democratic bombs
And I’ve cleared my browser history
So bring the NSA right along
And love me, love me, love me, I’m a Liberal

Of course I support Black Lives Matter
Those police killings all must be stopped
And black folks would be real hard workers
If we’d only give them a fair shot
But don’t talk to me about reparations
Cuz you know I earned everything I got!
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

Once I was young and impulsive
I wore every conceivable pin
Even went to some socialist meetings
Learned history from Howard Zinn
But I’ve grown older and wiser
And that’s why I’m turning you in
So love me, love me, love me, I’m a liberal

Outside of a Small Circle of Friends-Phil Ochs

Oh, look outside the window, there's a woman bein' grabbed
They've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's bein' stabbed
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Ridin' down the highway, yes, my back is gettin' stiff
13 cars are piled up, they're hangin' on a cliff
Now maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain
But we gotta move, and we might get sued, and it looks like it's gonna rain
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleepin' on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops?
But they got too much already, and besides, we've got the cops
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Oh, there's a dirty paper using sex to make her sales
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Smokin' marijuana is more fun than drinkin' beer
But a friend of ours was captured, and they gave him 30 years
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why
But demonstrations are a drag, besides, we're much too high
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Oh, look outside the window, there's a woman bein' grabbed
They've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's bein' stabbed
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Pleasures of the Harbor-Phil Ochs

And the ship sets the sail
They've lived the tale
To carry to the shore
Straining at the oars
Or staring from the rail

And the sea bids farewell
She waves in swells
And sends them on their way
Time has been her pay
And time will have to tell

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

And the anchor hits the sand
The hungry hands
Have tied them to the port
The hour will be short
For leisure on the land

And the girls scent the air
They seem so fair
With paint on their face
Soft is their embrace
To lead them up the stairs

Soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

In the room dark and dim
Touch of skin
He asks her of her name
She answers with no shame
And not a sense of sin

'Til the fingers draw the blinds
Sip of wine
The cigarette of doubt
The candle is blown out
The darkness is so kind

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

And the shadows frame the light
Same old sight
Thrill has blown away
Now all alone they lay
Two strangers in the night

Till his heart skips a beat
He's on his feet
To shipmates he must join
She's counting up the coins
He's swallowed by the street

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

In the bar hangs a cloud
The whiskey's loud
There's laughter in their eyes
The lonely in disguise
Are clinging to the crowd

And the bottle fills the glass
The haze is fast
He's trembling for the taste
Of passion gone to waste
In memories of the past

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

In the alley, red with rain
Cry of pain
For love was but a smile
Teasing all the while
Now dancing down the drain

'Til the boys reach the dock
They gently mock
And lift him on their backs
Lay him on his rack
And leave beneath the light

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

And the ship sets the sail
They've lived the tale
To carry from the shore
Straining at the oars
Or staring from the rail

And the sea bids farewell
She waves in swells
And sends them on their way
Time has been her pay
And time will have to tell

Oh, soon your
Sailing will be over
Come and take
The pleasures of the harbor

**Phil Ochs - The Power and The Glory-Lyrics**

Come and take a walk with me through this green and growing land
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain

Here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom
Glory shall rest on us all

From Colorado, Kansas, and the Carolinas too
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new
Texas and Ohio and the California shore
Tell me, who could ask for more?

Here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom
Glory shall rest on us all

Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor
Only as free as the padlocked prison door
Only as strong as our love for this land
Only as tall as we stand

Oh, here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom
Glory shall rest on us all

"Yet our land is still troubled by men who have to hate,

They twist away our freedom and they twist away our fate.

Fear is their weapon and treason is their cry.

We can stop them if we try"

Here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom
Glory shall rest on us all

Come and take a walk with me through this green and growing land
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain

Here is a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom
Glory shall rest on us all, on us all

Ringing of Revolution-Phil Ochs

In a building of gold, with riches untold,
Lived the families on which the country was founded.
And the merchants of style, with their red velvet smiles,
Were there, for they also were hounded.

And the soft middle class crowded in to the last,
For the building was fully surrounded.
And the noise outside was the ringing of revolution.

Sadly they stared and sank in their chairs

And searched for a comforting notion.
And the rich silver walls looked ready to fall
As they shook in doubtful devotion.
The ice cubes would clink as they freshened their drinks,

Wet their minds in bitter emotion.
And they talked about the ringing of revolution.

We were hardly aware of the hardships they bear,
For our time was taken with treasure.

Oh, life was a game, and work was a shame,
And pain was prevented by pleasure.
The world, cold and grey, was so far away
In the distance only money could measure.

But their thoughts were broken by the ringing of revolution.

The clouds filled the room in darkening doom
As the crooked smoke rings were rising.
How long will it take, how can we escape

Someone asks, but no one's advising.
And the quivering floor responds to the roar,
In a shake no longer surprising.
As closer and closer comes the ringing of revolution.

Softly they moan, please leave us alone
As back and forth they are pacing.
And they cover their ears and try not to hear
With pillows of silk they're embracing.

And the crackling crowd is laughing out loud,
Peeking in at the target they're chasing.
Now trembling inside the ringing of revolution.

With compromise sway we give in half way

When we saw that rebellion was growing.
Now everything's lost as they kneel by the cross
Where the blood of christ is still flowing.
Too late for their sorrow they've reached their tomorrow

And reaped the seed they were sowing.
Now harvested by the ringing of revolution.

In tattered tuxedos they faced the new heroes
And crawled about in confusion.

And they sheepishly grinned for their memories were dim
Of the decades of dark execution.
Hollow hands were raised; they stood there amazed
In the shattering of their illusions.

As the windows were smashed by the ringing of revolution.

Down on our knees we're begging you, please,
We're sorry for the way you were driven.
There's no need to taunt just take what you want,

And we'll make amends, if we're living.
But away from the grounds the flames told the town
That only the dead are forgiven.
As they crumbled inside the ringing of revolution.

Santo Domingo-Phil Ochs

And the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth
The sand is burning
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight
Their courses turning

As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest
The sea is churning
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

The fishermen sweat, they're pausing at their nets, the day's a-borning
As the warships sway and thunder in the bay, loud in the morning
But the boy on the shore is throwing pebbles no more, he runs a-warning
That the marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

The streets are still, there's silence in the hills, the town is sleeping
And the farmers yawn in the grey silver dawn, the fields they're keeping
As the first troops land and step into the sand, the flags are weeping
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

The unsmiling sun is shining down upon the singing soldiers
In the cloud dust whirl they whistle at the girls, they're getting bolder
The old women sigh, think of memories gone by, they shrug their shoulders
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

Ready for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed, now they are rolling
And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks where fear’s unfolding
All the young wives afraid, turn their backs on the parade
With babes they're holding
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

A bullet cracks the sound, the army hits the ground, the sniper is callin'
So they open their guns, a thousand to one, no sense in stalling
He clutches at his head and he totters on the edge, look now he's falling
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

In the red plaza square, the crowds come to stare, the heat is leaning
And the eyes of the dead are turning every head to the widows screaming
The soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids, their teeth are gleaming
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

Up and down the coast, the generals drink a toast, the wheel is spinning
And the cowards and the whores are peeking through the doors
To see who's winning
But the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the end
When it's beginning
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

The crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth, the sand is burning
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight, their courses turning
As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest, the sea is churning
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

THAT’S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR- PHIL OCHS

So you tell me that your last good dollar is gone
And you say that your pockets are bare
And you tell me that your clothes are tattered and torn
And nobody seems to care

Now don't tell me your troubles
No, I don't have the time to spare
But if you want to get together and fight
Good buddy that's what I want to hear

And you tell me that your job was taken away
By a big ol' greasy machine
And you tell me that you don't collect no more pay
And your belly is growing lean

Now if I had the jobs to give
You know I'd give them all away
But don't waste your breath calling out my name
If you don't have nothing to say

And you tell me that you don't have nothing to do
And you keep on wasting your time
And you say when you want to get your family some food
You gotta stand in a relief line

Now it's a sin and a bloody shame
'Bout the way they're pushing you 'round
But when you decide not to take no more
You know I'll put my money down

'Cause I've seen your kind many times before
And I'll see 'em many times again
Oh, but every bad thing that's happened to you
Has happened to better men

So don't explain that you've lost your way
That you've got no place to go
You've got a hand and a voice and you're not alone
Brother that's all you need to know

And if you're still wondering what I'm trying to say
Let me tell you what it's all about
Now nobody listens to a single man
When he's walkin' 'round down and out

So if you're looking for an answer
He's standing there by your side
And you'll never really know how far you'll go
'Til you join together and try

So you tell me that your last good dollar is gone
And you say that your pockets are bare
And you tell me that your clothes are tattered and torn
And nobody seems to care

Now don't tell me your troubles
No, I don't have the time to spare
But if you want to get together and fight
Good buddy that's what I want to hear

There but for Fortune-Phil Ochs

Show me a prison, show me a jail
Show me a prisoner whose face has gone pale
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
And there but for fortune, may go you or I

Show me the alley, show me the train
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
There but for fortune, may go you or I

Show me the whiskey stains on the floor
Show me the drunken man as he stumbles out the door
And I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why
There but for fortune, may go you or I

Show me the country where the bombs had to fall
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
And There but for fortune, may go you or I -- or I

Too Many Martyrs-Phil Ochs

In the state of Mississippi many years ago

A boy of 14 years got a taste of southern law

He saw his friend a hanging and his color was his crime

And the blood upon his jacket left a brand upon his mind

Too Many Martyrs and too many dead

Too many lies too many empty words were said

Too many times for too many angry men

Oh, let it never be again

His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down

\*chorus\*

The killer waited by his home hidden by the night
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight
he slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.

\*chorus\*

And they laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear
laid him in his grave when the victory was near
While we waited for the future for freedom through the land (\*)
The country gained a killer and the country lost a man

\*chorus\*

What Are You Fighting For? Phil Ochs

Oh, you tell me that there's danger to the land you call your own
And you watch them build the war machine right beside your home
And you tell me that you're ready to go marchin' to the war
I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Before you pack your rifle and sail across the sea
Just think upon the southern part of the land that you call free
Oh, there's many kinds of slavery and we've found many more
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fighting for?

And before you walk out on your job in answer to the call
Just think about the millions who have no job at all
And the men who wait for handouts with their eyes upon the floor
Oh I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Turn on your TV, turn it on so loud
And watch the fool a smiling there and tell me that you're proud
And listen to your radio, the noise it starts to pour
Oh I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Read your morning papers, read every single line
And tell me if you can believe that simple world you find
Read every slanted word till your eyes are getting sore
I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

And listen to your leaders, the ones who won the race
As they stand right there before you and lie into your face
If you ever try to buy them, you know what they stand for
I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Put ragged clothes upon your back and sleep upon the ground
And tell police about your rights as they drag you down
And ask them as they lead you to some deserted door
Yes, I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

But the hardest thing I'll ask you, if you will only try
Is take your children by their hands and look into their eyes
And there you'll see the answer you should have seen before
If you'll win the wars at home, there'll be no fighting anymore

What's that I hear-Phil Ochs

What's that I hear now, ringing in my ears?
I've heard that sound before
What's that I hear now, ringing in my ears?
I hear it more and more
It's the sound of freedom calling
Ringing up to the sky
It's the sound of the old ways a-falling
You can hear it if you try
You can hear it if you try

Oh, what's that I see now, shining in my eyes?
I've seen that light before
Hey, what's that I see now, shining in my eyes?
I see it more and more
It's the light of freedom calling
Shining up to the skies
It's the light of the old ways a-falling
You can see it if you try
You can see it if you try

Hey, what's that I feel now, beating in my heart?
I've felt that beat before
Hey, what's that I feel now, beating in my heart?
I feel it more and more
It's the rumble of freedom calling
Climbing up to the sky
It's the rumble of the old ways a-falling
You can feel it if you try
You can feel it if you try

When I’m Gone-Phil Ochs

[Verse 1]
There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

[Verse 2]
And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

[Verse 3]
And I won't breathe the bracing air, when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone
Won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

[Verse 4]
And I won't be running from the rain, when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone
Can't say who's to praise and who's to blame, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

[Verse 5]
Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns, while I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

We’re the Cops of the World-Phil Ochs

Come, get out of the way, boys
Quick, get out of the way
You'd better watch what you say, boys
Better watch what you say
We've rammed in your harbor and tied to your port
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short
So bring your daughters around to the fort
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

We pick and choose as we please, boys
Pick and choose as we please
You'd best get down on your knees, boys
Best get down on your knees
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack
And we don't care if you're yellow or black
Just take off your clothes and lay down on your back
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

Our boots are needing a shine, boys
Boots are needing a shine
But our Coca-Cola is fine, boys
Coca-Cola is fine
We've got to protect all our citizens fair
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

And dump the reds in a pile, boys
Dump the reds in a pile
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys
Better wipe off that smile
We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck
And we'll find you a leader that you can't elect
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

And clean the johns with a rag, boys
Clean the johns with a rag
If you like you can use your flag, boys
If you like you can use your flag
We've got too much money, we're looking for toys
And guns will be guns and boys will be boys
But we'll gladly pay for all we destroy
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

Please stay off of the grass, boys
Please stay off of the grass
Here's a kick in the ass, boys
Here's a kick in the ass
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to knock
We've done it before, so why all the shock?
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
'cause we're the cops of the world, boys
We're the cops of the world

No More Songs-Phil Ochs

Hello, hello, hello, is there anybody home
I've only called to say I'm sorry
The drums are in the dawn
And all the voice was gone
And it seems that there are no more songs

Once I knew a girl, she was a flower in a flame
I loved her as the sea sings sadly
Now the ashes of the dream
Can be found in magazines
And it seems that there are no more songs

Once I knew a saint who sang upon a stage
He told me about the world, his lover
A ghost without a name
Stands ragged in the rain
And it seems that there are no more songs

The rebels they were here they came beside the door
They told me that the moon was bleeding
Then all to my surprise
They took away my eyes
And it seems that there are no more songs

A scar in the sky, it's time to say goodbye
He withers on the beat, he's dying
A white flag in my hand
A white boat in the sand
And it seems that there are no more songs.

Hello, hello, hello, is there anybody home?
I've only come to say I'm sorry
The drums are in the dawn
And all the voice was gone
And it seems that there are no more songs.