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

**Rainy Camp 2021**

[](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gv1KEF8Uw2k)

**[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.