

A Toast To Those Who Are Gone

Phil Ochs

Many's the hour I've lain by my window
and thought of the people who carried the burden
Who marched in the strange fields in search of an answer
And ended their journeys an unwilling hero

So here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die

Back in the coal fields of old Harlan county
Some talked of the union, some talked of good wages
And they lined them up in the dark of the forests
And shot them down without asking no questions

So here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why
And a toast of the wine to the end of the line
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die

And over the ocean, to the red Spanish soil
Came the lincoln brigade with their dreams
But they fell in the fire of germany's bombing
And they fell 'cause no one would hear their sad warning

So here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die
In old Alabama, in old Mississippi
Two states of the union so often found guilty
They came on the buses, they came on the marches
And they lay in the jails or they fell by the highway

So here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die

The state it was texas, the town it was Dallas
In the flash of a rifle a life was soon over
And nobody thought of the past million murders
And the long list of irony had found a new champion

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