

Bound For Glory

Phil Ochs

He walked all over his own growin' land
From the New York island to the California sand
He saw all the people that needed to be seen
Planted all the grass where it needed to be green

And now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he is bound for glory

He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails
And he got on board when the sailors had to sail
He said all the words that needed to be said
He fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed

And now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he is bound for glory

He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls
And he was always there when the unions gave a call
He did all the jobs that needed to be done
And he always stood his ground when a smaller man would run

And now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he is bound for glory

And its pastures of plenty wrote the dust bowl balladeer
And this land is your land, he wanted us to hear
And the risin' of the unions will be sung about again
Deportees live on through the power of his pen

And now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he is bound for glory

Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore
But so few remember what he was fightin' for
Oh, why sing the songs and forget about the aim?
He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same

For now he's bound for a glory all his own
And now he is bound for glory