

# 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 river, nameless bodies you will find  
Whoa the fat trees of the forest have hid a thousand crimes  
The calender is lyin' when it reads the present time

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

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  
The sweating of their souls can't wash the blood from off their hands  
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

Here's to the schools of Mississippi  
Where they're teaching all the children that they don't have to care  
All of 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  
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

Here's to the cops of Mississippi  
They're chewing their tobacco as they lock the prison door  
Their bellies bounce inside them as they knock you to the floor  
No they don't like taking prisoners in their private little war  
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 with their phony legal fort  
Oh, justice is a stranger when the prisoners report  
When the black man stands accused the trial is always short

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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  
They're hoping that no one sees the sights and 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 is 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  
The fallen face of Jesus is choking in the dust  
Heaven only knows in which God they can trust

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