

Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon

Phil Ochs

Here's to the State of Richard Nixon
For underneath his borders the devil draws the line
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 lyin' 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 teachin' all the children they don't have to care
All the rudiments of hatred are present everywhere
And every single classroom is a factory of despair
Oh, there's nobody learnin' 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 mornin' sermons pander to their lust
All the fallen face of Jesus is chokin' 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 boggin' down
And criminals are posing as advisors to the crown
And they hope that no one sees the sights and no one hears the
sound
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