

## Kansas City Bomber

Phil Ochs

She comes from Kansas City, in the middle of the land  
She was the queen of the game  
But love never came with a man, with a man  
Now all they know is her name  
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll  
Let her fly through the fury of the race  
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul  
You can see it by the rage upon her face

The blast of the whistle, the bomber takes the floor  
She turns, she spins on the rail  
But she'll be the first one to score, watch her score  
And the board light up as the sails  
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll  
Let her fly through the fury of the race, of the race  
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul  
You can tell by the rage upon her face

She's gonna leave tommorrow, she's never coming back  
But tommorrow is only a day  
But now she is trapped on the track, on the track  
And God help the lady in her way  
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll  
Let her fly through the fury of the race, of the race  
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul  
You can tell by the rage upon her face, on her face