

# That Was The President

Phil Ochs

The bullets of the false revenge have struck us once again  
As the angry seas have struck upon the sand  
And it seemed as though a friendless world had lost itself a friend  
That was the President and that was the man.

I still can see him smiling there and waving at the crowd  
As he drove through the music of the band  
And never even knowing no more time would be allowed  
Not for the President and not for the man.

Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save  
Of the sudden early ending of command  
Yet a part of you and a part of me is buried in his grave  
That was the President and that was the man.

It's not only for the leader that the sorrow hits so hard  
There are greater things I'll never understand  
How a man so filled with life, even death was caught off guard.  
That was the President and that was the man.

Every thing he might have done and all he could have been  
Was proven by the troubled traitors hand  
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men  
That was the President and that was the man.

Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain  
It's been carried over time and time again  
And to the list of honor you may add another name  
That was the President and that was the man.  
That was the President and that was the man.