

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.