

# The Harder They Fall

Phil Ochs

London Bridge is falling down  
And the people want their crown  
They are not fooling a-round  
Gimme my crown, gimme my crown, gimme my crown

So I'll say these words to you  
Though you won't believe a word I say  
Gonna say the words anyway

Poems are pretty, tales are tall  
Only the witches recall  
The bigger they are  
The harder they fall

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
They were looking for a thrill  
But she forgot to take her pill  
Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pill

Through our fantasies we fly  
In the prison of our dreams we die  
Dieting in an apple pie

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Mary had a little lamb  
Couldn't make it with a man  
She buried babies in the sand  
Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sand

So the visions came to stay  
She was beheaded on a holiday  
That's the price you have to pay

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The bigger they are  
The harder they fall

Mother goose is on the loose  
Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce  
Drinking booze and killing Jews  
Gimme my Jews, gimme my booze, gimme my Jews

Six million jingles can't be wrong  
From the dragon to the Viet Cong  
Fairy tales have come along

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