

# The Marines Have Landed On The Shores Of Santo Domingo

Phil Ochs

And the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth,  
The sand is burning  
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight,  
their courses turning

As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest  
the sea is churning.  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

The fishermen sweat, they're pausing at their nets, the day's a-burning  
As the warships sway and thunder in the bay, loud the morning.  
But the boy on the shore is throwing pebbles no more, he runs a-warning  
That the the marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

The streets are still, there's silence in the hills, the town is sleeping  
And the farmers yawn in the grey silver dawn, the fields they're keeping  
As the first troops land and step into the sand, the flags are weaving.  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

The unsmiling sun is shining down upon the singing soldiers  
In the cloud dust whirl they whistle at the girls, they're getting bolder  
The old women sigh, think of memories gone by, they shrug their shoulders.  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

Ready for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed, now they are rolling  
And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks where fear is unfolding  
All the young wives afraid, turn their backs on the parade  
with babes they're holding  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

A bullet cracks the sound, the soldiers hit the ground, the sniper is callin'  
So they open their guns, a thousand to one, no sense in stalling  
He clutches at his head and totters on the edge, look how he's falling  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

In the red plaza square, The crowds come to stare, the heat is leaning(?)  
And the eyes of the dead are turning every head to the widows screaming  
The soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids, their teeth are gleaming  
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

Up and down the coad, the generals drink a toast, the wheel is spinning  
And the cowards and the whores are peeking through the doors  
to see who's winning  
But the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the end,  
when it's beginning  
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