

# Too Many Martyrs

Phil Ochs

In the state of Mississippi many years ago  
A boy of 14 years got a taste of Southern law  
He saw his friend hanging and his color was his crime  
And the blood upon his jacket left a brand upon his mind

Too many martyrs and too many dead  
Too many lies too many empty words were said  
Too many times for too many angry men  
Oh let it never be again

His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone  
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know  
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground  
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down

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The killer waited by his home hidden by the night  
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight  
he slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side  
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.

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And they laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear  
laid him in his grave when the victory was near  
While we waited for the future for freedom through the land  
The country gained a killer and the country lost a man

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