

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 a 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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